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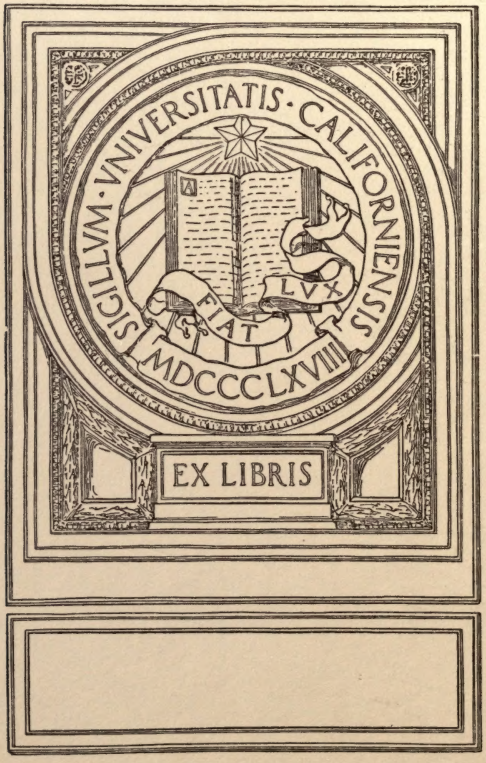

Gift to ANHelme

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Your Father
Augustus Griffin.

GRIFFIN'S JOURNAL.

First Settlers of Southold;

THE NAMES OF THE HEADS OF THOSE FAMILIES,

Being only thirteen at the time of their landing;

FIRST PROPRIETORS OF ORIENT;

Biographical Sketches,

&c. &c. &c.

By AUGUSTUS GRIFFIN.

Orient, L. I.
PUBLISHED BY AUGUSTUS GRIFFIN.
1857.

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AUGUSTUS GRIFFIN,

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Gift of Mr. Ralph Ellis

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

C. A. ALVORD, PRINTER
No. 15 VANDEWATER STREET N. Y.

Dedication.

To my Son, Sidney L. Griffin; and good friend, Nathaniel T. Hubbard, Esq.

Having had it in contemplation for some years to leave to posterity some memorial of its ancestry in this my native town; and having, with much labor, collected many facts and incidents together for the purpose of publication, unvarnished as they are; and being near the end of my earthly sojourn, I now submit them to the public.

It has pleased my Creator to prolong my life beyond the ordinary age of man;* and this favor I interpreted as a design of His will that I should live to see my desire, respecting this work, fulfilled. To you, my son, and to you, my excellent friend and nephew, by permission, I dedicate this production, the fruit of many days of anxious toil and research. It is but an inade-

* In my ninety first year.

M120352

quate return for your marked attentions and numerous expressions of friendship. And may that Power who has preserved me so long, and surrounded me with so many blessings, attend us to that world that knows no change or sorrow, but peace and love forever more.

AUGUSTUS GRIFFIN.

Orient, January, 1857.

Preface.

The statistics collected in this biographical and chronological history, is the work of our aged inhabitant of Southold, now living, well known for his literary tastes and indefatigable application to the subject. It is an invaluable repository of facts, connected with the early settlement, character, and actions of our ancestors. The descendents of those ancestors are inhabitants of every section of the country, and it is natural they should trace their lineage to the graves of their fathers. It is incumbent on us, therefore, who live around them, to preserve the record of the facts in our possession for future reference, as evidence of their nativity. To future generations, this sketch must be most acceptable and gratifying. It abounds with anecdote, incident, and narrative, enlivening the tediousness of genealogous detail with many interesting and pertinent descriptions, more valuable to the native, but not the less

agreeable to the general reader. The volume may not possess the fascination of fiction or the gravity of polemics; but more than these, it appeals to that earnest desire, which every one possesses, of knowing the history of his origin, and the vicissitudes of his race.

JOHN O. TERRY.

Orient, December, 1856.

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JOURNAL.

A company, consisting of thirteen men, with their families, left their mother country (old England) about the year 1638, for the newly-discovered World, known as America. After a passage of some weeks, they arrived at New Haven, then a small village in the then colony of Connecticut. At this place they stopped until early in the autumn of 1640, having made their stay there about two years. Until this last date they had not fully decided where to make their permanent abode, or settle themselves and families for life. They now *all* agreed to charter a vessel and embark on board, with their families, effects, and provisions sufficient to carry them through the then coming winter. All things ready, the sails were hoisted, with a propitious breeze. They requested the captain to direct his course for the east end of Long Island. After sailing about forty miles, they rounded the point which terminates the northeast branch of this island, then directing their course southerly about five miles, to what is now known as Long Beach Point; doubling this point, they steered west about two miles to Shelter Island Ferry. Now the

course was southwest, to a harbor or bay about six miles farther, now known as Southold. Here they cast anchor near the shore, on which they could see a number of natives, whose movements betokened much curiosity and amazement.

After returning thanks to the Great Disposer of all things for his goodness in aiding them in a safe passage to this new and uncivilized place, several of them entered the long boat and rowed for the shore. As they rowed with their backs towards the shore, the natives, who awaited their landing, appeared astonished to see men coming towards them backwards. They were received with tokens of friendship. Tradition says that the first man of these bold adventurers to set his foot on the shores of this town, was a Mr. Peter Hallock. This, however, it is said, was accorded him by lot. The place where he stepped on the beach is, to this day—1856—(two hundred and sixteen years since) pointed out, and called Hallock's Landing. It is some seventy rods southwest to the foot of land afterwards owned by the Hon. Ezra Lhommedieu. Southwest of said spot, along the beach, about sixty rods farther, is a creek called Town Creek, which you can cross at low water to Hogneck.

After they had all safely landed and cultivated a peaceable intercourse with the astonished natives, they set about looking for a suitable site whereon to erect booths, or tents, to protect their wives and children from the storms and tempests of the coming winter. The lot which they selected was about eighty rods west from where they landed—it is now owned by the parish or town of Southold—on which is a house where the poor

are kept, and, we hope, are well attended to. There is still remains of holes in the earth pointed out where these first settlers kept their provisions from the frost.

The names of these adventurers to this new region with their households, were:—1st. Rev. John Youngs; 2d. Barnabas Horton; 3d. William Wells, Esq.; 4th. Peter Hallock; 5th. John Tuthill; 6th. Richard Terry; 7th. Thomas Mapes; 8th. Matthias Corwin; 9th. Robert Akerly; 10th. Jacob Corey; 11th. John Conkline; 12th. Isaac Arnold; 13th. John Budd. Twelve of these had their wives and children with them,—Peter Hallock's wife and children were at the time in Europe.

These men, with their families, were the first of any civilized nation that had made the attempt to settle on the east end of Long Island. This took place in the early part of September, 1640. Southampton was settled in the November following. Gardiner's Island was purchased of the natives the year previous—viz: 1639—by Lion Gardiner, who, at the time, was a lieutenant in a fort then at Saybrook, Connecticut.

As winter was approaching, as far as their means would admit, every laudable effort to meet and endure it with composure and resignation as Christians and pilgrims, were made use of. The Rev. John Youngs cheerfully shared with them every privation and difficulty allotted to this his charge. The greater part, or all the heads of these families, were members of his church in Hingham, England, which is about one hundred miles from London; there he had been a minister some years previous to his coming to this New World.

By the opening of spring they had formed a friendly

intercourse with the natives, purchased land on which to erect suitable booths for their present residences, and commenced, as would seem, a revolution in their eventful career in life. These families, it appears, for the first year or so, settled down within the bounds of the present town of Southold. Rev. John Youngs, their worthy pastor, continued in their midst to dispense the word of life. Barnabas Horton's first tenement was erected near or on the site where his descendant, Jonathan G. Horton, now lives, he being the sixth generation. William Wells, a lawyer, located on the land part of which is now occupied by his descendant of the seventh generation, William H. Wells. John Tuthill, in the course of a year or so, went east some nine miles, to what was afterwards called Oysterponds—now, Orient. Two of his sons afterwards settled at Cutchogue; Richard Terry, located near where Mr. Cady now lives; Thomas Mapes, a little west of the meeting house; Matthias Corwin, on the north side of the road, on lands now owned by the heirs of the late Lazarus Genning; Robert Akerly purchased where Wm. C. Cochran now resides; Jacob Corey, on the land now owned by the heirs of the late Dr. Micah Moore; John Conkline, a little to the east of Corey; Isaac Arnold, just east of Conkline; John Budd near where Moses C. Cleveland owns and resides.

As they had now formed themselves into a society, it was deemed proper to give a name to the place chosen for their residence. The majority were for naming it "Southold;" and so it was set down, and so it yet remains. Its Indian name was *Toyong*.

There is a place in England—about one hundred miles from London—called Southwold, and it is thought some of these families came from that village or town, and so recommended the name, which has continued in favor over two hundred years.

Mr. Peter Hallock, as before noticed, was the first to set foot on the shores of this town. His family was not with him; he had left them in Europe, living near London—viz: a wife and two step-daughters. Mr. Hallock continued at Southold not more than a year. Some suppose that Oyster Ponds was not visited by any of these first men to Southold under two or more years; but I am fully of the opinion, after my investigations, and as Mr. Hallock was situated, that he went to Oysterponds the next year after his arrival at Southold. As it was, Mr. Hallock traveled east to a neck of land, called by the Indians who possessed it, *Pequaiuck*, nine miles. This isolated spot—then a forest—appeared to Mr. Hallock as most delightful. Its locality, situation, and many natural advantages, rendered it an object of interest to purchase. He soon concluded a bargain with its native owners for the entire neck, and, as he conceived, a safe and good one. He now returned to Southold, arranged his affairs, and set off by the way of New York for Europe, where he met his anxious family, well, and greatly rejoiced to once more embrace him.

Mr. Hallock while with his family in Europe, gave a picturesque description of the purchase he had made previous to his leaving the New World. A piece of

land on the extreme east and north part of a beautiful island; said piece of land containing about two thousand acres, with its bays, beaches, &c., &c. This delightful neck of land he informed Mrs. Hallock should be a present to her two daughters, if she and they would accompany him to America. Whether they were some time making up their minds we know not, but tradition says his stay was rather long in England, and as it has been said, "procrastination is the thief of time," in this case Mr. Hallock found it so to his sad disappointment.

At his return to take possession of his invaluable selection, lo! to his sorrow, it had been conveyed away, and actually taken possession of by Tuthill, Youngs, and others.

It does not appear after this transaction of Mr. Hallock, from any information or record that I have found, that he was the purchaser or owner of any lands or tenements in Oysterponds. It is believed he subsequently settled some twenty miles west of the village of Southold, near what is now called Acquebogue, where there is now many of his descendants living.

Mr. Thompson in his excellent history of Long Island, says Oysterponds was purchased of the natives about 1646, six years after the first settlement of Southold. If this was so, and Hallock went home to England after *this*, his bargain, and was absent two or more years, as tradition informs us, it is not much to be wondered at that the Indians were so doubtful of his return as to make a second conveyance of their beautiful neck of land.

From the above circumstances relating to Oyster-

ponds, as to the time of its settlement, I should suppose that John Tuthill, with the Rev. John Youngs, or his son John, junior, (at the time, 1650,) twenty-five or more years old, came down to Oysterponds, and with a Mr. John King, Israel and Richard Brown, bought *all* the west part of said land, from the east part of what is now called Truman's Beach, to the east bounds of what is called the *Manor* and *Parsonage*, with the late Captain Christopher Brown's farm to the bay, making the east *line* of this first purchase, beginning at the bay and running about a north course to the Sound.

Now, it *is* as well ascertained as perhaps it ever can be, and I am satisfied from the strictest researches I have made, that after Peter Hallock's first visit to Oysterponds, in 1641, (*Pequatuck*, as the natives called it,) John Tuthill, John Youngs, Jr., Israel Brown, Richard Brown, Samuel Brown, and John King, were the first six men to settle in this place with their families, and the first owners of its lands from the natives.

From our fathers fathers, we are informed that the *first* rude dwelling built on this peninsula, or neck of land, was put up on the south side of the road, a rod or two west of where Israel or his son Joseph Brown some years after, built a good sized house on the north side of the road. This last house was built about the year 1670. About the year 1829 it was taken down and a small one erected instead, on the same site. When taken down it must have stood more than one hundred and fifty years. It was situated about one-third of a mile east of the foot of Truman's Beach.

This house, as I have noticed, was near the spot opposite where the first rude hut or shelter from the

inclemency of the weather for civilized man, in this place was put up. That, as said, was on the south side of the road, where there yet remains the sign of a well, which, no doubt, was dug by those first civilized settlers about the year 1645 or 1646. In 1782 or 1783, this property passed out of the Brown family, who had been its owners since 1646 or 1647, or near that date, being about 130 years.

The next house was east of Joseph Brown's some forty rods, built by Samuel Brown. It stood on or near the spot where William T. Conkline has erected a barn. This house was burned down not far from 1730. A little west of this another was soon erected, which is yet standing, owned by Andrew Jackson Racket.

About twenty rods east of Samuel's house, Richard Brown with his son Richard Brown, Jr., built themselves a large double dwelling. When this house was repaired with an addition, there was a vane to show the point of the wind, at the time put up on the peak of the roof, marking the date of the repairing of said house and the year the vane was put up, viz.: 1691. It reads the same up or down. This house stood about one hundred and fifty years, when it was taken down, and on its site Noah G. Beebe in 1837 erected a handsome two story single house. This venerable old homestead went out of the Brown family in 1829, or near that date, when Mr. Noah G. Beebe purchased it. Mr. Beebe died in the autumn of 1849. His widow, Mrs. Charlotte Beebe, sold it in 1852 to Mr. Lewis A. Edwards, in whose possession it now remains. In the winter of 1855 and 1856 Mr. Edwards sold the Beebe house to Dr. E. E. Skin-

ner, who moved it to Greenport. Mr. Edwards has built a superb mansion house near where the Beebe house stood, perhaps the largest and most expensive in this county.

The next house east, about twenty-five rods distant, was erected by John Tuthill, Jr., or more likely by his father, John Tuthill, Sr., who at the time when this house was put up, in about 1666, was near seventy years old, and his son John T., Jr., about thirty years old, who came in possession of it at his father's death. The father, John Tuthill, Sr., with the Browns, Youngs, and Kings, made his choice of this location for his stopping place. Where this ancestor of all the Tuthills in this and the neighboring towns died, and his age, at the time of his death, no one can inform us.

It is very reasonable to suppose he occupied this house while he lived, and after him his son John, Jr., who died in 1717, aged eighty-two years. At this period Henry Tuthill, Sr., grandson of John Tuthill, Jr., was fifty-two years of age. The house, it is believed, was the oldest frame one in this place. It was double, with two small front rooms, a narrow entry between them, a story and a half high, near thirty feet front and twenty-three feet rear; the roof the steepest I ever knew. In this antique house Henry Tuthill, Jr., died at the age of about eighty-five. This took place while General David Wooster with his brigade was stationed at Oysterponds, in the summer of 1775. This old relic of ancient days was moved off the premises, converted into a barn, in or near 1800, and about 1822 taken down, having stood one hundred and sixty or more

years. Peter V. Tuthill now owns and occupies the lands of this old homestead. He is the seventh generation from John Tuthill, the first proprietor.

John King, who had purchased the lands adjoining John Tuthill's east line, built for himself and his son Samuel a house, about twenty-five rods east of said Tuthill's. His and Tuthill's were of similar draft and construction—roofs steep to a fault. These five houses were all built between the years 1660 and 1690. As these men with their families came to this place and settled on these locations, some fifteen or twenty years earlier than those dates, they must have had some kind of tenements to dwell in previous to having put up their more comfortable situations; but what they were we are not informed. When these first fathers came to Southold their average age was about forty years, which would make them at the time of constructing those residences near three score and ten years of age. As we have observed, John Tuthill, Jr. assisted in taking an interest with his father, so it must have been with the Browns, Kings, and Youngs. As has been said of Brown's homestead, so likewise hath the place of John King gone out of his name. His house which was built about 1670 was taken down in 1816, on the site of which David Tuthill erected a low double house. This last one has been enlarged and raised to that of a two story, much unlike those antique, odd constructed abodes of our honest, good hearted fathers of blessed memory. The beams of those venerable houses were mostly of white oak, and many of them more than twelve and sixteen inches square. They

were handsomely planed and beaded. Some suppose it must have been a task to raise them, as the place was thinly settled. However we see they were built and finished in a substantial way and stood, notwithstanding the piercing winter storms of more than seven score winters.

Gideon Youngs, who settled in this place with the Browns, Tuthills and John King, was the third son of Rev. John Youngs, who made one of the thirteen families that first landed at Southold. He was born about 1635. His brother John, who was afterwards a Colonel, High Sheriff of all Long Island, then called Nassau, and a Judge, with his reverend father, made the purchase of the large farm of which Gideon came in possession about the year 1658 and erected his house on the premises about the time the Browns, Tuthills, and John King built theirs, before mentioned. Colonel John Youngs was the oldest son and born about 1623, and at the settlement of Oysterponds was twenty-seven years of age. The Colonel in consequence of his high offices and public business, stopped but little with his family in Oysterponds, although concerned with his father and brothers in the purchase of much land in the place.

It appears that the Youngs purchase here contained more land than all the other five who came with them. Their farm was bounded on the west by the lands of John King, commencing about where there is now a substantial wharf at the landing, (Orient Harbor,) then running in a northerly line with the road to the main highway, then in the same course to the Sound, then easterly to the east line of what is called the manor

and parsonage land, then turning a southerly course to the bay, called Long Beach Bay, which empties into said harbor, at what is now known as Peters Neck, from which it keeps the shore of said harbor, which is a northwesterly course to the wharf first mentioned. Said tract of land contained at least four hundred acres. Peters Neck, so called, took its name from the Christian name of its owner, many years ago, one Peter Bradley. It is pleasantly wooded with cedar, and by some now known as cedar grove.

The place on this farm which Mr. Youngs selected for his future abiding place, and placed his house, outhouses, barns and yards, was east from the wharf about one-fourth of a mile—within twenty-five or thirty rods from the shore, adjoining those beautiful low banks, which, for the last hundred years, in this village, are known as "Gideon's Banks." Here he made his residence and settled himself down for the remaining days of his life. His first house was built near the time of those of Tuthill, King and Brown; it was very similar in its appearance. After standing more than one hundred and twenty-five years, its old fashioned huge beams were tumbled to the ground. Its last occupant was Walter Youngs, who was a grandson of said Gideon Youngs. Walter was a bachelor of the old school. In his younger days he was said to be a man of good address, fashionable, and of sound sense. At the age of sixty-five to seventy-five, he secluded himself from all society—would go into no house—have no communication with any one farther than to barely purchase the necessaries of life on which he scantily subsisted, as appeared from his haggard appearance and worn out, tattered

garments. He had a sister Abigail who lived with him until her death, which was several years before his. After her demise, his life, from his manner, was more dark, forlorn and forbidding; the change never was accounted for. In the morning and noon of life, hale, florid and prepossessing in manners and address—in his evening of days, alas! what was seen but a wrinkled object of humanity, clothed in rags, and wretched amidst his sufficiency. His father left him a handsome property, the most of which he possessed at the time of his death. He died while alone in his house. There is an old house yet on said farm, near the site of the one spoken of, in which Gideon Youngs, Jr., died, which has stood over one hundred and twenty years.

On the west, as I have observed, the Youngs' tract of land was bounded by lands of John King, whose line fence divided the two farms. On the east side of this fence, commencing at the main highway, or country road, for about one-fourth of a mile it was all woods, and much of it heavy oak and hickory timber. Through this forest of trees was a path or lane leading from the said main highway to the waterside, where the wharf now is. As there was not any fence east of the path, a gate was erected at the main highway, through which people could pass with their teams and on foot to and from the landing. I heard a venerable and worthy lady who died in her ninety-third year say, that when she was a young girl she often walked down and up this path when the leaves were near ankle deep, having fallen

by the winds and frosts of autumn. As she was born in 1749 her traversing this path must have been about the year 1757.*

This pathway leading from the main road to the landing at the harbor, was owned by Gideon Youngs and his heirs until about the year 1691, at which time it was made a two-pole way, and that width was sold to the town for an open road to the shore, terminating at low water mark, where the wharf now is. The price paid for it was ten shillings. Whether they were English shillings or our federal money, I know not. If the first, it would be $2 31, if the latter, $1 25. Soon after this conveyance the fence was made on the east side, two rods from John King's line. The gate at the main street was taken away and it became an open road of thirty-three feet wide to the harbor. This took place more than one hundred and sixty-three years ago, About the year 1848, it was with much difficulty, added to its width four feet on each side. This difficulty was occasioned by two or three men who owned land adjoining, and who would sacrifice the convenience of a whole district to gratify an avarice as sordid as it was selfish.

The next house east of John King and joining the east line of the Youngs' farm on the main road, was on lands owned by John Tuthill, Jr. His father, John Tuthill, Sr., may have assisted in the purchase, which must have been as early as 1660. This house was built not far from 1670. Its shape, draft, and size was like that of Brown's, King's, and Tuthill's, particularly noticed before. Jeremiah Tuthill, great grandson to John

* Mrs. Esther Tabor died in her ninety-third year, in 1841.

Tuthill, Sr., owned and lived in this house from 1750 to 1796, about which time it was taken down, having stood one hundred and twenty-six years; it then went out of the Tuthill's name. William S. Hobart now owns the place on which is a new house. The next house east of Tuthill's, in construction, size, &c., was similar, and from its resemblance and its antique cast, I should say was not its junior in years. Who was its first owner we never could learn. The land or farm belonging to it was about forty acres. A Mr. John Petty was its proprietor until his death, which took place in about 1775, and when near eighty years of age. This house was taken down in 1798 when about one hundred and thirty years old. About one hundred and fifty rods east of Petty's, in a low spot, or as it was called, a hollow, near the same time was erected another house, in shape and size like Petty's. Its owner and proprietor was, we believe, John Tuthill, 3rd., known in those days as Squire John. He gave it to his son John, who was the fourth in succession. This house is yet standing, and must be one hundred and seventy-five years old. Its present owner, is John B. Youngs, a descendant in a straight line from Rev. John Youngs, first minister in Southold, in 1640. This John B. Youngs, the present owner, is the respectable son of late John Youngs, who was the son of Judge Thomas Youngs, who was the son of Joshua Youngs, who was the son of Benjamin Youngs, who was the son of Colonel John Youngs, who was the son of Rev. John Youngs, aforesaid.

The farm east of and next to John Tuthill's was supposed, as early as 1660, to be owned by a Mr. John

Herbert. About, or near 1713, or 1715, the north part of it, where the house stands, came into the hands of Thomas Terry, Jr., son to the first Thomas Terry, who came to Southold about 1660, or near that date. This house—in size and form like John Tuthill's, and built about the same period (1666) is yet standing. Its present proprietor is Mr. Elisha Mulford, whose wife is Fanny Terry, great-great-granddaughter to its first owner, one hundred and ninety years ago.

The next farm adjoining Thomas Terry's, east, was owned, as early as 1666, by Thomas Moore. It was said its first owner from the natives was the John Herbert before mentioned. It contained one hundred and fifty acres, which now makes the farms of Orange, David and Steward Petty. The first house on this tract has been taken down more than twenty years. Thomas Moore, Sr., died June 25, 1691. His sons, Nathaniel and John, inherited his property and disposed of it to the Pettys and to John Terry, Jr., who married Nathaniel Moore's daughter. John Terry's house, in every particular like Tuthill's and Thomas Terry's, stood about one hundred and fifty years, when it was taken down and a new one built on its site, by Orange Petty, its present owner. East of the lands which Nathaniel Moore conveyed to his son-in-law, John Terry, Jr., was a farm owned by John Conkline, Sr., as early as 1660. As he signs his name "Senior," it must have been him who made one of the original thirteen families.

It appears that Mr. Conkline sold this tract of land some time after purchasing it to Jeremiah Vail, Jr., and Samuel Glover. Vail took the west part, where Peter

W. Tuthill now owns, and has a house built near the site of where the old one stood, which was taken down about thirty years since, having stood since 1747—to wit, seventy years. It stood on the south lot, opposite the present house. Glover took the east part, where James Monroe Conkline now owns. His house is on the site of the first one, which has been gone some thirty years, having stood not less than one hundred and fifty years. The last Glover who occupied it was Grover Glover; he died in 1803. His venerable widowed mother died a short time before him, in her ninety-fourth year. Jeremiah Vail, 3rd, died 1749; Jeremiah Vail, 4th, died 1798. It is said, and we believe it was so, that Col. John Youngs, with his father, Rev. John Youngs, were the first to purchase the lands which are now the farms of the Pettys and John Terry's heirs; John Herbert, perhaps, was with him. Herbert was a mariner, and never settled in this place.

The farm joining Glover's, on the east, was all—or a part of it—owned, not far from 1700, by a Mr. Curtis; the south part we are assured was. It contained about one hundred acres. Who was its first purchaser from the natives, there is none now that can inform us. The descendants of the Mr. Curtis who once owned all, or part of it, are now living in the neighborhood of Goshen, Orange County, New York. Not far from 1735, Jonathan Terry, grandson to Thomas Terry, Sr., came in possession of said farm; his grandson, David Terry, is now its proprietor. East, and joining Terry's,

was a Mr. William King, whose house—just like, in draft and size those already described—stood about one hundred and fifty years. It is now gone; and on its site the late Daniel T. Terry built the present residence thereon.

The next farm east was owned by a Mr. King—whether a brother to William King, or not, we are not informed. His house was exactly like those others mentioned, and stood about the same number of years; Daniel Beebe, at this time, owns the premises. What relation these Kings were to John King, father to Samuel King, we cannot learn. It is generally supposed they were of another family, which came as early as 1660 or 1670. The adjoining farm east was very early owned by a Mr. Sheffield, but it came into the possession of the Beebe family somewhere near 1700; its last owner was Samuel Beebe. It is now owned by Joseph Latham and David Youngs. The first of these gentlemen has a house on the site of the old one, which was the counterpart of the others mentioned. It stood about one hundred and fifty years.

The next farm—which is bounded on the east by Plumgut, on the north by the Sound, and south by Gardiner's Bay—containing about one hundred and twenty acres, was bought, as early as 1655 or 1656, by Jeremiah Vail, who came to Easthampton about 1650. He stopped there but a short time, came to this place, and purchased what was afterwards, for many years, called the "Point Farm." For fifty years—from 1800 to 1852—it was the property of Captain Jonathan F. Latham. Stephen Vail, great grandson to Jeremiah Vail, the first owner, was the last proprietor of that

name; he left it in 1772 or 1773. It was in the family about one hundred and twenty years.

Oysterponds—so named by the first white men who possessed it—previously called by the natives, as we have shown, *Pequatuck*, and in 1836, by a resolve of its inhabitants, re-christened "Orient," (signifying as we understand, "East," or "Eastern,") is a peninsula, and is the extreme point of the north branch of Long Island. At the east bounds of East Marion, formerly known as Rocky Point, is a north and south narrow beach; through this last one runs a creek some two rods wide, which is crossed by a substantial bridge to what was formerly called Crook's Island, which contains perhaps sixty acres of good tilable land. For the last hundred years it has been nearly equally divided into two farms, on which are convenient dwellings, with very thriving families. The Tuthills and Trumans have been its proprietors for the above mentioned term. The creek lets the water of the harbor into a pond called Dam Pond, which, on the north, is bounded by a narrow beach, dividing it from the Sound. This beach, of about three rods wide and about eighty rods long, is the only land link which unites Orient to the main land of Long Island. In this pond, which contains about sixty acres, is a rock some feet above tide water, and on which is engraved the initials of Samuel Crook, thus:—"S. C.—1745." At the time, we suppose, he owned these lands, bounded on the east and south and west by said harbor, and on the north by the Sound. Over a sand beach, you pass about one

hundred rods to the foot of Brown's Hills, which terminates this peninsula on the west.

About six miles west of what is called Oysterpond Beach, is another beach called Ashamomaque Beach, about fifteen rods wide and eighty rods long, bounded on the north by the Sound, on the south by a large pond, which empties into the Peconic Bay by what is called Mill Creek, at the west extreme point of Alberson's farm.

Situated in the middle of a plain lot of land of Silas Beebe's farm, on Plumb Island, was a rock of rather a regular form—in diameter about twelve feet, and in height, perhaps nine feet. On the top of this rock, on one edge, was lodged another not quite as large, but more round. The place on which this one rested with its immense weight, was not more than twenty-two inches! Being upon the extreme edge, to the eye, it looked as if a small effort might dislodge it from its resting place, where, for aught we know, it had been since the day of the Creation. It was so when Plumb Island was bought of the natives, in 1666, and remained thus until the war of 1812. While Commodore Hardy was stationed in Gardiner's Bay, in 1815, a number of officers and men went on shore with crowbars and wedges, and, with much effort, succeeded in removing it. We regret their success. It should have been left in its ancient resting place as a marvellous work of Nature. Its destruction benefited no one, while, in its singular position, it might have been the admiration of thousands. Silas Beebe, at this time, had been dead

six years. While he lived, his attention to this wonderful phenomenon was such that not any consideration would have tempted him to allow its removal. The important question is, how came it there in such an astonishing situation?—when was it put there?—who did it? These questions can never be answered. As it was in a plain field, perhaps its parallel is not now, nor ever was, known.

About a mile from the east point of Plumb Island are two small islands, known as the "Gulls." The large one contains about twelve acres—the small one not quite an acre. This last is enclosed by a substantial stone wall, well secured with copper bolts, as in storms the waves are high and powerful. On this speck in the sea, there is a solid and well built lighthouse. Six miles northeast from these Gulls is Fisher's Island, which is nine miles long, and not far from a mile wide. It is, and has been owned for two hundred years, in the Winthrop family. There is a small island called Ram Island within a short distance from the main land of Connecticut, on which is one or two families and houses. All these islands are in Southold town, which, from the east end of Fisher's Island to the west line of the town, must be thirty-six or more miles.

The two Gull Islands, with a farm on the east part of Plumb Island, were owed by Deacon Daniel Tuthill, as early as 1720, or near that date. The Gulls he sold in about 1760. His farm on Plumb Island was in his family until about 1820.

As early as the year 1700, a neck of land adjoining the bay, south of Thomas Terry, was owned and occupied by a Mr. Payne. The lot is called to this day Old Barn Lot. There was formerly a house there, we believe, for previous to Thomas Terry's coming in possession there was an old barn on the premises. It was standing as late as 1775. Near this old barn was a conspicuous and valuable pear tree. Its fruit was proverbial through all the district as of the first quality and assuredly delicious. The inhabitants for miles around in the season of fruit, would be anxiously inquiring for "Payne's pears." The fruit of this tree was admired and sought after by the curious antiquarian for nearly one hundred years after the tree had been first set out by Mr. Payne. It is now but a few years since the place which knew it so long knows it no more, forever.

How unconscious Mr. Payne must have been while planting that tree that he was rearing a monument to hand his humble name down to after generations. But so it was. The descendants of Mr. Payne are now living at Wading River in this county. Mr. Elisha Mulford now owns the old barn lot.

As previously stated, Jonathan F. Latham came in possession of his late handsome and privileged farm about the year 1800. In 1834 and 1835 he built a large and convenient boarding house, which for comfort and situation and its inviting prospects, was not surpassed by any such establishment on this part of the island. His table was at all times well furnished with wholesome, substantial food, and every reasonable attention was extended to his numerous guests. Captain Latham died in 1852 intestate, by reason of which his handsome

property descended to his ten children equally. Four of his sons, namely, Joseph, Elias, Daniel and Moses, are now living on and near the home farm. The large boarding house, with five acres of land adjoining, they have conveyed out of the family. It is, however, still open to company who desire a rural residence during the heat of summer.

The facilities for bathing, fishing, &c., &c., render this situation assuredly inviting.

In the year 1700, which was fifty years after the first settlement of our village there were not more than twenty-four families, and which occupied about the same number of tenements. The heads of those families were, commencing at the west end, viz.: Israel Brown and his son Joseph, if at the time a married man; 2d. Samuel Brown; 3d. Richard Brown, Jr. The father, Richard Brown, Sr., died 1686. 4th. John Tuthill, Jr.; 5th. Samuel King; 6th. his father John King, Sr., who must at this time have been a very aged man; 7th. Edward Petty; 8th. John Tuthill, 3d; 9th. John Pain and his son John; 10th. John and Nathaniel Moore; 11th. William King, father of Joseph, Jeremiah, &c., &c.; 12th. John Terry, Jr.; 13th. Jeremiah Vail, Jr.; 14th. Samuel Glover; 15th. Caleb or John Curtis; 16th. William King, Sr.; 17th. ——— King; 18th. Samuel Beebe, Jr.; 19th. Jeremiah Vail; 20th. David Youngs; 21st. Gideon Youngs, Jr., (the father having died in 1699); 22d. Daniel Tuthill or his father John Tuthill, Jr.

Now, allowing five persons to each family and say

twenty four families, which is two more than there were houses, the number of inhabitants in Orient, at the date of 1700, would be one hundred and twenty. At six they would only number one hundred and forty-four. If eight in a household one hundred and ninety-two. At the close of 1700 there might have been somewhere near the last named number. At this time no place of worship, or I might say not any house for that purpose, had been built, yet in that year a piece of ground was purchased, on which it was designed to erect a temple in which the God of our fathers should be worshiped, as becomes Christians.

About 1752 Oysterpond neck, as it was then called, contained not far from forty-five dwelling houses. Allowing six persons to each would give the number of the inhabitants to be two hundred and seventy. At any rate, at that day there was not more than three hundred, giving an increase for the fifty years of about one hundred and fifty persons. In 1800 there were about sixty dwellings. Allowing six to each, the number would be three hundred and sixty, showing a gain in the last mentioned fifty years of only sixty. From 1800 to the present time there is about one hundred and thirty dwelling houses. Supposing six to each family the number of inhabitants would now be seven hundred and twenty. I think we may set them down at seven hundred, an increase in the last fifteen years of three hundred and forty. It is two hundred and six years since the place was first settled by the Browns, Tuthills, Kings and the Youngs.

There is at this date but three dwelling houses remaining of those previous to the year 1700, viz.: the

one now occupied by John B. Youngs, the second by Elisha Mulford, and the one, late the property of Capt. Lyndes King. Mrs. Cynthia Champlin's, Aviah Young's and Baldwin Petty's are about each one hundred and twenty years old. The first was built in 1731 or 1732, the second in 1730, and the third about 1716. There are three or four others built near 1763 and 1770. The late Major Nathaniel King's barn is yet standing. It was built more than one hundred and sixty years ago.

Those pilgrim fathers of ours to this isolated peninsula, were professors and possessors of the spirit of the Gospel of Christ. They strictly adhered to the tenets of the congregational plan of church government, agreeable to what is called the old Saybrook platform. Their lives, many of them, we have been told by our parents and grandparents, were conspicuous for great faith and good wroks.

In 1700 a piece of ground was purchased on which it was designed to build a meeting house, as they had now lived without such a desirable place of worship for the long period of sixty-seven years.

Those who had horses and could with convenience, weather permitting, attended meeting at Southold. To that church, they of this place, professors, became members, and continued so until one was organized here, which was under Rev. Jonathan Barber, about the year 1735. Near that time he took charge of the congregation and was a much beloved preacher for some years—until about 1750. His letters, written in 1740, are of the most pious cast. Of faith, hope and charity,

they speak in strains truly animating to the humble and faithful believer.

In 1717, which was seventeen years after, a lot of land had been purchased on which to erect a meeting house, and they commenced erecting one suitable to their minds. It was a singularly constructed temple, about thirty feet square, two stories high, and on the top of the second story was raised another square building ten feet square and nine feet high, and then a finish something like the lower part of a steeple, with an iron spire which supported a sheet iron figure of a noble game cock, showing the course of the wind. It continued to do so with unerring precision for a term of ninety years!

This curious building, to be set apart for sacred purposes, was raised in 1717, as said, but it appears did not reach a partial finish until 1725, which was twenty-five years after the ground was bought for one dollar and twenty-five cents to set the edifice on. A Mr. Daniel Brown finished off the house in April 1725 and he lived near seventy years afterward. He died in 1785, in his eighty-ninth year.

As seventy-five years had passed away since the Browns, Tuthills, Kings, Youngs, and others had first come to this place, it must be supposed that these early settlers all were gone to that bourne whence no traveler returns. The actors in the erection of this first church must have been the children and grandchildren of those pious men. John Racket, Daniel Tuthill, Joseph Brown, Jeremiah Vail, Jr., John King, Henry Tuthill, Sr., Gideon Young, Jr., and John Tuthill, 3d, with others, made up the number of the heads of the families in this then young community. In 1725,

when the church was finished, Daniel Tuthill was forty-five years old, Henry Tuthill, Sr. was fifty-seven, John Racket fifty, Joseph Brown fifty years, John Tuthill, 3d sixty-six years, Jeremiah Vail more than thirty years, and John King over twenty-five. These were very excellent, noble hearted men. John Racket, son to the first of the family to this country, was the first deacon of the church which was organized in what was then called Oysterponds, about the year 1736 or 1737. There was no stated preaching in the new meeting house until Rev. Mr. Barber took the charge near 1738.

Mr. Barber was a man greatly and justly beloved by his congregation, to whom in season and out of season he ceased not to dispense the word of life in all its purity and celestial worth. Some of his letters of that day are yet shown. They are full of pious precepts and well worth reading. We do not know how long Mr. Barber's stay was, but should suppose near to 1757. Previous to his leaving, a sore calamity came over his family, the effects of which caused his removal to Groton, Connecticut, where his death took place in October, 1783.* Daniel Tuthill took the office of deacon about 1740. John Racket was continued with him.

The second minister was Rev. William Adams, who continued here from November, 1758, to May 1759.

3d—Was Rev. Joseph Lee, a quiet, meek, good but infirm man. Faithful in the vineyard, at all times dispensing the word of life equal to his strength and ability. At the commencement of the war of the revo-

* Mr. Barber wrote what is called the Bank Articles, in Oysterponds. The original is yet kept, but much mutilated by time. They were written in 1739.

lution, 1775, he removed to Lyme, where he died some years after.

4th—Was Rev. John Davenport, great-grandson to the celebrated John Davenport, who came to New Haven from England in 1637. Mr. Davenport settled here in 1780 and left in 1783. His death took place in Deerfield, New Jersey, July 13, 1821, aged 70 years.

5th—Was Rev. Alexander Caddle, a broad yet dignified and very corpulent Scotchman. He was well read in divinity and a sound expounder of the Scriptures, but his Scottish ideas of ministerial government rendered his out of the pulpit manners unpopular with his plain republican parishioners. He came in 1785 and left in 1788.

6th—Was Rev. Nehemiah Baldin Cook, a young but very pious man of twenty-four years of age. His stay was only a short time in 1790. He was a promising young preacher and was expected to have become a luminary in the sphere of ministerial usefulness. But alas! it was otherwise to be. In May, 1792, at the early age of twenty-five years the small pox terminated his very useful life.

7th—Was Rev. Isaac Overton, who was here once or twice in the years 1794 and 1796. He died in August, 1799 at about forty years of age.

8th—Was Rev. John Cram; his stay with us was but short—only a part of the year 1799. He was a man of the strictest zeal, as to outward rituals and church discipline. His faith and hope, we admit; but whether his charity for other denominations was comfortable and solid, we will not judge.

9th—Was Rev. Emerson Foster, who came to us in

the early part of 1801, and left in 1805 or 1806. Mr. Foster was a good, sound sermonizer, and a scholar—generally of poor health. While with us, his wife—an excellent woman—died. This took place about 1806. She was sister to Ebenezer and Justin Foot, merchants, at that time in the city of New York.

10th—Was Rev. Mr. Anderson, a man like Mepibosheth, Saul's son, lame in his foot. He came here in 1807; his doctrine was sound. He was not, in his movements and address, prepossessing, and had no ear for music.

11th—Was Rev. Ezra Haynes, whose stay was from 1808 to 1813. His beginning in this place was bright; he was much beloved; taught our district school with satisfaction, but in a moment of temptation he forsook his marriage vows to a lovely wife, and he was compelled to seek an asylum among strangers.

12th—Was a Rev. Mr. Smith; his stay was a part of the year 1814. A man of good information, handsome talents, and an interesting speaker. We were at war at this time with England, whose rules, measures and conduct found no favor with him. He was warm and eloquent in portraying the dishonorable movements and actions which marked the course of our enemy.

13th—Was Rev. Nathan Dickerson, a very pious, examplary, sound man. His labors here were in the year 1815. This sincere, upright and Christian man died March 29, 1826, in his forty-seventh year.

14th—Was Rev. Thomas James Deverel, an Englishman, who had been serving his British Majesty on board his war ships, commissioned to destroy those people whom now he had become a preacher of righteousness to. Mr. Deverel had been a lieutenant in the British

navy in the war mentioned, and had left the service without leave. He was assuredly a man of talents, but too unguarded in his common intercourse with non-professors to maintain that moral dignity which becomes a clergyman. His stay was little more than a year; he left in 1819 or 1820.

15th—Was the venerable Jonathan Robertson. His labors commenced with us in 1824, at which time his age was more than seventy years. Faithfulness, industry and sincerity marked his daily course. He left in 1828. This godly and truly honest man died in 1848, in his ninety-third year.

16th—Was Rev. Phineas Robertson, son to the preceding. He was a man of great learning, but with a weak voice, rendering his delivery dull and unanimating. His sermons were ably written, and often very eloquent. Mr. Robertson has published a handsome volume of poems, but the title of the book we do not just now recollect. This gentleman came with us in 1828, and left in 1833.

17th—As a minister in Gospel ordinances, was Rev. Reuben Porter. His natural movements, address and conversation was mild, cheerful, and rather prepossessing—his sermons instructive and generally well delivered.

In his domestic relation, we should suppose his patience was highly taxed. Mrs. Porter was one of the most singular of wives. At home, nothing was right; everything was out of place, and no one was polished sufficient to do that reverence which she conceived a woman of her standing was at all times entitled to; she certainly was the most strange, odd in her conversation,

manners and movements, whether at home or abroad, that I ever knew. With all these eccentricities, I believe she was not a scold. Mr. Porter came in 1835, and left in 1837.

18th—Rev. Smith Gamage. This gentleman was of a very serious and meditative mind, and seemed to view his mission, as an ambassador of Christ, of the most solemn import. His stay with us was from 1837 to 1839.

19th—Rev. Daniel Beers. He commenced his labors in 1839, and as a faithful servant in the vineyard of his Lord, continued his labors until 1844, when he left.

20th—Rev. Phineas Blakeman. His intentions were, no doubt, to do the work of a faithful servant; but his common address and turn was far from prepossessing. His time was from 1846 to 1848.

21st—Rev. Henry Clark. He came in 1849 and left in 1855. Mr. Clark was a man of excellent qualities and amiable manners; a great lover of improvement in knowledge and morals. His efforts have produced the best church choir in our county, if not on our entire island. May the blessing of Abraham's God rest upon him.

I have noticed the first meeting house in Orient, when built, how long it stood, &c., &c.; and I should have added that the celebrated George Whitfield delivered one or two sermons in that old temple.

In the summer of 1818, this old church edifice was taken down, having stood just one hundred years. On its site, the same season, a new and larger one was put up, and finished in a plain, substantial manner. Its

chief or master workman was Joseph Glover, Jr., of Southold. The first sermon delivered in this new house was by the venerable Elisha Gillet, a seven-day Baptist, of fourscore or more years. His text was John xxi, 16th and 17th verses.

This second church edifice, after standing twenty-six years, was, by the next generation, whose views differed from their ancestors, taken down, and a more spacious and elegant one built on its site, with a neat spire; a bell, too, to notify the hour for worship. A Mr. Joseph Lamb was the master builder of this third house. They have bought a few rods joining the old site, which gives more room for carriages, a good shed, &c.

In 1700, the ten or twelve rods of ground to build the meeting house on cost one dollar and twenty-five cents; in 1843, eight or nine rods added to the first purchase, cost fifty dollars. Thus, we see ten shilling in 1700 was worth four hundred shillings in 1843. How things change!

The following are the names of the head of each family in what was called Oysterponds in 1775, beginning at the Dam, as it was then called, now "Dam Pond:"—

1. Nathaniel Tuthill,
2. Eleazar Truman,
3. Jonathan Truman,
4. George Brown, with his widowed mother, late the wife of Benjamin Brown, Esq., who died the year before,
5. Amon Taber, Sr.
6. Amon Taber, Jr.
7. Frederick Taber,
8. Richard Brown, Sr.
9. Christopher Brown,
10. Richard Brown, Jr.
11. Jonathan Tuthill,
12. Christopher Tuthill,

13. Henry Tuthill, Jr.—Died this year,
14. John King,
15. Noah Terry,
16. Peter Vail,
17. Peter Griffin,
18. James Griffin,
19. Jonathan Youngs,
20. Jonathan Youngs, Jr.
21. Gideon Youngs,
22. Gideon Youngs, Jr.
23. Nathaniel King,
24. Daniel Tuthill,
25. Ezekiel Glover,
26. Zebulon King,
27. Joseph Youngs,
28. Asa King,
29. Parson House,
30. Jeremiah Tuthill,
31. Jeremiah Tuthill, Jr.
32. Benjamin King,
33. Peter Tuthill,
34. Jeremiah King,
35. Barnabas Tuthill,
36. John Tuthill,
37. John Tuthill, Jr.
38. Col. Thomas Terry,
39. Joseph Petty,
40. Jonathan King,
41. Joseph King,
42. Joseph Terry,
43. John Terry,
44. Jeremiah Vail,
45. Grover Glover, or his father Charles,
46. Jonathan Terry,
47. Jonathan Terry, Jr.
48. Nathan Newbury,
49. William King,
50. Thomas Vail,
51. His father, Stephen Vail,
52. James King,
53. Samuel Beebe,
54. Henry Youngs,
55. Rufus Tuthill,
56. Warren Youngs,
57. Augustus Griffin.

The names of the heads of families and their ages, in 1855, in Orient, formerly Oysterponds:—

	Ages.		*Ages.*
1. James H. McDermott,	45	12. John Bela,	35
2. Daniel Way,	45	13. David A. Tuthill,	48
3. Jonathan Truman,	64	14. Edmund Brown,	41
4. Elias T. King,	54	15. Baldwin Petty,	53
5. Henry Racket,	34	16. Thomas Pool,	45
6. Andrew J. Racket,	32	17. John Adams,	45
7. William T. Conkline,	48	18. Samuel Taber,	76
8. Daniel Dickerson,	46	19. Francis W. Youngs,	51
9. Peter V. Tuthill,	50	20. John A. Racket,	46
10. Wd. Rebecca Tuthill,	74	21. David Beebe,	50
11. Elisha S. Racket,	44	22. Marcus B. Brown,	38

		Ages.			Ages.
23.	Ephraim King,	54	62.	Gelston Vail,	57
24.	Wd. Phebe King,	81	63.	Abraham King,	51
25.	Frederick Taber,	79	64.	Henry Dyer,	49
26.	Ezekiel N. Glover,	52	65.	David Vail,	29
27.	Joseph C. Havens,	49	66.	David T. Grover,	53
28.	Elijah Beckford,	52	67.	Calvin M. King,	58
29.	Lucretia Wiggins,	70	68.	Wd. Harriet King,	46
30.	Rev. N. C. Lewis,		69.	Luther King,	46
31.	Smith Dewy,	32	70.	William Webb,	31
32.	Wd. Cynthia Champlin,	56	71.	Lester B. Terry,	39
			72.	Henry Haynes,	35
33.	Wd. Jane Case,		73.	Wd. Dolly Vail,	62
34.	Smith Jones,	32	74.	Lewis Tuthill,	42
35.	Isaac Davis,	30	75.	Wd. Sally King,	70
36.	John Brown,	75	76.	Wd. Hetty Tuthill,	70
37.	Elias Terry,	70	77.	Samuel Taber, Jr.	41
38.	John Terry,	56	78.	Rev. Daniel Beers,	68
39.	William Griffin Corwin,	36	79.	Warren Beebe,	36
40.	Thomas V. Youngs,	64	80.	Henry H. Terry,	54
41.	Jeremiah Youngs,	38	81.	William Terry,	37
42.	Wd. Jemiah Case,	58	82.	Deacon Peter Brown,	73
43.	William Potter,	60	83.	Rev. Henry Clark.	44
44.	Absalom King,	48	84.	Noah Tuthill,	56
45.	Marvin Holmes,	54	85.	Wd. Hetty Brown,	
46.	James Glover,	56	86.	Wd. Polly Tuthill,	65
47.	Ezra Youngs,	46	87.	William S. Hobart,	56
48.	Luther Tuthill,	30	88.	Benjamin Terry,	48
49.	Watson Youngs,	58	89.	William Youngs,	48
50.	Zilla Youngs,	50	90.	Sibil Tuthill,	48
51	Benjamin M. Youngs,	44	91.	John Brown, Jr.	41
52.	James W. Youngs,	55	92.	Jasper Y. Tuthill,	65
53.	Seth B. Taber,	44	93.	Franklin Tuthill,	35
54.	Jefferson Youngs,	54	94.	Jeremiah Tuthill, at Wd. Phœbe's,	
55.	Wd. Julia Dyer,				
56.	Wd. Esther Taber,	64	95.	William H. Tuthill,	61
57.	William H. Wilcox,	49	96.	John B. Youngs,	46
58.	Lord W. Gillet,	35	97.	Wd. Matsey Tuthill,	83
59.	Lester Beebe,	30	98.	Henry Stanton,	45
60.	David Davis,	28	99.	Daniel Beebe,	74
61.	Aviah Youngs,	82	100.	Elias Latham,	44

		Ages.			Ages.
101.	Elisha Mulford,	66	119.	Daniel Latham,	40
102.	David Petty,	59	120.	Benjamin Mulford,	35
103.	Wd. Prudence Petty,	84	121.	David Edwards,	36
104.	John S. Petty,	54	122.	Newel Vail,	
105.	Orange Petty,	60	123.	Kimble Coffin,	
106.	Sylvester Beebe,	42	124.	Elisha H. Mulford,	
107.	Moses Latham,	37	125.	Lewis Edwards,	43
108.	Peter W. Tuthill,	53	126.	Sylvia Edwards,	64
109.	Henry King,		127.	John Terry, Jr.	
110.	William Potter, Jr.		128.	Nathan Champlin,	
111.	Monroe Conkline,	37	129.	Francis Kofendaffer,	
112.	Daniel Terry,	46	130.	Samuel B. Petty,	
113.	John Youngs, colored,	33	131.	Andrew H. Latham,	
114.	Moses J. Terry.	28	132.	John B. Youngs, Jr.	
115.	Daniel Terry,	26	133.	George M. Vail,	
116.	Wd. Marie Terry,	52	134.	Jeremiah Vail,	
117.	Joseph Latham,	53	135.	Jonathan Latham, Jr.	
118.	David Youngs,	58	136.	— Bradford.	

I have previously noticed the number of inhabitants in Orient at its first settlement, viz.: 1650, and so on to 1700, 1750, 1800 to 1855. It is nearly correct. I have also previously mentioned the heads of each family that was living in the place in 1775. Now, alas! of the three hundred and thirty-six souls living in 1775, there is not of that number now living to exceed twenty. Surely, as Dr. Youngs says, "all, all on earth is shadow."

Severe cold weather, or a very violent storm, which drives vessels ashore, unroofs houses, and barns, is at the time, generally pronounced the hardest and most extraordinary ever known. Such is the common expression in the midst of such desolation. The past grows less in the distance. So it is with large objects near us, but

remove them far away and they dwindle into scarce perceptible objects. But the great snow storm of 1717, which is one hundred and thirty-nine years ago, as yet, we believe, stands without its equal, as to its quantity of snow. In this place (Orient) it covered a number of houses which were a story and a half to the chamber windows. The elder Jonathan Youngs, who was at the time thirty-two years old and lived to see his ninety-third year, would often get his children and grandchildren around him and repeat in vivid colors the effects and vastness of that wonderful storm of snow. On the morning after the snow many of the families were obliged to pass out of their chamber windows, as their dwellings were buried up to that height completely with snow! He said sheep, swine, cattle, and poultry, many of them were buried entirely up, for weeks. A small house on Plumb Island, in which an old lady lived, was entirely buried up with snow. However, the people mustered with shovels and other implements and soon succeeded in restoring her to daylight, liberty, and comfort. My grandfather, Samuel Griffin, was at the time seven years old; remembered well the commotion and astonishment of the people of the town in experiencing such an unheard of storm. Dr. Marther, of Boston, in his history of those early times, observes that it was supposed to be the greatest fall of snow within the memory of man. In Boston, where he was residing, he says, it was twenty feet deep, and more in some places. It happened in February. As yet it stands without its equal in snow storms.

Somewhere near the year 1740, a Mr. Richard Shaw built a small wharf at the foot of the road or lane, as it was then called. The east side of said wharf was on the west line of Gideon and Jonathan Youngs' farm, at the landing. It was not more than sixteeen feet wide, and from what I saw of its relics, I should not think its length more than sixty or seventy feet.

The wharf was built much as our fathers in olden time made their crib water fences. Logs, round, on the sides locked together, so as to secure small and larger stone, with which they filled it. This first wharf in our town stood some years, but as vessels in those days were few and small, there was but little use made of it. In 1774 a heap of ruins marked the spot where, what we, then children, were taught to call the "Old Wharf."

This Mr. Shaw built himself a house within ten rods of his said wharf; a two story double house, that is, two front rooms on the road, yet not more than twenty feet rear or wide; very inconvenient, as much too narrow for a kitchen. This house, the timber of which was all of white oak, with all the frame which was not covered was handsomely planed and beaded. There was little or no wall in the house, but the finish was ceiling. The upper rooms remained unfinished until 1790. It was built about 1730.

Mr. Shaw failed to realize what he greatly expected in his wharf, house, &c., &c., sold out his whole property, and with his goods, chattles, &c., removed to Acquebogue, about twenty miles west. His descendants are yet living in that vicinity.

It was out of one the chamber windows of this house

that my father leaped, as is particularly noticed hereafter.

On the site of the old wharf just described, in the year 1829, Capt. Caleb Dyer commenced building one of wider and longer dimensions, but by no means of sufficient solidity to withstand time and storms. It proved the truth of the sacred text, which says the house built on the sand, will not stand; so with this second wharf. In nineteen years it became a wreck, unfit to safely moor a vessel. This dock was erected eighty-nine years after the one by Mr. Shaw. The latter was twenty-five feet wide and one hundred feet long.

In January, 1848, a number of our farmers and boatmen petitioned the legislature for and obtained a charter to build a good substantial wharf in shares of fifty dollars each. After buying out Capt. Dyer's title to all claims in his dock and its appurtenances, they set about erecting something more solid and secure for vessels of almost any size. In about a year from its commencement, a wharf of two hundred feet long and thirty feet wide was completed, with the materials entirely of stone. The laying the wall was superintended by that ingenous and industrious man, Thomas Vincent Youngs.

In 1740 there were ten pieces of ordnance, what we call cannon, sent from New York to the towns of Southold and Southampton—five of them to the first mentioned town and five to the latter. Three of them were directed to the care of Richard Brown, Jr., and

John Tuthill, where they were to be kept until needed. Two of them were placed on the top of what was then called Pasture Hill. We well remember seeing them there in the year 1774. The other one was placed within three or four rods before Richard Brown's door.

Five of the ten guns as noticed, were directed to a Mr. Miller and D. Gardiner, of South or East Hampton. We have been informed that there were three more of those ordnance sent to Oysterpond Point, but we never knew of any until Col. Livingston built a small fort there in 1775. That breastwork was soon abandoned and the guns sent to Saybrook. They have never been returned to this town, as they ought in justice to have been.

Here I present a copy of the identical advertisement notifying the sale of the south part of the farm of the late Captain David Webb, on which Greenport is built.

AUCTION.

"Will positively be sold, at auction, on Thursday, 23d March, instant, at nine o'clock A. M., on the premises: the valuable messuage, farm and outlands of Capt. David Webb (deceased). The said farm is divided into lots and accurately surveyed for the better convenience of purchasers. Whoever is desirous of speculation it is presumed would do well to attend said sale."

ELIZABETH WEBB, *Executrix.*
SAMUEL TERRY, } *Executors.*
JEREMIAH MOORE, }
AUGUSTUS GRIFFIN, *Auctioneer.*

Dated Sterling, 3d March, 1820

The land sold as per advertisement, lies south of the small road leading to the landing, at the mouth of a creek, through which the waters of a pond,* the larger part of which is owned by the heirs of the late Judge Thomas Youngs, pass into the bay of Shelter Island Ferry. At this place there is the remains of an old wharf, where at high water vessels of some fifty tons could lade and discharge their freight, sixty years ago. On the South side of this narrow road is about two or three acres of land, on which are the old houses of the late Daniel Harris, Henry Beebe and Capt. Orange Webb. At the head of this road stands, in venerable majesty, the old mansion of the late Capt. Joseph Booth—in olden times it was conspicuous as the inn of Lieutenant Constant Booth. In the house of the late Captain Orange Webb, the celebrated George Whitfield, on a pane of glass, with a diamond, wrote these memorable words, viz.: "One thing is needful." This pane of glass is yet entire, although written on in 1763, having withstood unscathed, the storms of more than four score years. The house, with its large establishment, was Thomas Fanning's, a country merchant, and at the time of much note as a man of the world.

Well, the farm was sold—struck off to the highest bidder or bidders, viz.: Daniel T. Terry, Esq., Silas Webb and Joshua Tuthill.

Their joint bid was about $2,300. It was bought as a speculation, to be sold in pieces of ten or twenty

* On the north shore of this pond a Mr. Holbrook, from New York, has erected a splendid house, which, with the grounds, about six acres, and other improvements, cost near $22,000.

acres for agricultural purposes. There was at the time no road through any part of it or improvements, more than any other tilled lot or farm. Be sure its situation was beautiful, as being bounded southerly and easterly on the pleasant shores of Shelter Island Ferry, where is formed one of the best harbors in the State. Thus it was with the site on which Greenport now stands, in March 1820.

Now, in 1856, Greenport contains about 250 dwelling houses, about sixteen stores, besides two large shoe stores, six hotels, four or five mantuamakers and milliners, three doctors, one dentist, five churches, four schools, three ship yards, four wharves, ten whaling ships, with a large number of schooners, sloops and smaller vessels. Here the railroad from Brooklyn terminates.

Thirty-six years have gone since that sale, and with them the executors, the purchasers and a large part of the numerous company in attendance!

On the third day of June, 1836, the corner stone of a methodist meeting house was laid in Orient. The ceremony of laying it was by the hands of the Rev. Samuel W. King, son-in-law of Mr. Thomas V. Youngs. Mr. King is a young clergyman of that order from New York city, of prepossessing, pleasant, engaging address, with talents, energy and religious zeal, well fitting for so sacred a work. It was a solemn, affecting and interesting season to the goodly number convened to witness the eventful and devout occasion. The justly ap-

propriate, very feeling remarks by Mr. King, with a closing, heart-melting prayer, rendered the scene truly imposing and sublime:

This era in the history of the first rise of that pious denomination took place just one hundred years after the first congregational church edifice was built, in what was then called Oysterponds, and one hundred and ninety-six years after the first landing of our pilgrim fathers at Southold. The first methodist minister who came to this place, to tarry any considerable time, was the Rev. John Finnagan, an Englishman, about thirty-three years of age. He was a man of mild and rather amiable deportment, persevering, unwavering and of sound and strong faith in the Gospel ordinances, as held by Mr. John Wesley, whom he, Mr. Finnegan said, had heard preach. He came to this place late in the autumn of 1802. As people here know but little about that society, and that little was such as to prejudice them, the doors were shut against his preaching in their houses or church. His first stop was at our house. We were then keeping a school and invited him to preach in the school house. Some were offended, but all that heard him were pleased and some were comforted by this coming of Titus, as they called it.

His first three or four visits made quite a stir with the opposition. The cry by some was loud to forbid his entering the school house as a preacher: "he will break us all to pieces as a society, and if we let him alone we shall loose our place (and as the Jews said) and nation." In the course of the winter his hearers increased; his discourses were to the point, and refreshing to the possessor of that faith once delivered

to the saints. Before the spring opened Daniel T. Terry, Amon Taber, Capt. Jeremiah Youngs and others, were favorable towards him, and the consequence was, the school houses were all open freely for him to preach in. Thus we believe, that John Finnegan planted the first seed of methodism in Orient. What a conspicuous tree it has produced! May its sacred fruit yet be partaken by all the nations of the earth, and the malady which sin has made, receive a perfect and heavenly cure! In April, 1803, this gentleman left, never to return.

Thus stood the evangelical affairs of the society in Orient in 1803. Now there is a convenient church edifice, well furnished, and a respectable number comprising the society. Surely, the small cloud which appeared just above the horizon, not larger than a man's hand, has overspread this region, and showers of Divine grace have descended to enliven the drooping plants in this vineyard. And all this wonderful revolution of solid good, with no division in the Congregational church or its order, has ever arose from Mr. Finnegan's sojourn here. No. I believe he was sent to comfort the hearts of many who are now rejoicing with him where God is all in all, "and Love unbounded reigns."

From 1803, ministers of this denomination very seldom came to us for several years. Not far from 1820, Rev. Cyrus Foss came. He was a warm, well-informed, sound, good preacher; his discourses carried conviction and love with them; his manners and conversation were peace, and prepossessing. The meeting house was open for him when our stated preacher was not using it.

The 3rd in succession was Rev. Oliver Amerman, a

pleasant, agreeable man, and an acknowledged expounder of the Word of Truth.

4th—Was Rev. John Lucky, a mild, kind-hearted man. To be acquainted with him, was to feel to esteem his society.

5th—Was Rev. Theron Osborne, faithful and persevering.

6th—Rev. James Rawson, industrious ard zealous in his sacred vocation.

7th—Rev. Samuel W. King, particularly noticed before.

8th—The Rev. Joseph Henson, who was solemnly devoted and attentive to his honorable and holy calling.

9th—Rev. Charles B. Sing, who served or studied some time at the Military School, at West Point. After graduating at that institution, he joined the American army in Texas, as a commissioned officer; I believe, a lieutenant. He was in one or two battles. From religious doubts about using the sword, as Peter did, he put it in its sheath, and set about securing the sword of the Spirit of the everlasting Gospel, to go forth into its spacious field, and fight manfully under the banner of the Cross. May he greatly succeed. If faithfulness marks his course, a crown of righteousness assuredly awaits him.

10th—Rev. George Hollis, a man full of the milk of human kinkness, benevolence, united with grace, which is greater than faith, and hope, viz: charity.

11th—Rev. Bazalel How; venerable for age, and sound Christian experience. There was at all times, when in conversation with his friends, an interesting,

complacent smile enlivening his pleasing countenance. I have known the solid force of his invaluable disinterestedness, kindness and marked civilities, in my interviews with him in New York.

12th—Was Rev. James Bouton, a man of talents, and, we trust, of sound heart and religion—of sterling decision and much suavative address.

13th—Was Rev. Francis C. Hill. May we not say he possessed virtues of the purest cast, with a nobleness of heart, which, at all times, revolted at every semblance of duplicity; a prudent, industrious laborer in the Gospel vineyard.

14th—Was Rev. Levi S. Weed, of prepossessing address, flow of spirits, and quite gifted in the powers of public declamation and well turned periods. Mr. Weed, although young, was of much promise.

15th—Rev. Nathan Tibbals. He was a man of handsome literary acquirements, honest, faithful and persevering in the good and Divine cause.

Died, in April, 1801, Dr. Jonathan Havens, of Hogneck, near Sag Harbor, in his sixty-eighth year. In all that endears the name of father, husband, neighbor and friend, he, at all times, shone in the fairest light—generous and charitable, invaluable, assuredly, as a citizen and physician. He left a handsome property to his eight surviving children, viz:—Barret, John T., Gabriel, Philetus, Jenet, Harriet, Abigail and Henrietta.

Died, in New York, very suddenly, in April, 1839, Gabriel Havens, son of the above, aged seventy years. He had led a very industrious and active life; was for

some years a respectable captain of a fine ship. In one of his voyages he was at St. Petersburg, in Russia. Was some years Harbor Master in New York. In the several relations of life, he was altogether a good, noble-hearted man.

John Tuthill, who with his household made one of the thirteen families, before mentioned, is supposed by some of his descendants to have been the father of a number of children at the time. Two of his sons settled in the upper part of Cutchogue, where there are now a number of families, his descendants. How long he stopped at Southold before going to Orient, we know not. Mr. Thompson, in his history of Long Island, thinks that John Tuthill, the Browns, Youngs and John King were the first purchasers of land in this place, and that as early as 1644 or 1645. If so, John Tuthill must have remained in the neighborhood of Southold three or four years. I believe that he, with his associates, made their settlement at Orient, as soon as 1642 or 1643. The Browns and Kings made their chief purchase on the west part of Orient; Tuthill and Youngs east of them, as before particularly described.

By examining old documents of the seventeenth century, we find that John Tuthill, Sr. was concerned in quite a number of pieces and parcels of lands, and was a man of much consideration in this town. He, with his son John, Jr., appears to be concerned in three or four farms, on which they erected tenements, but in which of them was his, John Tuthill's, Sr., permanent abiding place, I could never learn, or when and in

which of them he died, no one can tell us; nor his age, although we believe him to have been far advanced in years at the time of his death. He was living in 1686, forty-six years after he came to Southold. John Tuthill, Jr., son to the above, was born July 16th, 1635. He was five years old at the time he, with his father, landed at Southold. Whether he was the oldest son, as it appears there were several sons, we are unable to say, but it is said, and no doubt it is correct, that two of the elder John Tuthill's sons settled at Cutchogue, as early as 1655 or 1666. Their descendants at that place now say the names of these two brothers were James and Joshua. James had a son named Freegift, who about the years 1708 or 1710, went into Orange county, New Windsor. Here he took command of a sloop in which he sailed to and from New York, with freight and passengers once a week. This Freegift left a son, who was living a respectable farmer, with a likely family of children, in 1794, near the village of Goshen. His name was Nathaniel Tuthill. His grandchildren and great-grandchildren are now living in and around that country. John Tuthill, Jr., came with his father to Oysterponds, and when his age would admit was concerned with his father generally in his tracts and parcels of land in this place, with the houses erected thereon. We have noticed these buildings already, when they were built and how long they stood.

John Tuthill, Jr. was twice married. His first wife was Deliverance King, to whom he was married February 17th, 1657.

Their children were—1st. John, born February 14th,

1658, died 26th November, 1754, aged ninety-six years, nine months and twelve days. 2d. Elizabeth, born January 19th, 1661. 3d. Henry, born May 1st, 1665. 4th. Hannah, born Nov. 7th, 1667. 5th. Abigail, born October 17th, 1670; died June 6th, 1705. 6th. Dorothy, born October 6th, 1674; died 24th February, 1688. 7th. Deliverance, born August 2d, 1677; died 17th February, 1683. 8th. Daniel, born January 25th, 1679; died December 7th, 1762, aged eighty-three years, ten months and sixteen days. 9th. Nathaniel, born November 10th, 1683 and died December 18th, 1705, aged twenty-two years, one month and eight days.

His second wife was Sarah Youngs, to whom he was married May 28th, 1690. By her he had one child, a daughter. She lived about eight years. It appears from the old deeds and his purchases of those days, that he was a prominent business man, and was held in respectable consideration by the community at large; and the same may be said of his father, who with his household, was one of the thirteen families already mentioned.

John Tuthill, Jr., died October 12th, 1717, aged eighty-two years and three months. His first wife, Deliverance, died January 25th, 1688. She was daughter to the first John King, before mentioned.

John Tuthill, 3rd, grandson of the elder John Tuthill, as referred to, by information handed down, was a wise and very useful man in his day. From 1690 to 1740, he was in public life, as to what was of interest to this place and the town. He was chosen as a member of the Assembly of this State, then a colony of

Great Britain, in the years 1693, 1694, 1695 and 1698. It is said his school education was small, but his judgment, as an adviser and calculator, was large and much thought of. His skill, or genius, in solving the most intricate questions in arithmetic was assuredly, as we are informed, very extraordinary. Although not a man of letters, he was held in high esteem for his prudence and sterling sagacity. A piece of chalk was generally his pen and pencil; the most difficult questions in figures he would answer readily with a piece of chalk; his slate or paper was a piece of board or on the rail fence. For this mode of his doing business in this line of accounts, he was proverbially known for the last fifty years of his useful life, and after his death for fifty years more, his name was respectfully mentioned as "Chalker John." It is now one hundred years since his death, at which time he was ninety-six years, nine months and twelve days old. In many old deeds and conveyances may now be seen the signature of John Tuthill, the man who made so good a use of chalk. It is probable he held the office of Justice of the Peace, since the title of "Esquire" was often given him. Of his family, we know but little—who was his wife, or of what family. Only two of his children, a son and daughter, we know anything of, viz:—John, who was John Tuthill, the fourth in succession, and daughter Dorothy. Dorothy was married to Joseph Brown, Esq. Two of Joseph's sons names were, first, Joseph Brown, Jr., who married Mehitable, the daughter of Jeremiah Vail, Jr., by whom he had eighteen children. Himself and his wife have set down to the table to eat

with sixteen of their children with them at the time. George Miller, Esq., of Riverhead, a lawyer, is a grandchild of the said Joseph and Mehitable. Benjamin, the other son, married his mother's niece, John Tuthill 4th's daughter, by whom he had seven children. Benjamin was a Justice of the Peace and a Deacon of a church. He died in 1774, an excellent, good man. Benjamin Brown, by his wife, Mary, had seven children, viz:—Gershom, Israel, George, Elizabeth, Jemima, Mary and Bethia.

John Tuthill, 4th, died in 1743, aged sixty years, near eleven years before his father. He left four sons, viz:—Jeremiah, John, Samuel and James. Jeremiah married Dorothy, the daughter of Jonathan Youngs, Sr., and settled down on one of his father's farms in this place, where he lived respected until past his seventieth year. At this late day in life, his circumstances, as to property, were such as to oblige him to part with the dear home of his youth in his old age. He removed to Ashamomac, about seven miles west, where he lived with his second son, Jeremiah. He had, previous to leaving his old home, become a widower. His last days were solitary and very lonely. At the age of about eighty-five years, and in 1808, he died, and not a stone tells where his body lies.

John, the second son, settled on the old homestead of his late father. The house at this time is owned and occupied by John B. Youngs. As it stands in a valley, or hollow, Mr. Tuthill was called Hollow John, whether to designate him from some other John, I know not; but by that appellation he was known for more than sixty years. He was an upright, honest man. He had

one son, John, the sixth, and a daughter, who was married to Thomas Youngs, son of the Judge. John Tuthill, who was John the 5th, died in 1795, eighty-six years of age.

Samuel, third son of John Tuthill, 4th, was educated as a Doctor of Physic. When he supposed himself competent to practice, he removed into the State of New Jersey, where prosperity attended him in his profession, and respectability crowned all his business movements. He became a Judge of the court, and was held in honorable repute until age rendered him unable to continue in those public stations, which he had filled with honor to himself and satisfaction to his numerous friends. We know not the time of his death, which was at an advanced age.

James, the fourth son of John Tuthill, 4th, settled in Orange County, State of New York, about the year 1750. He has now many of his descendants of that name in and around that region. We well remember one of his sons, who was much known and respected, as a purchaser of beef cattle for the Philadelphia market. He was greatly esteemed by the drovers from that city, in the years 1790, 1791, 1792, 1793 and 1794. His name was Jonathan, but known more particularly through his town, by all grades and colors, as "Captain Tuthill." His death took place February, 1802, aged seventy-two years; born, 1727. One of his sons, John, born March, 1760, became a colonel of militia. Some years previous to his death, he sold the old homestead of his fathers, and removed, with his family, to Chemung County, near Elmira, where he died February 27, 1845, aged eighty-five years. His very talented

and amiable son, Green Miller Tuthill, was clerk of that county in 1849.

The first fifteen or twenty families who came to this place, were, we are informed, strictly religious and punctual in observing all the ordinances of Gospel worship, as far as their limited means and isolated situation would permit. Their confession of faith was congregational, and Calvinistical to the letter. Many of them, viz:—the Brown's, Youngs', Tuthill's, King's and Vail's families, with others, all appeared to fear God and eschew evil.

Deacon Daniel Tuthill, as before observed, was the eighth child of John Tuthill 2d. He married Mehitable, the widow of Peter Bradley. She, when a girl, was Mehitable Horton, grand-daughter to Barnabus Horton, who was with Daniel Tuthill's grandfather in the first boat which landed at Southold.

His children by his wife Mehitable, to whom he was married about 1705, were viz.:

Nathaniel, born about 1708, died 1731; Daniel, born near 1710, died 1768; Noah, born about 1712, died 1766.

Patience married John Havens of Moriches.

Mehitable married Thomas Terry, brother to my grandfather, Jonathan Terry, whose wife as noticed, was Lydia. These brothers married sisters. Lydia died 1780.

Abigail married Henry Havens, of Moriches. Her husband's temper was such as to render her life with him very miserable. She was a woman of great patience and sound piety.

Mary married Nathan Tuthill, of Acquebogue. We believe Mehitable must have been the oldest, as she

was the late Col. Thomas Terry's mother, and he was born near 1730. These amiable daughters, and, it is said, very beautiful women, all died betwixt the years 1770 and 1783.

Nathaniel Tuthill, Sr., the first son of Deacon Daniel Tuthill, was married to the daughter of Samuel King about 1730. He, while crossing Plumgut, in March, 1731, was drowned. He left an infant son who was named Nathaniel. His widow married Jonathan Racket, of Rockypoint, by whom she had six children, whose names were—Jonathan, born 1740, died 1825; Daniel, born about 1744, died 1801; Absalom, born 1746, died 1786; Samuel, born 1751, died 1826; John, born 1752, died 1793; Hannah was married to Sylvanus Brown, of Acquebogue.

These sons all lived to have families, and were respectable men. Samuel was conspicuous as a farmer, and his many civilities to travelers, especially those from Long Island to his part of the country which was near Goshen, in Orange county. To this part of the State he had gone when a young man and married a daughter of Silas Youngs, who was one of the four brothers who left Long Island for Goshen in 1733. They were the sons of Gideon Youngs, Jr.

Nathaniel, son of Nathaniel Tuthill, who was drowned, March 1731, was brought up by his grandparents on his father's side, and was promised his part of the paternal estate which was designed for his father as the oldest son. But the two remaining sons had children. Their father grew deep in years; their mother heard their counsel, and this grandson, the orphan boy,

was assigned a farm amidst the bogs and swamps of Ashamomac, where, in laboring, he took a cold, which terminated his life, April, 1768, aged thirty-seven years. He was a man of sound sense and a good companion; industrious, pious, and benevolent; a better husband, kinder father, and accommodating neighbor was not known. Such was Nathaniel Tuthill, Jr., whose remains now repose in the cemetery at Ashamomac; a stone marks his grave. He was twice married. His first wife was Michel, daughter of Gideon and Rachel Youngs. By her he had one child, a daughter, named Michel, who married George Brown. She died in Orange county, New York, near eighty years of age.

The first wife of Mr. Tuthill died about 1756. In 1760 he was married to his second wife, Mary, the daughter of Constant and Abigail Havens, of Hogneck. Constant Havens died 1761; his wife in 1748. By this second marriage his children were—Mary, born January, 1761, died in her 85th year; Hannah, born May, 1762, died January 8th, 1855; Betsy, born August, 1764; Abigail, born October, 1766; Lucretia, born July 14th, 1768, died May 18th, 1849.

Mary, the excellent and very justly beloved mother of these children, was a woman of great piety and faith in the Gospel. Her walk, conversation, manner, and humble submission to the methods of divine Providence, amidst the many and severe trials incident to the forlorn state of lonely widowhood, truly testified to an ungrateful world the goodness of her heart and the force of that confidence and trust which she put in the widow's God and orphan's friend. She died in November, 1822, aged eighty-seven years. She was born in

1735; I think in August. She, as before said, was the daughter of Constant Havens, of what is called Hog-neck, adjoining Sagharbor. He was the son of George Havens, who was son to the first of the family to this then new country. Constant by the will of his father came in possession of the whole neck, which contained eight hundred acres of land, of excellent quality.

The word of truth says "let another praise thee and not thine own lips." It truly requires wisdom and prudence to tell our own history in pleasing colors to all, yet a brief notice of my morning and noon of life will be of some interest to my children and descendants. I was the *second* child of James and Deziah Griffin; their *second* son; born in the *second* month of the year; on the *second* day of the month; the *second* day of the week, and who knows but the *second* day or week of the moon!

My earliest recollections are of living with my grandparents, Jonathan and Lydia Terry, a week or two occasionally, when about three or four years old. One among the many, of this first of grandmother's wise precepts to her children and grandchildren, given in pure, old fashioned parental love, was while eating their piece of cake, or bread and butter, between meals, to sit still and not move around and play with victuals in their hands. To play with cake and bread she said was a waste and sin. This prudent and holy advice was worthy of the mothers whose virtues brightened in "gathering up the fragments, that nothing be lost." In those happy days stoves for cooking and warming

rooms, were not known. The commodious and spacious fire places, would, without difficulty, take in a four foot back-log, with small wood suitable for filling. Then wives and daughters had rosy cheeks, buoyant spirits and blessed health! Home-spun dresses, early rising, industry, prudence, honesty, with the spinning wheel, was the order of those humble seasons. Now, alas, the change! These useful and invaluable necessaries are exchanged for the novel, the piano, the waltz, and polka, with every vanity and vexation of spirit, that a wicked, witty genius could invent or conceive of to make humanity burdensome.

In the summer of 1775 my father put me to live with Jonathan Tuthill, whose wife was Mehitable, my mother's sister. They had been married about two years, and were the joyful parents of a fine little girl over a year old. General Wooster at this time with his regiment, was stationed at Oysterponds Point. Some of his soldiers were quartered in my uncle Tuthill's barn, and sick with dysentery. My aunt's daughter caught the disease and died. The mother was truly a mourner. I am an evidence that this afflicting dispensation of divine Providence, was not effaced from this mother's affectionate heart for many, many years.

"None but a mother can tell a mother's love."

The child's name was Abigail.

We well remember seeing General Wooster, on parade, and at other times when riding out with his staff. To me and my playmates, he was quite a curiosity. His age being near seventy years, with a venerable, dignified appearance, and curled, powdered wig, gave lively sensations to our juvenile sensibilities. These

trainings and reviews were almost daily, and the rendezvous in a plain lot south of the road, before Mr. John King's door, now David A. Tuthill's. Some few years after this, General Wooster was wounded at Danbury, and died soon of said wound. In 1854, seventy-nine years after this, a handsome monument was raised to his memory.

In the summer of 1784, I lived at Stonington, with Deacon Nathan Fellows. He was an honest man, and an ornament to his profession as a Christian. I stayed with him about two months, when, becoming homesick, my father unwillingly permitted me to return home. In the winter of 1785, I was inoculated for the small pox, with my friend, Noah Tuthill. Both of us had it very hard. April, 1786, I went to live with a Mr. Jehiel Wheton, at what was then called Sterling—now in the suburbs of Greenport. Mr. Wheton's family consisted of himself, wife and two daughters. Mrs. Wheton was greatly possessed of those graces which render the wife and mother the glory and happiness of her household. Mr. Wheton was a peaceable, industrious man. They had lost a son with the small pox a short time before. I was with this pleasant family one year.

May, 1787, I, with my father, visited my grandfather, Samuel Griffin, at Brandford, Connecticut. While on this visit, we stopped at Guilford, where I saw, for the first and only time in my life, Jasper Griffin, son of Robert, my grandfather's brother. My two youngest aunts, Betsy and Polly, were now married and living at Guilford, each having a child—the first a son, Bela; the last a daughter, Sally.

In August, 1775, a most distressing sickness pre-

vailed. It commenced while Wooster's soldiers were stationed here. Such mortality by dysentery had never before been known. One entire family of eight persons all died with the disorder, excepting one. Two were buried in one grave.* It was assuredly a mournful time, as almost every house felt the effects of the raging pestilence. The same season there was scarce the semblance of rain from the first of June to the middle or last of August—say nine or ten weeks. That drouth is still fresh in my memory, although it is seventy-five years ago. Those calamities, death, sickness and the want of rain, have left on my memory an impression not to be effaced.

On the 28th of March, 1788, I set off with Samuel Brown, one of my juvenile companions, a neighbor of my age, to seek a livelihood in the North River country. We took passage on board of a sloop for New York; after a pleasant sail of two days, we arrived safe. While in the city, we put up with my friend, Doctor Thomas Vail. From Mr. Vail and his pleasant wife I received much kindness. President Washington was then living in New York, in the Franklin House, corner of Pearl and Cherry streets, which was but a few doors from Mr. Vail's, in Pearl street. At that time, a short walk would carry you out of town.

After stopping with Mr. Vail about two days, I went on board of a half-rigged sloop, bound for New Marlborough, which lies on the North River, about ten miles above Newburgh. We reached Tarrytown that afternoon. At this place, about eight years before, the

* This family was Henry Youngs and wife, who both died, and five children. The one that survived was a son, viz:—Francis Youngs.

accomplished but unfortunate Andre was taken, whose affecting, tender and sorrowful history is read with much interest by disappointed lovers and accomplished soldiers.

Here the vessel was to stop for the night. To amuse myself and see new things, I went ashore, where I met a young man who said his business was to tend a flour water-mill, which stood at the landing. If it would suit my mind, he should be pleased with having my company for the night in the mill, as there it was he took his lodgings, with his gun well loaded by his bedside, to keep away thieves. I accepted his offer, knowing that there was not any softer bed on board than the soft side of a board or plank. At the same time, I was wicked enough to say to myself, "Who knows but this young stranger may prove to you to be a ravenous wolf in sheep's clothing?" However, I rested pretty well on the mill floor, with a rough blanket wrapped around me.

On the second of April, 1788, our vessel was safely moored alongside of a small dock, at what was called Newpaltz, about two or three miles above the small village of New Marlborough. The owners of the vessel were brothers, very peaceable men, living two miles from said dock, with their families. Said they had a brother, a business man, who carried on the tanning, currying and shoemaking trades. He would, no doubt, employ me to assist him.

Drenched with rain, and traveling over a rough, rocky road, I arrived at the house of John Calvery, Sr. Was introduced to John Calvery, Jr. I was now very wet and much disheartened. A large, overgrown

family of unpolished Dutchmen constituted the inmates of Mr. Calvery's house. No prepossessing smile met me on entering this family. Perhaps some allowance ought to be made, as I had just come from the tender, kind, affectionate, nursing care of one of the most invaluable of mothers. It was now I felt to realize the insupportable weight of a separation from the greatest blessing below the skies—a mother—"sweetest name on earth."

John Calvery, Jr., brother to the two men I came with, hired me for six months. My business was to be in the tanyard, on the farm, and in the shoe shop, as I had some superficial knowledge of the craft, but not sufficient to come near the name of an adept at that manufacture.

Samuel Brown, with whom I had left home, staid in New York to be inoculated for the small pox. Of course, I was now alone with a people who had never known me or my family. This, at the time, was quite a secluded place, surrounded with small mountains and hills, at best a rugged, rocky, sombre region. It was by its few inhabitants called Lattin Town, from a number of the families residing there of that name. The Calverys' father was yet living at the age of fourscore. This old gentleman had been so attached to the cause of Mother Britain, and her failure to subdue us, that his reason, in consequence, appeared to be affected. A day or two after I had commenced with his son, while at dinner, the old gentleman very cheerfully asked me of my home, and how the people in my quarter stood affected by the late war. Not having any knowledge of the old man's passions and imbecility of mind, I

earnestly answered that we Long Islanders were true blue in the cause of American liberty. I had hardly got to the word liberty, when, with eyes wildly flashing fire, and looks of indignation, he arose trembling from the table, and bellowed forth at the top of his lungs—"You young, ignorant, beardless rascal; I would have you to know that every American who has been killed while fighting against the King of England, who is the Lord's anointed, *has gone to hell!*"

At this horrid address and manner of delivery, I was almost petrified, and, as soon as I could, left the room. The son followed, kindly admonished me to be more guarded in future, and said he was afraid it would have been worse, as his father, when opposed, would almost become a maniac. I promised a strict amendment, and surely, I had good reason to attend to it. In fact, this large family were rabid royalists. I needed a friend and counsellor.

I passed six months in this retired region, and never saw but one man, woman or child that I had ever seen or heard of before, and that was General James Clinton, who passed the house one day, on horseback.

My lodging was generally in the tan, or shoe shop, up chamber, on a blanket spread on the floor, which, perhaps, had not known a scrub broom since the carpenter left it twenty years before. As it was early in April when I began my six months, the term engaged for was up in October. After settling with Mr. Calvery, I left immediately for Long Island. On my arrival in New York, I called on my friends, Vail and wife, who gave me a cordial welcome. I staid one day

in town, and then took passage for Oysterponds, where I arrived in twenty-four hours from New York. The joy at meeting and embracing my anxious parents, I acknowledge myself incompetent to describe.

On March 29, 1789, I left my home the second time for the North River country. My companion this time was Gamaliel, a son of Major Barnabas Tuthill, who was sometime an officer of that rank in the service of his country. This young man, about seventeen years old, left with me on the morning of the date above stated (it being Tuesday) for New York, on foot. Our packs, containing our scanty wardrobes, were not very weighty, but my sainted mother had not been sparing of filling our knapsacks with cakes, dried beef and cheese, and, with prayers and tears, besought Jacob's God to overrule the perilous journey, for our eternal good. It was certainly a perilous journey for us two inexperienced boys to start, in such a way, with not much over two dollars in our united pockets.

In passing through Rocky Point, now East Marion, my sensations were such as a Petrach might be excused for attempting to describe or portray in his melting strains—

> ——"We passed on;
> My heart no more."

Well, after a singular walk of three days, on one of which we came near being taken up as runaways, we arrived in New York, pretty well worn out. By our hospitable friend, Thomas Vail, we were pleasantly entertained betwixt two and three days. On the third of April, we took passage on board of a Fishkill sloop, and, after a passage of two days, landed at Fishkill.

We crossed to Newburgh, from which place we traveled to Oxford, a distance of seventeen miles. We stopped the night, much fatigued, with John McDowell, Esq. With this gentleman, Gamaliel's brother, Samuel Tuthill, lived. He was now at home, while I was left a wandering stranger, not knowing what course to take. But Sterne observes—"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

On the morning of the sixth of April I arose. It was a beautiful, clear morn; but, alas! what a contrast was my beclouded and agitated mind. After taking breakfast, I started, in company with a man from Long Island, as he said, for a place near what was called the Drowned Lands, which was about seventeen miles from Oxford, and ten or twelve miles from Goshen village. We arrived at our destined place about 12, M. I stopped with a Mr. Elijah Wells. I had formerly known this man at Cutchogue, on Long Island, which was his native place. He had now moved into this part of the country and bought a farm, on which he proposed to spend the residue of his days. He was a man very respectable in all his intercourse with his fellow men; a son of the late Rev. Timothy Wells, in Acquebogue, in 1772.

While at Mr. Wells', which was one day, I spent an hour or two with his brother Richard, who, with Elijah, moved into this section as his future home. After receiving their hospitalities, I again set off to find the residence of my friend, Samuel Brown, with whom I left Long Island in March, 1788. On inquiry, was informed that there was such a young man as described living within a couple of miles west of Goshen, eight miles from

where I was. After walking about two or three miles, it set in raining which soon drenched me to the skin. I trudged on amid the pelting rain and wet, and exhausted in body and mind I found myself at the house of Benjamin Moore, where I found my friend Samuel. I think I must have traveled, since leaving Well's, ten miles. Moore was a cooper; Samuel was trying to learn the trade. His location looked forbidding; the house looked anything but comfortable; shingles and clapboards were missing; neatness had gone abroad. He appeared to be a good disposed man; showed a countenance shaded with disappointment and gloom. One would say from close observation, his domestic comforts were few. We can but commiserate those unfortunates, who are destined to a state of hopeless wretchedness. Samuel was glad to see me, as I was him. I stopped with him the night. He said his engagement was for one year with Mr. Moore, in which time he was to learn the trade. We lodged together in an unfinished chamber, where the stars, in a clear night, could meet an astronomer's gaze.

The next day Samuel, with Mr. Moore's brother Jonathan, accompanied me to the village of Goshen. We stopped a while at Timothy Dunning's inn, where I parted with Samuel. He said his mind was to go to Long Island in a few weeks, when I could write by him to my parents and others. Now, in a gloomy, disheartened mood, dirty, weary, and almost moneyless, I plodded on about two miles, not knowing how and where I should spend the night, which was, from the looks of the sun, close upon me. Young, an inexperienced lone stranger amongst strangers, a cloud of obstacles seemed

about to impede my way. Just at this crisis I met an elderly man with a Quaker coat and hair cap who pleasantly accosted me thus: "Friend, where art thou from, and where bound, as thou appearest to be unacquainted in this place?" As I was pleased with being thus noticed, I readily answered—"I am from Long Island; my name is Griffin." "What!" says he with much animation, "a son of my sister, Deziah Griffin?" I said "Yes," which appeared to give him much joy. This hospitable man was a Mr. Joshua Brown, who had visited my father's house some few years before, and was an old resident in this region. We were near his house, to which he gave me a cordial invitation. I accepted and was well entertained by him, his wife, and son. He was truly a gentleman farmer and a very religious man; his wife a benevolent woman, but she was so strong in Presbyterianism that their latter days were not so pleasant together. Some years before his death, Mr. Brown appeared to lose his reason. Through a long life, when himself, he was one of the excellent of the earth. He died about 1795, betwixt seventy and eighty years of age, and she some few years after, when eighty odd years old.

In the midst of this agreeable entertainment, the thought of what I should do on the ensuing morning to procure a resting place and a home, was a wretched drawback on all the good I was now partaking of.

In the morning, after partaking of a good breakfast, well relished, and, after thanking this good man and his wife for their civilities, took my departure, and shaped my course towards what was called Little Bri-

tain, where a Col. Smith then owned a large flouring mill; saw mill, &c., A Mr. Dill was at this place doing quite a business in manufacturing boots, shoes, tanning, and currying. A day or two before this, I had been informed that I might get employment at Mr. Dill's.

After walking about eight miles the mills and shops appeared in view. I stopped—hesitated—looked back —thought of home—my mother! What was I going to introduce myself to do? As tanner, shoemaker, or miller? In fact, I began to believe I was not competent for any of those arts to satisfy an employer. I was in an awful dilemma; a prey to such distressing sensations that I sought relief in weeping. I retired to a secluded wood. Weakness, be it so—it was mine.

Thus doubting, hesitating, resolving, re-resolving, I turned short about and retraced the unpleasant road, rendered dismal by being recently from a frozen condition flooded with rain. To say the least, the traveling was intolerable.

When I had passed Mr. Brown's I had walked about seventeen miles. Not feeling it proper to stop there, I was for some time in doubts what course to take. While my invention was on the rack, a thought struck me that Mr. Constant Terry, formerly of Oysterponds, a respectable young man, had removed three or four years before to the neighborhood of Goshen. I had known him as boys generally know young men, their seniors. I well remember him, as a rather more polished, good-hearted young man, than many of his mates. I immediately determined to find out his abode. In walking about a mile I met a boy, of whom I enquired,

and was informed that I was within a mile of Mr. Terry's house.

Night was now drawing nigh; I was weary and hungry; had taken no refreshments since morning; I was soon at the door; had some doubts about a pleasant reception; his wife I had never seen; I made quite a halt, yet nothing appeared forbidding; I knocked; a mild female voice bid me walk in; I did so, and was politely received; it was Mrs. Terry; I told her I was from Long Island; she greeted me with a cordial welcome. From the manner and expressions of these persons, I soon began to persuade myself that I had found the very place that Providence had marked out for me, and that my mother's cares for her son were always accompanied with a mother's prayers.

He soon introduced me into agreeable and respectable society. Requested, yea, urged me too, at all times, while stopping in this part of the country, to make and consider his house my home and himself and wife my confidential friends. This I did, and ever after found it fulfilled, in each particular, to the letter. This glory of her sex, whose name was Sibil, died about the 10th of July, 1795, a little over six years after these favors conferred on me. She died a few hours after giving birth to a daughter, who, while the mothor was dying, she named Sibil, who in the course of years married in New York, and thirty-seven years after the mother's death died with the cholera in that city.

Constant Terry after living a widower some years, took a second wife, with whom he lived until his death in 1822.

At this time his residence was Bloomingburgh, which

is about twenty-five miles from Newburgh. I proved him to be a kind, generous friend. Accommodating to his own inconvenience. Such was my friend and his invaluable wife Sibil. She was the daughter of Mr. Daniel Case, a respectable farmer near Goshen, Orange county, New York. He died about 1790, seventy-two years of age.

Constant was the son of Col. Thomas Terry, of Oysponds. He, the colonel, died at Saybrook, Connecticut, in 1776, aged fifty-six years. Col. Terry was the son of Thomas Terry, Jr., who was son of Thomas Terry, Sr., who was the first of that family that came to Southold.

April 15th, 1789, Deacon Azariah Tuthill's house at Rocky Point, was destroyed by fire, with nearly all the furniture and wearing apparel; a heavy loss to his wife and daughters, who owned the entire property, which was left them by their good father, the late Mr. Nathaniel Tuthill. It was his widow who was now the deacon's second wife. It is said the articles of the Oysterpond Congregational church were destroyed by that fire. The church was organized not far from 1700. August, 1789, I commenced boarding with Captain Joshua Brown.

I continued with Capt. Brown until 1st January, 1790. In this family, which consisted of a colored man and his wife, old Mr. Brown and his wife, and Captain Joshua.

On the 1st of January, 1790, I went into the family of the widow Tusten. Her household consisted of two sons and two daughters. The sons were James and Thomas.

Mrs. Tusten was yet a mourner for her husband, Col. Benjamin Tusten, who was killed at the battle of Minisink, in 1781, when the Indians under Brandt gained the day, killing a large number of the inhabitants of Goshen, giving no quarters. The sword and the tomahawk was the fate of all who were taken, except one. A number of those who met this untimely fate were of the most respectable families in Goshen. Capt. John Wood was the one whose life was saved, and this he supposed, from what he observed, was a miracle. He returned home two or three years after that awful day.

I never knew a more sincere mourner than Mrs. Tusten. Her husband had now been dead eight years, and seldom a day passed, but with the tenderest emotions of sensibility, she would weep as one that knew the worth of the friend she had lost.

My time through this winter in this very agreeable and interesting family, was taken up in studying mathematics and going over my arithmetic, with a design to take a country school the ensuing spring. Whether I had ever been fitted for such a station or not, I conceived it at this time my duty to review and increase my knowledge before commencing the important task of teaching the "young idea how to shoot."

I left this affectionate woman and her friendly children in April, 1790, and commenced as school teacher near Minisink, about nine miles from Goshen, then a village. The men there of most note at the time were Messrs. John Hallock, Joshua Davis, James Jackson, and John Finton. My school continued until the spring of 1791. In the April of that year I visited my beloved parents, after being away from them more than two

years. To me and to them the interview was reciprocal. And again I was permitted to meet her whose impression on my heart was not to be effaced but by the icy hand of death.

> "No after friendship e'er can raise
> The endearments of our early days."

About the time I resided in Mrs. Tusten's family, Samuel Watkins, a man of wealth and deserved respectability, made honorable proposals of marriage to Mrs. Tusten. She declined, observing she viewed Mr. Watkins as inheriting every manly virtue and goodness requisite to make the marriage state pleasant and agreeable, and should she be disposed to change her then present lonely situation, no man would better meet her choice. But so it was. Her heart was in the grave of her departed husband, and for the last eight years she could not allow the thought of ever filling any situation while living but that of being his widow. Thus did she live, encountering many of those severe trials which Dr. Watts justly says is too often realized by those who sadly experience the melancholy and direful state of widowhood. This amiable, noble-hearted woman died in the year 1808, aged about sixty-one years. Her eldest daughter, Sally, died 1814, a little over thirty years old. We do not now recollect the other daughter's name.

My friend, Thomas Tusten, died in August, 1796, aged about twenty-three years. He had always shown towards me an unshaken friendship from my first acquaintance with him. It has always formed a part of my reflections to cherish the memory of so agreeable and disinterested a juvenile friend. This stroke added

another link to the chain of his mother's sorrows; but she was a Christian! James, the elder brother, lived to about the year 1836, when, in New York, by some mistep, while on the dock in the evening, he fell in and was drowned. His body was recovered and interred at Goshen; at the time, he was about sixty-six years of age. In the war of 1812, he held the commission of Major.

I have noticed my visit to my friends on Long Island, after an absence of more than two years. In May of this year, I returned to Orange County, and engaged a school in the eastern part of Blooming Grove. In this district I taught until 1794, in the autumn of which year, I removed to the east division of Goshen.

While a teacher in Orange County, I was so fortunate as to always procure the favorable consideration of my scholars, their parents and guardians. I was, I believe, sincere in honorable endeavors to point out and urge them to walk in the road which leads to usefulness and happiness. Many of them, I am happy to believe, lived to realize their attention to my precepts, and profited by lessons dictated by love and duty. My employers are now all "gone to that bourne whence no traveler returns." While a stranger in their employ, I was treated with the kindest civilities and the most affectionate good will. Asael Coleman, Joshua Curtis, Abner Coleman, the elder Richard Goldsmith, Benjamin Brewster, Samuel Moffat, William Hudson, his venerable father, Anselm Helin, John Benjamin, Caleb Coleman, Jonathan Brooks, and others, are all names engraven on the tablets of my memory. Their interesting, motherly wives, too, were nurses in time of

every need. Who can forget such invaluable expressions of good will, bestowed on him whose pride it ought to be to cherish the memory of such virtues, such charity, and such benevolence?

Jasper Griffin came to Southold about 1675, from Wales, England; from what town or county, I know not. He was born in the year 1648, which would make him about twenty-five years of age on his arrival here. In the course of a year or two, he purchased a small farm at the landing at Southold, within thirty rods of those beautiful banks which border that pleasant harbor. He was commissioned as major of the militia, and charged with the care of two pieces of cannon. They were mounted on those banks, near his residence. These he fired on public days, such as their Majesty's birthdays, &c., William and Mary, and, perhaps, Ann, after the demise of her sister and lord. Jasper's wife was named Hannah. It is supposed he married her in this country. Her gravestone says Manchester, we believe, in Massachusetts or New Hampshire. His family was large by this excellent woman. Four of their names have come down to us, viz:—Jasper, Robert, John and Edward. These were his only sons; the other children were daughters.

It has been said Jasper was accompanied to this country by a brother of his, who settled at or near Rye, in Westchester County, this State. A few years since, there were there some of the name. I have seen a letter from a member of his family, dated 1719, which was full of the tenderest interest for his well-doing.

It spoke of his having two near connections, I think brothers, but am not certain, as it is more than sixty years since I read it. These brothers were then captains of ships. He was dead before the letter reached this country, having died in April, 1718. His wife died April, 1699, aged forty-six years. Jasper was in the seventieth year of his age at his death. The letter mentioned above made no notice of any brothers or connections in this part of the world at that time.

The few natives which were yet remaining in and near these parts became much attached to Jasper Griffin, and often took occasion to show it in their natural but honest mode. One, an ingenious, true friend to Jasper, curiously wrought out a wood porringer, and, with great good will, presented it to his friend, the white man. Jasper took it with satisfaction. Soon after this token of esteem from this son of the forest, he sent the curiosity to his friends in Europe. In due time it was sent back, with a plate of silver neatly lining the handle, on which was engraved the Griffin's coat-of-arms. This relic of bygone days is now in the hands of one of the descendants of the fifth or sixth generation, in New York. The Prince of Wales, who was beheaded in the reign of King John, of England, was named Griffin. It is said the Griffins of this family are his descendants. It may or may not be so.

Jasper, the first son mentioned above, settled in Lyme, Connecticut, where he purchased a tract of land. I have understood that at the time of his death his years numbered more than ninety! His sons were Jasper, 3d, Lemuel, Joseph, and Nathan. These de-

scendants of Jasper, Jr., in Connecticut and other parts of the country, are numerous, and we believe honorable to their progenitor. Lemuel, the second son, was grandfather to Dr. Edward D. Griffin, a celebrated preacher of the Presbyterian order, and for some time President of Williams College, Massachusetts, born in 1770 and died in 1837. His brother George, now an aged man, has stood deservedly conspicuous as a lawyer. Jasper Griffin, 3d, grandson to the first Jasper, died at Lyme in 1783, in his eightieth year. Jasper Griffin, 4th, died in his eighty-ninth year.

The first Jasper, of Lyme, had a grandson, Abner, who visited my father at Oysterponds, in 1787, with his daughter Deborah, at the time an accomplished woman. Abner who was a man of much humor, observed my father's noticing Deborah as pretty, said, "Cousin James, I have a girl at home, who, while at school the other day, was called up by the teacher to receive correction for some trifling fault. The master raised his whip; she looked him in the face with a smile; the whip fell to the floor!"

Abner Griffin died in 1788 or 1789 at Lyme, aforesaid, aged fifty years.

Captain John Griffin, of Lyme, died in 1852, in his eighty-third or eighty-fourth year. He was Jasper Griffin's, Jr., grandson. He had formerly commanded some noble sea vessels, and made one or two voyages to Wales. One of his daughters, now Mrs. Starr, is living at Sag Harbor. She is an intelligent and amiable woman.

I never had the happiness of an interview with Capt. Griffin, although I have received several kind letters

from him, in one of which was a handsome postscript, signed Ellen Griffin, his affectionate daughter, I presume.

John, the second son of the first Jasper, when of age, removed to Riverhead, about twenty miles west of the residence of his father. Here he commenced housekeeping with a young wife, with whom he lived about twelve years. His death was in consequence of falling through the ice, from which perilous situation he was rescued, but so exhausted that he died. His death was in 1741, and we should suppose him not forty years of age. We believe his family consisted of several children, but we know of but one, a son, whose name was John, born in 1710. This John Griffin, Jr., had two wives; that is a second one after the death of the first. His first wife was Sarah Paine, by whom he had thirteen children. Their names were, viz.:

1st.	Prudence,	born	1735.
2d.	John,	"	1737.
3d.	Sarah,	"	1739.
4th.	Anna,	"	1741.
5th.	Sarah,	"	1744.
6th.	James,	"	1746.
7th.	Mehitable,	"	1748.
8th.	Nathaniel,	"	1750.
9th.	Thankful,	"	1752.
10th.	Stephen,	"	1754.
11th.	Joseph,	"	1756.
12th.	Mary,	"	1758.
13th.	Jasper,	"	1760.

By his second wife he had—

1st.	William,	born	1770.
2d.	Barlett,	"	1773.
3d.	David,	"	1775.
4th.	Anna,	"	1777.

Seventeen children in all.

John Griffin, Jr. and Samuel Griffin were cousins. The first was John Griffin's, Sr. son, the second Robert Griffin's son. These cousins had their first and second wives. Each by his first wife had thirteen children and each by his second wife four children; viz.: seventeen children in each family. Deacon Bartlet Griffin, who died in September, 1855, in his eighty-third year, was the last one of John's children, and Jared Griffin, who died in May, 1844, in his eighty-third year was the last of Samuel Griffin's children. John Griffin, Jr. and Samuel Griffin were each born in the year 1710; the first died in 1777, the other in 1789.

Edward, third son of Jasper Griffin, bought of his brother Jasper who had moved to Lyme, all the real estate which he, Jasper, owned at Southold. This deed of sale was executed June 1st, 1718, near two months after Edward's father's death. Where Edward settled for life, what family he had, how long he lived, we are unable to say. As he sold his lands at Southold the same year to his brother Robert, we infer that he removed to some other part of this State or to Connecticut.

Robert, fourth son of Jasper, settled down on his father's estate and homestead, on the pleasant banks of the Peconic Bay at Southold Harbor. His wife, we believe, was a Connecticut woman, named Susannah. His sons were Samuel, William, Jasper, John, and Robert. I do not know them in course, but believe Robert the youngest. The first Robert, noticed above, is said to have been a man of the most agreeable company, conversation, greatly beloved. He died in 1729, aged forty-four years.

William, we think, was the first son of Robert Grif-

fin. He, when of age, emigrated to New Jersey, where for some years his profession was a Congregational minister. When advanced in years, we are informed, he went to Pittsburg, in Pennsylvania, where he died, closing a long, well-spent, and useful life. At what year this event took place, or the number of his household, we are not informed.

John, another son of Robert, settled down not far from Saybrook, Connecticut. John had two sons, Abner and John. This last was of much consideration amongst the Griffins on Long Island and elsewhere; was a man of kind and tender heart; a good soldier of the Revolution, for which service he drew a pension. When an old infirm man, in or near 1833, he visited Southold; was at my house a few days. Not finding scarcely one of his associates and companins with whom he spent many pleasant, joyous days sixty years before, his countenance became sad and gloomy.

After staying a short time at Southold and Rocky Point, he returned to his home, Essex, Connecticut, where his death took place some year or two after. His brother Abner died some years before.

Jasper, another son of Robert, after running away from his master, to whom he was apprenticed, several times, being impressed in the British Navy, from which he escaped as almost by a miracle; swimming, as he said, five miles. After many curious incidents in his rambles, and a voyage or two to the West Indies, still minus in purse, got himself a wife and settled down in Old Guilford, Connecticut. After a few years of marked success, he became a man of much

wealth in houses, land, and money, It is said he borrowed a dollar to pay the clergyman for marrying him. For many years before his death the rising generation hardly knew him by any other name than "The Old Commodore." . This appelation was conferred on him by his swimming from Commodore Warren's ship, when a runaway boy of eighteen or nineteen years. About the year 1800 his death took place in Guilford, where a marble slab covers his remains. His age about eighty years.

He was twice married. By his first wife he had four children, viz.: 1st. Jasper, master of a privateer in the War of the Revolution; a man in daring and fortitude inferior to no man. Second and third sons were Timothy and Mindwell, and a daughter Elizabeth. By his second wife he had three sons, viz.: Russel, Joel, and Nathaniel. These two last were merchants. Joel died in May 8th, 1826, a useful member of society, aged sixty-four years. Nathaniel who was many years a member of the Assembly and Senate of this State, and a Judge of the County Court. By the community at large, and his citizens in general, he was, through a long series of years, considered a man of much public usefulness.

He died suddenly, September 17th, 1845, aged seventy-eight years. Joel, the second son by his second wife, also had a son Joel, who became a physician of much respectability. He married a daughter of Judge Thomas S. Strong, of Setauket, Long Island. By this lady he had two children, after which he died, not having attained thirty years of age.

Robert, I believe, was the youngest son of his fa-

ther, Robert Griffin, Sr. Robert, Jr., settled at North Guilford, Connecticut. I am told his death took place about 1790, at which time he was about seventy years of age. His sons were Rossetter, William and Kirkland. The two first settled near New Haven. Kirkland was more roving; made several voyages to sea; he was with Paul Jones in his masterly and bloody engagement in which he captured two English frigates. After the War of the Revolution, he settled in Clinton County, New York, where, much respected, he lived to an advanced life. My brother, James Griffin, on a visit some twenty years since to Clinton County, said some of his time was pleastantly spent with Mr. Kirkland Griffin, who rehearsed the perilous adventures while with Jones, and others, at sea, in the service of his country.

Samuel was another son of Robert, which makes the number, as I suppose, of his sons. I am well aware I have not set them down in course, not knowing which was the oldest; yet I should think Jasper the eldest, and Robert, Jr., it was said, was the youngest son. The daughters of Robert Griffin, Sr., if he had any, and I presume he had I know not anything of their history.

Samuel was my grandfather, and born in 1710, being only nineteen years old at the time of his father's death. It appears, young as he was, he took charge of the family, and soon came in possession of the homestead estate. Took the guardianship of his brother Jasper, whom he bound out to a trade; but he proved to be one of the most refractory of boys, as has been stated. Samuel, at the age of about twenty-two, married Elizabeth, the daughter of Nathan Landon, of Southold, by

whom he had thirteen children. Elizabeth was born in June, 1710, and died in August, 1755.

Their names were, 1st—Samuel, born July 20, 1733. He died while captain of a merchant vessel, in the West Indies, at Martinico, about the year 1762. He left a wife, but not any children.

2d—Seth, born October 12, 1734. He was for many years captain of a number of fine vessels in the merchant service, to the West Indies and other foreign ports. He died while on his passage to New York, April 9, 1788, aged fifty-four years.

3d—Daniel, born May 12, 1736. At the early age of twenty, he served in the French war of 1756. In 1775 and 1776, he was conspicuous as a captain in the army under General Washington. He was a man of courage and meritorious as an officer. His death took place June 22, 1822, in his eighty-seventh year. He lived with his wife (who was Martha Case) sixty-five years. She was born in June, 1737, and died soon after her husband, in the same year.

4th—Lydia, born November 13, 1737, and died October 1, 1754.

5th—James, born October 14, 1739, and died December 10, 1824, in his eighty-sixth year. He held a commission in the War of the Revolution, in which he faithfully served near two years.

6th—Experience, born 1741, and died about 1796. She married Augustus Peck, of Southold, a man much respected as a good-hearted ship master. With this excellent husband, she lived in all the enjoyment of domestic peace about twenty-five years. He died somewhere near 1790.

7th—Peter, born September 2, 1742, and died on board the old Jersey prison ship, at Brooklyn, about 1782. His sufferings on board this floating hell, as she was rightly called, were sufficient to melt the most obdurate heart. And yet this fabric and engine of refined cruelty was sanctioned by a nation calling themselves Christians! It is sufficient to make cannibals blush.

8th—David was born February 3, 1743, and died in St. Johns, Antigua, August 11, 1763, in his twenty-first year.

9th—Moses, born September 6, 1755, and died in Philadelphia about the year 1797. He stood high as a ship captain in those times with commercial men.

10th—Joshua, born August 20, 1749, and died at Cape May, September 15, 1771.

11th—Aaron, born February 15, 1752, and died 1754.

12th—Elizabeth, born February 17, 1755, and died the widow of Solomon Stone, in 1838, in her eighty-fourth year; an excellent, kind woman.

13th—An infant, living but a few days.

My grandfather married his second wife, Martha Vail, on the 25th May, 1756, by whom he had four children, viz:—1st. Mary, born April 20, 1758, in Guilford, Connecticut. She died the widow of Medad Stone, on the 4th day of February, 1794, in her seventy-second year.

2d—Parnol, born 1st September, 1759—died in 1764. A very pious child, as it is said, and her expressions at the death scene gave evidence of astonishing Gospel faith.

3d—Jared, born June 16th, 1762, and died May,

1844, wanting about twenty-eight days of eighty-two years of age. He was for many years a Justice of the Peace; a truly honest man, and sound Christian.

4th—Aaron, born June 10, 1764, and died February 14, 1842; making the number by the two wives seventeen, the same number that his cousin, John Griffin, of Riverhead, had by his two wives.

In the year 1554, there was a man by the name of Griffin, who held the office of Attorney General in London. While Lord Chief Justice Bromley presided on the Bench, this attorney (Griffin) spoke with great energy and surpassing eloquence in the cause of a gentleman by the name of Throckmorton, who had been imprisoned on some action which he (Griffin) painted in glowing colors to be unjust.

My father, James Griffin, when a small boy, by some accident, fell and broke his leg. The wound was very severe, and it was a very long time before it became strong and sound. The soreness was such that several small pieces of the thigh bone came out of the wound, which he showed to his friends many years after. In consequence of this early casualty, his leg, which was injured, became near two inches shorter, and was so through life. But his health became so good, his strength so firm, his activity and sprightliness so natural and prominent, that the nicest observer could not discern the least limp in his gait, which was quick and elastic.

When about sixteen years of age, he was apprenticed to learn a trade at or near Southampton. With him, at the same time, were two boys, of the same age. This was 1755. In 1760, they all became of age and

entered on the busy world to act for themselves. After this period, they each lived more than seventy years—James Griffin, John Darrow and Paul Reeve. The first died in his eighty-sixth year; John Darrow, in his ninety-first year; and Paul Reeve, in his ninetieth year. I notice this as what rarely happens—three boys, at the same employ, of the same age should live, after they had attained the age of twenty-one years, about seventy years after that period. Their united ages were:—

	Years.
James Griffin - - - -	85
John Darrow - - - - -	90
Paul Reeve - - - - -	89
Ages united - - - -	264
Average age of each - - -	88

Paul Reeve was son of the Rev. Abner Reeve, a preacher at Riverhead. Judge Tappen Reeve, of Connecticut, a lawyer of high standing and a Judge, was his brother.

My father, at the age of twenty-five, married Deziah, the daughter of Jonathan and Lydia Terry, of Oysterponds. She was at the time eighteen years of age. Soon after his marriage he went one or two voyages a whaling. After these voyages his employ was, on the water, coast-wise. At the commencement of the War of the Revolution, he immediately took side in the cause of his injured country and liberty. He was noticed by his fellow soldiers for his coolness and courage at the battle on Long Island. His service in the army continued about fifteen months, when the time of

his enlistment expired, which was while at Ticonderoga or Crown Point. After this service, he was not in any actual United States employ during the remaining years of the war.

The people of Southold and Oysterponds at this time, very many of them, removed their families into Connecticut, in order to avoid the British and Hessians, who were taking possession of Long Island. This remove was equally as fatal as it was to the fish which jumped out of the frying pan into the fire. They left their houses and farms to the mercy of the British. But alas for their empty houses and fertile farms! The shrubbery, trees, and fences! What a picture! Dwellings with broken windows, hingeless doors, and dilapidated walls!

The very idea is a sufficient caution for not attempting to describe the trouble and damage experienced by those many families, who leaped before they looked. Those few who remained did far better.

This was in 1776. Early in the spring of 1777, my father returned with his family to Long Island. Here he spent the remainder of his days. While the war lasted his days and nights were marked with much perplexity and disquiet. Having served fifteen months in the cause of his country, and now returned to live, if possible, as neutral, with his wife and children in the immediate neighborhood where a number of British and Tory soldiers were quartered. Sometimes they would appear favorable and tell him they would not molest or give him trouble if he would peaceably mind his business, which a part of the time was tending a mill. At other times when threatened he would lodge

from home until they cooled down. Some Tory characters with whom my father had been well acquainted before the war, were quartered with the British at Oysterpond Point, appeared to wish the arrest and detention of my father, as a man unfit to remain so near the camp at liberty. From such an aspect my harrased parent kept as much out of the way as he could, without leaving the island altogether. Through the day he kept a good lookout, and his nights were much from home.

About the 1st of August, 1773, it being a severe rain storm, wind N. N. E., my father ventured in consequence of the storm, to lodge at home with his family, satisfying himself that the storm of wind and rain would secure him rest unmolested one night. It proved sadly otherwise. About midnight the house was surrounded! An enraged, armed file of soldiers demanded instant admittance, or they would break in. They appeared to be excited by drink, as their manners would much more become savages than civilized men. They demanded, with shameful oaths, the body of my father, dead or alive. While in great commotion in searching below stairs, and threatening what they would do with the rebel after he was secured, my father, under great excitement, was trying to effect his escape by getting a chance to jump from a chamber window. This was a perilous undertaking, as there was a guard of mounted men stationed around the house; but there was no time to be lost. He flew to the north window which was open; there he saw a man with his sword drawn sitting on his horse under the window! Who can depict his

feelings at this moment, when these infuriated desperadoes were now at the foot of the stairs about to mount to the chamber, where he stood at the head of the stairs at the window. At this awful moment the guard rode round the corner of the house, we suppose to keep a little more out of the wind and rain; my father jumped to the ground, a distance of near twenty feet; as they arrived at the chamber, he was at liberty, on terra-firma, and no bones broke.

Amidst this storm he escaped, with nothing on him but his shirt, yet freed from these myrmidoms, he was grateful, though in the drenching rain. A Mrs. Jerusha Corwin, assisting my mother at the time, was made the instrument, through God's goodness, of preserving my father.* Mrs. Corwin was a respectable widow; her manner of receiving and waiting upon those wretches in human shape, was almost without a parallel. Perfectly cool and collected, with a smile, she showed them every room and closet below, previous to going up stairs. Her utmost art was here exerted to give my father time to escape through the window. Her being there appears to be Providential, as no doubt his sufferings, if captured, would have been indescribable, if not terminating in death. Mrs. Corwin died in 1788, aged about 60 years.

Perhaps there was never a woman possessing greater faith in the religion of Christ than my mother, Deziah Griffin; and her life was as pure as her faith was genuine. Many of my father's escapes from the British, to

* As they were mounting the stairs, Mrs. Corwin rubbed the candle out, making them believe it was they who did it. Before they could light it again his escape was effected. That circumstance, no doubt, saved him.

appearance, were almost miraculous. But so it was, my mother would observe, as Elisha did to his servant, "They that be with us are more than they that be with them."

After many surprising and hairbreadth escapes, he succeeded in getting to Plumb Island. In the next year—1779—the British troops left this place. I believe they were never stationed here any length of time after that year.

In the spring of 1780, my father moved with his family to Southold, to the deserted mansion of the Hon. Ezra Lhommedieu. This house stood within thirty rods of the venerable tenement of my grandfather, Samuel Griffin. As these worthy men, with their families, continued in Connecticut, where they had fled to avoid the British legions, by request, my father took charge of their homesteads, which showed the sad effects of being left to the mercy of enemies.

At Southold, he remained until 1783, when he returned to Oysterponds.

In 1802, he built himself a house at Rocky Point, near what is called the Dam. On the 14th November, 1814, aged sixty-eight years, my dear, affectionate and pious mother left this vale of sorrows, pains and tears, and, in the triumphs of the Christian's hope, entered into that rest reserved for the people of God. May I be pardoned in adding, a holier, Heavenly-minded, kind-hearted wife, mother, daughter, sister, or neighbor, never lived to bless her fellow travelers to eternity. To her husband, she could say:—

> "I have watched thy every look, thy wish to know—
> And only truly blest when thou wert so."

The following notice of her death, by Wm. L. Hudson, Esq., captain in the United States Navy, appeared in one of the New York papers :—"Departed this life, on the evening of the 14th November, at 10 minutes past 8 o'clock, in the triumphs of faith, Mrs. Deziah Griffin, the virtuous, amiable wife of Mr. James Griffin, of Oysterponds, aged sixty-eight years. This excellent woman possessed, in an eminent degree, the sacred constancy of an inspired Ruth, the imperishable piety of a beloved Hannah, with the sweet humility of the blessed and immortal Mary. With Deborah, she was with us a mother in Israel. She will assuredly, by a goodly number of her Christian friends and numerous acquaintances, as well as those of her disconsolate family, long be held in grateful remembrance for her unwearied counsels, to close in with those Gospel truths which fired her soul with such love, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. With justice, it might be said of her, as was said of the martyr Stephen : 'We behold her face as the face of an angel.' 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord ; for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.'"

After this severe calamity, my father lived ten years ; but these last years of his life were marked with a visible melancholy and loneliness. Much unlike his natural buoyancy of spirits, and great flow of almost universal humor, with which his easy, pleasant address rendered him, through a long life, an interesting, agreeable associate, as well as an invaluable husband and father.

On the morning of the 10th December, 1824, this venerable parent, having been something unwell for two

or three days, yet not confined to his bed, sitting in his chair conversing with my brother Warren, his head was seen to fall on his bosom, and he expired without a groan or pang, in his eighty-sixth year.

He was of middling height, with a very prepossessing appearance, and of a form and strength which few of his size possessed. At a certain time, when near fifty years of age, he carried on his back seven bushels of good wheat up two pair of stairs. The late Adjutant Daniel Tuthill assisted it on his shoulders, and was a witness to this feat of strength.

James Griffin's children were:—

1st. James, born January 1, 1765.
2d. Augustus, born February 2, 1767.
3d. Deziah, born November, 1768.
4th. Elisha, born December 2, 1770.
5th. Lucinda, born March 31, 1773.
6th. Moses, born March 7, 1775.
7th. Parnol, born September 6, 1777.
8th. Peter Warren, born April 12, 1780.
9th. Samuel, born April, 1782.
10th. Lucretia, born April, 1784.
11th. Samuel Caddle, born January 5, 1787; died 24th September, 1854.
12th. Austin, born April, 1789.

My mother's father, as before said, was Jonathan Terry, born about the year 1713 or '14, and died suddenly, while in good health, June, 1775, aged sixty-one years. He was industrious and benevolent; greatly beloved in all the several relations of his useful life. His father was Thomas Terry, who died while possessing

the handsome estate now the property of Elisha Mulford.

As this Thomas Terry's father died, not having made any will, his eldest son, Thomas, brother to my grandfather Jonathan, came in possession of the entire property. Of course, Jonathan and his other brothers—two or three of them—were cut off without a dollar. So much for the laws of primogeniture. However, my grandfather, by great industry and economy, with the assistance of a prudent wife, accumulated a handsome property, which is yet well improved, in the hands of the third and fourth generations.

The Thomas Terry, grandfather to Jonathan, was Thomas Terry, Jr., in 1698, as his father was then living, probably fifty or more years of age at the time.

If so, this grandfather, Thomas, must have been the first of the family, which came to this place about 1670, and to Southold in 1660.

Rev. Elisha Gillet died at, or in the neighborhood of Patchogue, in May, 1820, aged eighty-seven years. About the year 1790, or near that time, Mr. Gillet resided in Orient, lower neck, where he statedly preached on the seventh day to a small congregation of strict Sabbatharians, who, with himself, were strong in the belief that Saturday was the only and true Sabbath. There was about six or seven families of this sect.

These, he organized into a church, over which he presided some two or three years, with favorable prospects; but divisions arose, and ere six years had past, his flock began to scatter, and he found himself incom-

petent to the task of keeping them together. His church, as a body, soon became extinct, and he, a truly good man, lived to mourn over some of his stray flock. After these days he deemed it his duty strictly to keep two days as his Sabbath, viz:—Saturday and Sunday. His gifts were small, yet he well understood the Bible. He preached the first sermon in the second new meeting house in Orient, on the 18th July, 1817, at the time eighty-four years of age. He left two sons by his second wife, an excellent woman, Zebulon and Gano. This last one was some time a Judge of our County Court—a man of acknowledged abilities. They are now both dead.

John King was one of our early settlers. He had a son, Samuel, who must have been twenty-five years old when his father, John, came to Oysterponds, being born in 1633 or '34. His, Samuel's son, who was John King 2d, was born near the date of 1695, and died about 1753 or '54. He was much known as Ensign King; was greatly respected for his wise councils, and unshaken faith in the merits of his Saviour. He was considered a substantial pillar in the Church.

The following fact, respecting his goodness of heart, I had from his second son, the late Major Nathaniel King. On a certain night, after being in bed some time, he arose, and walked out into his yard. While looking around he observed his corn house door open. Supposing his boys, by neglect, had not shut it, as was their duty, he advanced to close it, but at that instant observed with much surprise, a near neighbor of his filling

a bag with corn. He was startled beyond measure, and it was some time before he could collect himself sufficiently to address his visitor in language proper on such an occasion. However, ere he could do this to his mind, the affrighted intruder, with a sigh, cried out "I am an undone man forever." "I hope not so bad as that," replied the commiserate Mr. King; "I suppose your family are in need of bread; had you informed me that was the case, I would willingly have assisted them; you have broken a prominent command, and done me an injury, but in case you repent, and fully refrain from this course forever, you have my hearty forgiveness." To this the trembling man observed, with tears, "Through God's assistance, I never will take from any one again what is not my own." Mr. King then gave him his hand. It is now about one hundred and fifteen years since this transaction, and the man's name is not yet revealed.

Dr. Thomas Vail was the oldest son of Thomas Vail, Sr., who was the son of Jeremiah Vail 3d, who was the son of Jeremiah Vale 2d, who was the son of Jeremiah Vail 1st, who settled at Oysterponds in 1656, on what is now known as the Point Farm, and now owned by the sons of the late Capt. Jonathan F. Latham. Thomas Vail, Sr., about 1758, married Hannah, the daughter of Richard and Hannah Brown. Was a captain of militia, in which station he was respected. Not far from 1767 he removed with his family into the state of Vermont, near or in the town of Pomfort. At this place Thomas, the eldest son, lived with his father until

1776, when he returned to Long Island to reside with his grandmother, whose interest in his welfare was great.

Thomas, at the time he came to reside with his widowed grandmother in 1776, was sixteen years of age. He had now returned to the land of his childhood an accomplished, well-informed youth of sixteen. His address, manners, and language, soon procured for him the most respectful consideration of all who knew how to appreciate worth and talent in a promising young man.

At the age of about seventeen, he was employed to teach the school. He was very successful in his first performance as a school teacher. In 1781, he taught a school at Southold. One day, while on his way to Southold, when just east of Ashamomack Beach, he was taken prisoner by Captain Simcoe, of the British army, who, after detaining him a short time, let him off. This Simcoe was many years after a Governor of Canada. Not far from 1780, he went a short voyage, as a volunteer, in the American frigate Confederacy; was gone about three months. In 1783, he married Bethia, the daughter of Major Barnabas Tuthill. In 1786, we find him keeping a flourishing school at Huntington. In 1787, '88 and '89, superintending a large school in Pearl street, in New York. There he was much respected for his literary acquirements and communications. As a member of the Manumission Society, he was honorable and of respectable standing, and as a member of Dr. John Rogers' Church. In 1792, he removed his family to Oysterponds, from which he had been absent four years. He now commenced keeping a store of dry goods and groceries with

seeming success for about two years, in which time, by a contract with the people in the district, he built them a handsome school house. This was about 1793. He was the first to open a school in said house, for one quarter. In 1794, a complete failure overtook him; gave up all business. Mortified at his reverses of fortune, which imprudence had brought on him, in haste he left the country, and moved into the State of Vermont with his family and effects. Here he entered on a new mode of providing for his family. Studied physic, and, as a man of brilliant abilities, he soon was received into the society as competent to practice, which he did with success. In the spring of 1816, after an absence of twenty-two years, he came back to Oysterponds. He came alone, greatly changed in personal appearance; his mind vigorous and bright, but the body a relic of what was florid and beautiful. He had left his family: for what cause, we know not, as there never was anything but unity betwixt him and his wife. He took the school in Orient, which, with the practice of physic, he continued to attend until February, 1820, when a stroke of paralysis rendered him unfit for further usefulness. With his mind calm, composed, and, to appearance, resigned to his situation, he lingered until March, when death put a period to his eventful and chequered life. Since his death, we have been satisfactorily informed that his domestic life while with his family, from 1783 to 1816, a term of thirty-three years, was united and peaceable. I have often heard him observe that it showed great weakness, as well as confirmed cowardice, to quarrel with a wife.

In his youth, he was assuredly one of the most pro-

mising of young men; a complete figure. and as prepossessing as genteel. Had his prudence been as great, and in every respect equal, to his acquirements in the knowledge of men and things, Thomas Vail would have been held in high and deserved consideration by all who know how to estimate talent, united with true and respectable address.

A short time previous to his death, he said to me that, at the age of about eighteen, he formed an acquaintace with Miss Frances Webb, of Southold, an interesting girl, and well calculated to make the married state peaceful and happy. Their attachment was reciprocal; but, alas! the mutability of all earthly productions. Circumstances, united with unavoidable strange events prevented a union of bodies whose souls, congenial, were bound by that sacred chord which nothing can sever but death. A short time before his death, he stole a visit to the grave which contained the remains of this, his early and first love. But he has gone, and not a stone tells where he lies.

> "The well-sung woes shall soothe my pensive ghost;
> He best can paint them who has felt them most"

The following elegy, was written by him on the sudden death of his interesting and beautiful daughter Harriet, aged two and a half years. Her death was, as it was thought, occasioned by eating the blossoms of Indian weed. See that beautiful sentence, "No poison *there* to taint life's purple blood," &c.

> In Sharon's grove the earliest shrubs arise,
> And smiling beauty meets our raptured eyes
> Spring's earliest blossoms opening to the sight,
> Fill every sense with pleasure and delight.

Arabia's groves, and Sharon's spicy fields,
Fragrance, and song in rich abundance yields ;
Young rosy morning here perfumes her breath,
Beauty, perfumes, and song, rise from the teeming earth :
From earth they sprang, to earth they must return—
Their early birth but speeds them to their urn.
Such is frail man ! The nursling of an hour
Spreads his young wings to catch an April shower—
Health's rosy charms still brightning in his face,
Where budding thoughts slide with peculiar grace.
Morn is more fair with Philomela's song,
In sweetest strains the feathered tribes among—
Such were the notes my charming Harriet sung.
Beauty and song in all her form appear,
Her Maker formed her with peculiar care ;
Her mein angelic—Heaven in her eye ;
Her mind a diamond from yon spangled sky,
A moment glittering to my ravished view,
To Heaven returned, and bade this earth adieu !
Some beckoning angel in the World of Day,
Pointed the weed, and bid her haste away,
And leave her poisoned dust to mix with kindred clay.
Fancy stood by, and marked her ærial flight
Through liquid regions of supernal light.
I viewed her path through yon imperial skies,
And the big tears stood trembling in my eyes,
While through ten million stars I saw her spirit rise—
Pleasure and pain my laboring bosom tore,
Till she arrived on Canaan's blissful shore.
Urania pointed to a blooming plain,
Edged by the shore of Heaven's eternal main,
Where a young throng of cherubs caught my sight,
Dress'd in the garbs of Heaven's unclouded light !
Just pass'd the tree which monthly fruitage yields
Twelve sorts of fruits—its leaves the nations heals.
With sportive step, they gaily pass along,
In converse sweet—when, amidst the etherial throng,
My angel Harriet caught my raptured view !
O, how changed ! how glorious ! and how new !
Celestial spirit now !—health, rosy bloom

Decked her ethereal soul like splendid noon—
As summer's evening, mild as morning skies,
Streaked with calm splendor Auroras' rise.
Again Urania's leveled tube I held,
To view their route along the Heavenly field!
Onward they pass'd, with wonder and delight,
'Till the dim mist of flesh obscured my mental sight;
Through spicy groves, and amaranthine bowers,
They circling pass, cropping the sweetest flowers—
From beauteous trees take life's inspiring food,
No poison there to taint life's purple blood!
But fragrant dews stand trembling on each spray,
Diffuse new life, and animate the day.
A moment listening, as they pass along,
When loud Hosanna's burst from every tongue;
The sounds euphonious float along the air
In accents sweet, that charm the ravished ear.
With notes like these, Jesus, the Son of God,
Who hung the spangled sky, and spread the Heavens abroad—
By whose creative voice the sons of men
Sprang from the earth, and must return again
To kindred dust. Blest be that power Divine—
That deep, unbounded, rich, exhaustless mine
Of wisdom infinite! Truth, Mercy, Grace,
Which all beam splendid from our Saviour's face;
Let the arch-angels bow with radiant nod,
Low at the feet of our incarnate God!
All Heaven your voices raise in sweetest strain,
Join all your harps His praises to maintain;
Ye fragrant gales that sweep the ambrosial bowers,
With wings perfumed that skim those flaming towers
Built by the hand of God; round yonder shining throne,
Raise your glad anthems to the farthest tone
Of Heaven's imperial kingdom, round and round,
Forever bear them through the immense profound.

Say, ye that chant the high arch-angels' praise,
If infant voices such sweet murmurs raise,
What are the notes which Gabriel's concerts plays?

My mind, be hushed, be calm as summer's even,
Nor form one wish to call them back from Heaven ;
For whom my heart has bled the livelong day,
But now revives with a celestial ray.

How reason sinks beneath paternal love,
Those tender charities our trembling fibres move
With griefs, with joys, with pleasure, and with pain.
Thousands of passions—thousands wanting name—
Rage, uncontrolled by Reason's placid voice ;
Nor heed her strains when moved by griefs, joys,—
The wondrous union 'twixt dull clay and mind,
Is so mysterious none but God can find
The mystic link, or see the unknown cause,
Why flesh obeys not Spirit's purer laws.

Grief, like a flood, has overwhelmed my soul,
Such as frail nature never can control.
Like boisterous waves that, foaming mountain high,
Then, thundering, dash on rocks—no help is nigh
To save the sea-beat mariner, who, on an oar,
Floats to and fro, till dashed upon the shore
By the huge billow's rapid, quick retreat,
Safe lands the captive, drenched from head to feet.
With cautious step, he slowly mounts the plain,
And views the tempest lash the foaming main.
O'erwhelmed with joy, he bends the thankful knee,
And wafts, great God, his humble thanks to thee.

Orange Webb, Sr., was an inn keeper, at what was called Sterling, for about forty years. In 1830, it was changed to the name of Greenport. In Orange Webb's days, there were but five or six dwelling houses at that place near the landing, where was a wharf, to which vessels of fifty or eighty tons could come. It was at the mouth of the creek, adjoining the then Judge

Thomas Youngs' farm of some five hundred acres. He was some time concerned in the West India trade, in vessels of his own. The house and establishment which he owned and occupied, from 1770 to 1805, was the property of Thomas Fanning from 1740 to 1770. O. Webb's children were, sons—1st. Thomas; 2d. John; 3d. James; 4th. Orange; 5th. David; 6th. Silas. Daughters—1st. Fanny; 2d. Polly; 3d. Nancy. Thomas became a very respectable ship master, and a valuable member of society. He died in June, 1819. John died in parts unknown; James died at home; Orange, for many years, was a merchant in New York—a man of very prepossessing address; a Christian in life and profession.

Noah Tuthill was the oldest son of Daniel and Ruth Tuthill, of Oysterponds, N. Y., and was born about 1770. When a school boy he was marked for his faithful attention to his book, and the rules of the school. Obedient and kind to his parents, he observed their directions with the most filial affection. At all times he displayed a mind that would compare with the brightest philanthrophist. He died November, 1827, aged fifty-seven years.

Some years ago, before temperance societies were known in our region, it was fashionable for neighbors to congregate at village taverns on long winter's evenings, by a good fire in the bar-room. The social glass would move merrily around, and its sparkling contents soon produce a company of generous, jolly, independent, loquacious, intenders of kindness, and doing good

deeds to all and every needy fellow creature which their charity could reach.

They each one strove to convince his fellow how ready and happy he was, at all times, to do everything in his power to comfort and accommodate everyone and everybody. One was willing to lend his horse any time; another his cart; another his plough; another his pitchfork, or hoe, or anything to oblige. A more generous set of associates seldom met, except where the decanter stands for an hour glass.

Amidst this would-be-social group of unbounded kindness and charity, one man sat a silent, taciturn admirer of the spirit of benevolence and universal goodwill which had so immediately taken possession of his companions. He invariably hoped that it was not the free use of toddy that had wrought this miraculous change—not inferior to that from a freezing point to a fever heat. In a moment of silence, this man, with emphasis, observed, "Gentlemen, you are the most compassionate and obliging set of men in the circle of my acquaintance. As for *my* good nature and readiness to do acts of kindness, and deeds of mercy, you must ask my neighbors. While I might judge selfishly, they will judge righteously." This man was Noah Tuthill.

He was twice married. His first wife was Polly, the daughter of Capt. Rufus and Mary Tuthill, of Oysterponds. She died in 1803, aged thirty-two years.

His second wife was Abigail, the daughter of Constant and Sibil Terry, of Orange county, N. Y.

This second wife was the smiling infant in Mrs. Terry's arms when I was welcomed to the hospitalities of

her house. To her husband she was all his heart could desire. She died in 1826, aged thirty-eight years.—Noah Tuthill was the first child and first son of Daniel Tuthill, who was known for the last forty years of his life as Adjutant Tuthill. Although a man of property and much known through the town, it is doubtful whether half the rising generation knew his Christian name. With black and white, young and old, it was always "Adjutant." His father was Noah, whose father was Deacon Tuthill, whose father was John, whose father, John, came to Southold with the first settlers in 1640. This second John was then only five years old.

Thomas S. Lester, Esq., was the only son of Sylvester and Mary Lester, of Southold. Although his sojourn on earth was brief, it was full of usefulness to his friends, connections, town and state, in whose representative councils he was several times an honorable member. A more deserving man, considering his situation, age, profession and calling, has rarely lived and died in Southold. He was early chosen executor to some valuable estates. These responsible situations he filled with great satisfaction to the public and credit to himself.

Scarcely arrived at the meridian of life, endowed with an excellent constitution, in the midst of extensive business and acknowledged usefulness, he died, September 13, 1817, aged thirty-six years. Mr. Lester was a friend, benefactor and wise counsellor. He held the office of district attorney for this county at the time of his death.

Zacheus Goldsmith, at all seasons, stood conspicuous amidst my friends for the last thirty years. Our interviews were always pleasant and interesting; we agreed in what constitutes pure and undefiled religion, and its invaluable effects on the life of its real possessors. I believe he was a sincere convert to the truth, as laid down in the gospels of the New and Old Testaments, which point out the way to obtain that blessed spirit of love and good-will to the whole family of man. Our last interview was at Hazard Moor's inn, at Southold. He then appeared as well as usual. This was Tuesday, I think the 6th of April. On Thursday, the 8th of April, 1835, he departed this life, aged seventy years.

His very amiable wife, Mary, was the daughter of the late Capt. Elisha Vail, of Southold. She died 14th September, 1849, aged seventy-three years.

Samuel, the ninth child of my parents, died suddenly in 1784, aged near two years.

Austin the twelfth child of my parents, died in the summer of 1791, aged two years.

Parnol, the seventh child of my parents, a very mild, comely interesting child, died in April, 1791, at the early age of twelve years. Her last words were "Thy will be done."

Deziah Griffin was the third child of my parents. She died with the small pox, December 11th, 1794, aged twenty-five years. She was a person of most amiable address, interesting in conversation, and a kind daughter. But, alas! she was soon summoned to the silent, darksome grave.

Sometime previous to her death she received the addresses of Mr. Samuel Brown, of whom mention has been made. Mr. Brown at the time followed the sea, and was away on a voyage. Not long after he sickened and died in Philadelphia. And so it was that their meeting was no more in this world. But may we not hope that they have united in another and better world, in songs of free grace and unmingled praise to God and the Lamb for ever and ever.

Moses Griffin, the sixth child of my parents, was born March 7th, 1775. At the age of nineteen he taught a school in Orange county, N. Y. His pleasant, agreeable mode of governing and instructing his scholars, procured him the just respect, love, and good-will of the parents and pupils. His business, in the Spring of 1796, was on the water, coast-wise. In October of that year, he shipped as mate on board of a vessel bound to Carolina, after naval stores. On their return, in November, the vessel, with all on board, was lost. Thus he perished in the bloom of life. He was an acknowledged comely youth, greatly and justly beloved.

About a year previous to his death, he had formed a very tender attachment to a young lady of the most amiable and estimable qualities. This attachment was reciprocal, founded on the solid and broad basis of virtue unstained. She mourned him not as lost, but gone before.

Elisha Griffin, the fourth child of our parents, was born December 2, 1770. He was, through all his earthly sojourn, an active man; much more inclined to dwell on the light side of a subject than a shaded one; to encourage and console his associates, and his connec-

tions, appeared to be the cordial which was his joy to administer. From the age of twenty-two years, he followed the seas; sometimes to foreign ports. In 1815, he removed his family to New York, where, after a severe illness, which terminated in a rapid consumption, he died on the 7th January, 1819, aged forty-nine years. He possessed a kind and tender heart. He viewed honesty as a treasure equal to his existence to preserve. He was twice married. His first wife was Hannah, a twin daughter of Major Nathaniel and Experience King. By this amiable woman, he had one child (Henrietta) now the excellent wife of an excellent man—Mr. Hewlett Smith, of Jamaica, Queens County.

His second wife was Phœbe, who resided in New York. By her, he had a family of three or four boys, and, I believe, only one daughter, who is now a married woman, living at Harlem, New York, named Harriet. His boys were Augustus, Peter, Samuel and John Orville. This last one died a few months since, at Poughkeepsie, New York.

Never is the human heart so buoyant with bliss and joy as when conscious of a sincere desire to do good to others, by sharing with them the blessings which Providence has conferred upon us. What joy and satisfaction fill the heart of the benevolent man, when he sees his fellow man made happy through his charity.

My grandfather, Jonathan Terry, married Lydia, the daughter of Deacon Daniel and Mehitable Tuthill, of Oysterponds, by whom he had twelve children, whose names were:—

1st. Jonathan, born May, 1738; died Nov. 1816.

2d. Thomas, born 1740; died at the age of fourteen years.

3d. Lydia, born 1742; died in 1819.

4th. Ruth, born Nov., 1744; died in Oct., 1836.

5th. Deziah, born Feb., 1746; died Nov., 14, 1814.

6th. Noah, born Sept.. 1747; died Oct., 1815.

7th. Mehitable, born Sept., 1749; died Feb. 12, 1835.

8th. Patience, born 1752; died about three years old.

9th. Patience, born 1755; lived but two days.

10th. Thomas, born 1757; died 1824.

11th. Daniel Tuthill, born Dec., 1759.

12th. Patience, born 1751; died Jan. 14, 1835.

Jonathan, the first of these brothers, was a man of great resolution. At the age of seventy-eight, he appeared to retain all the vigorous powers of a sound man of thirty-five. Would bear watching, fatigue and hunger with surprising energy; with the suppleness of a lad of fifteen years, mount and manage a restive horse, with all the animation of a disciplined sportsman. It is generally conceded that he rose with the sun every morning, for the space of fifty years before his death. What was said of Moses, the great Jewish law-giver, may be said of Mr. Terry at seventy-eight—"His eye was not dim, neither his natural force abated." He died of the effects of a fall, of near twenty feet, which fractured his skull, in November, 1816. He was an accommodating neighbor. His wife was Jemima, the daughter of Benjamin Brown, of Oysterponds. He (Brown) died in 1774. She (Jemima) died April, 1803, aged fifty-four years.

He had a second wife—Dorothy—who was daughter of Jeremiah Tuthill. Her father, who was grandson to John Tuthill, or, as he was called, "Chalker John," died in 1808, aged eighty-four years.

Noah Terry, a son of Jonathan, was born September 1747, and died October, 1815, aged sixty-eight years. In his boyhood, he was noticed as differing from his mates in every situation where fear is common, and, sometimes, prudent. Hogs, bulls, or wild horses, it appears, had no terrors for Noah when a boy. Just so in manhood. His bold daring, in whatever course he deemed proper and right, were not to be thwarted by obstacles which would often daunt men of acknowledged resolution. His courage and determined manner was always without noise or bluster; his modesty and good sense showed itself in never giving the least semblance of boast at any feat, action, or charitable expression performed by him, as heroic.

In the memorable winter of 1780, this adventurous man crossed Oysterpond Harbor to Shelter Island, a distance of near four miles, over the ice, on horseback. He performed this several times. Not another man in the town would do it.

At one time, he took with him on the same horse a resolute young lady, nurse to Mrs. Terry. When about two-thirds of the way over, where there is a rapid tide, which is the channel, here the ice had separated about three feet. Nothing daunted, he dismounted, and assisted the lady so to do. He leaped the spirited horse over the chasm, lifted the woman over, set her on the pillion again, and galloped off to the island.

On another time, while crossing a large bay on the

ice, the same winter, the ice gave way, and his horse sunk to rise no more. He barely escaped with his life.

In 1790, he removed from Long Island to Orange County. Here he purchased a farm, on which he lived until 1802, when he sold it. After this period, his visits to his friends on Long Island were extended to months. He had become much broken in body—a type of fallen manhood, as was said of the late Vice-President Burr, when near eighty years of age.

In 1814, a large torpedo boat, which had been fitted out at New York to annoy the British ships then lying off Fisher's Island, on her way to the rendezvous designated, while off against Southold, in the Sound, a severe gale of northerly wind drove the boat on shore a little east of Ashamomac Beach. After lying there a day or two, a British ship and brig came and anchored near where she lay. As they were arranging a number of barges for landing men to destroy the torpedo, they kept up an almost constant firing of cannon. The balls flew around said boat, over the farm of Mr. Mulford, and through his house and outhouses, commencing with din and noise, which alarmed the people for miles in every direction. Noah Terry was on his way to Southold, by the road which passed within a few rods of where this target of a boat lay, at which they were firing. When opposite the torpedo, Noah dismounted, left his horse, got on the torpedo boat, took off his hat, swung it, and gave cheers, remounted his horse, and, amidst the roar of cannon and whistling of balls, some of which ploughed deep furrows near the highway, he galloped on his way to town.

He was three times married. His first wife was Sally, the daughter of Abraham Parker, of Shelter Island; his second wife was Peggy, the widow of Joseph Halstead; his third wife was a widow Fall.

He was of the middle size, about five feet eight or nine inches, stout built, of quick and manly step, a piercing dark eye, enlivened by a countenance expressive and determined.

He died at the house of his brother Thomas, at Southold. His death was like the man through his life. When dying, he, in his perfect senses, observed his brother Thomas weeping. He says, "Brother, what makes you weep?" Thomas said, "I think you are dying." His last words followed thus, in answering—"Thomas, I am not afraid to die."

A tranquil submission to the methods of Providence bespeak the goodness of the heart. Those who wish to conquer their fate must submit to it cheerfully.

Thomas, brother to Noah Terry, was born in 1757, and died in 1824, in his sixty-seventh year. His life was marked with true benevolence, and St. Paul's chief grace, charity. He was respected and greatly beloved by all who knew him. I believe I am warranted in saying that our town has not produced, for the last hundred years, a man more deserving the character, and imbibing more of the spirit of the Samaritan of the Scriptures than Thomas Terry.

His good sense, his every day acts of kindness, with the most affectionate smile of complacence, constrains us to an involuntary praise applied to Daniel, the Prophet—"O, man, greatly beloved."

He married, in the year 1780, Esther, the daughter

of Christopher Tuthill, of Oysterponds. She, a devoted wife, died January, 1844, in her eighty-seventh year.

Daniel Tuthill Terry, youngest son of Jonathan and Lydia Terry, was born December, 1759, and died September, 1830, in his seventy-first year. His mother became a widow soon after he entered the age of fifteen. To this parent he was all she could desire. His mode of settling differences betwixt neighbors and producing peace, was proverbially successful.

We believe, with great good reason, that Daniel T. Terry, in almost every instance of his life, was a prototype of his uncle John, who was called Chalker John. In manners, judgment, and consummate skill in solving questions in arithmetic, they were equal. The first was honored with a seat as a Representative in the Assembly of the colony of New York, in 1693–'4; the last was honored with the like station, in the State, in 1809, one hundred and sixteen years afterwards. John, at the time of his seat, was forty years of age; Daniel was fifty years old. They were men of moderate property, which they chiefly acquired by their own industry and economy—yet, charitable, benevolent and manly in all their dealings.

Daniel, in his person, was, as in his dress, plain but neat. In height, about five feet ten inches; never fleshy, but enjoying good health, with an equanimity of mind and spirit rare to be met with.

He was twice married. His first wife was Rhoda, the daughter of Christopher and Phœbe Tuthill, a woman of superior kindness; she died in 1809. His se-

cond wife was Mary, daughter of Major Calvin and Peggy Moore. By his first wife, he had eight children —by his second, one.

There were five daughters of Jonathan and Lydia Terry. The first was Lydia, who married Silas Beebe, in the year 1763, at Plumb Island, in this township, by whom she had eleven children. Her husband, Mr. Silas Beebe, was a generous-hearted man, accommodating almost to a fault. His death took place in the year 1808, in the seventy-fifth year of his age.

Ruth, the second daughter, was married to Mr. Stephen Vail, of Oysterponds, in the year 1763, by whom she had twelve children. Her movements, expressions, countenance, and actions, were always, and in her every domestic department, assuredly the harbingers of peace, love and good-will. She lived to hold in her lap and embrace the children of her great grand-daughter! These, with herself were the fifth generation.

Stephen, the husband of this estimable woman, was a tender, kind-hearted man, but unfortunate, often, in many of his purchases. He could not behold distress unmoved; yet, his buying and selling often led him to go beyond his means, which brought him often in unpleasant circumstances. However, he left considerable property. He died 1806; was born 1741.

Mehitable, the fourth daughter, at the age of twenty-four, was married to Jonathan Tuthill. Soon after, Captain Tuthill took command of a vessel called the Mehitable, and went on a voyage to the West Indies. The war with England soon broke out, and Tuthill quit the sea. He died suddenly in 1807, aged about sixty-six years.

Patience was the youngest daughter and child, born in 1761, and, at the age of twenty-two, was married to Jeremiah Y. Tuthill.

This Mr. Tuthill was one of the twelve children of Mr. Christopher and Phœbe Tuthill—six sons and six daughters. They all lived to be married. The first one of them dying at the age of thirty years, at the time the wife of Mr. Ezra Corwin, of Acquebogue. At this time, there is only one living, viz :—Matsey, widow of the late John Youngs, in her eighty-fourth year.

In noticing the nine children which arrived to adult age, of Jonathan and Lydia Terry, I think it may be somewhat interesting to observe their ages united—

Jonathan,	79	years old at the time of his death.		
Noah,	69	"	"	"
Thomas,	67	"	"	"
Daniel T.	71	"	"	"
Lydia,	77	"	"	"
Deziah,	69	"	"	"
Mehitable,	85	"	"	"
Ruth,	92	"	"	"
Patience,	74	"	"	"
	683			

Gives to each seventy-five years and eight-ninths, something uncommon in a family of nine children.

This was a rare family. Their morals, virtues and habits were worthy of imitation, and I feel myself inadequate to delineate in its true light the halo of worth which surrounded the sons and daughters of this household throughout their long lives. They all lived and

died as men and women should—useful while living, and when called to depart, each was ready.

In August, 1830, Mrs. Harriet Petty, wife of Mr. Orange Petty, of Orient, gave birth to three children, two girls and a boy. They were living when born, but died in the course of two or three days.

In April, 1831, Mrs. Polly Vail, wife of Henry Vail, of Orient, was confined with three children at one birth—two boys and one girl. They lived about three days. Mrs. Vail and Mrs. Petty were first cousins, and descendants of John Tuthill, who first landed at Southold. They are of the sixth generation.

David, the fifth son of Orange Webb, Sr., before mentioned, became a ship master of much celebrity in New York and Liverpool, and other foreign ports. He was a man much esteemed for his social qualities, just in his dealings, generous to the needy. We have good reason to say he died the death of the righteous, June 1, 1818, in his fifty-third year. His wife, Elizabeth, died in October, 1820. She was an exemplary wife, whose price is above rubies.

Silas, the sixth son, as did his brothers, Thomas and David, also became a ship master. He was what the world calls a brave, fine-looking man, of great vivacity, wit, and uncommon powers to personate, in speech and laugh, the full-blooded African. In these, I never knew his equal. As he advanced in life, he discarded such amusements, became a professer of the religion

of Christ, and, it is said, died in the faith, on the 6th March, 1849, in the eighty-first year of his age.

Fanny, first daughter of Orange Webb, who, at the age of nineteen, married a Captain Duniky, by whom she had a daughter—Sally. She (Mrs. Duniky) died soon after. Sally, in time, became the wife of James Harris, a merchant in New York. He left her a widow some years since. Polly, second daughter of O. Webb, died the widow of Captain Elisha King. Nancy, third daughter, died the widow of Captain David King.

In the autumn of 1776, as the British were taking possession of Long Island, the inhabitants of Southold and Oysterponds, with other neighboring towns, were panic-struck at their approach. We had been told that the Hessians were savages, and would show no mercy. The excitement occasioned by such sad expectations, in almost every family in Southold and Oysterponds, was melancholy. Without reflecting or considering the consequences and sacrifices of leaving their pleasant homes to an invading, cruel enemy, they immediately set about removing their families into the State of Connecticut. This they did in great haste, as has been stated previously.

To remove the stock and poultry, with many other valuables, in such a short notice, was impossible. Of course, it was left to the mercy of the invading, heartless foe, whose care for such live and necessary provision, was in exact keeping with the wolf and the fox, whose proffered services were accepted to watch over the flocks of geese and sheep.

What hearts, what fortitude, what sublimity and heroism of soul must have actuated our mothers, grandmothers, and their invaluable husbands, to submit and cheerfully make all these unparalleled sacrifices, that their children and descendants might become the partakers of that sweetest of all earthly fruits—Liberty!

In these days of bustle, excitements, sorrow and trouble, Peter Griffin, of Southold, who, with his interesting family of six promising children and wife, left this island.

In those seasons of trial and peril, Peter was owner and master of a fine sailing sloop. By good management and great attention to the 'longshore business, in such a vesssel, he had realized a handsome support; but now, in consequence of the British cruisers, his situation, as to doing business coast-wise, was critical. In crossing from the main to the island, he was often in imminent danger. Once, in the autumn of 1776, he arrived safe in Oysterpond Harbor in the morning. After landing, he proceeded to the inn of Aunt Hannah Brown, as she was called in those days, who kept an inn. After inquiring whether there were any of the enemy in the place, and learning that there was not just at that time, he called for a breakfast. Soon after he and his men had seated themselves at the table, a child came running into the room, and screaming at the top of its lungs, "The troops are coming; the troops are coming!" And, sure, they were within half a mile, on horseback. Captain Griffin and his men immediately ran across the fields to his small boat, then at the landing. They launched her, and boarded the vessel about the time the troops reached the shore, within

twenty-five rods of the vessel. They drew up abreast, dismounted, and gave Griffin's sloop the contents of their guns. Before they could reload, Griffin, who was a marksman, took from the cabin his old King's arms, and, without ceremony, returned the fire. At this, they, in much confusion, took refuge behind the nearest house. With much tact and skill in charging his piece, he made several shots at them, which kept them skulking and dodging until he could weigh anchor and be off. Several of the bullets discharged from his gun lodged in the house, which now is owned by the heirs of the late George Champlin. A year or so after this, Captain Griffin lost his vessel, being captured by the English sloop-of-war Swan. The Swan was several times in Southold Harbor. At one time, while on shore, Captain Asknew, her commander, was surprised by a party of Yankees, who attacked him as he was pushing off from shore in his barge for his ship. These Yankees fired into his barge, wounding him in his foot, which lamed him for life. I saw him there in 1780.

It is said, and no doubt it is a fact, that these parties of horse which often came to Oysterponds, were Tories of Long Island.

Dr. John Gardiner, of Southold, died October 25, 1823, aged seventy-four years. As a physician in this town, he was greatly esteemed. His address and very ingenious remarks on visiting his patients, were often powerful incentives towards comforting the invalids whose disorders were more in the mind than in the

body. To such, his well-timed anecdotes were balsams. As a doctor of physic, he was truly valuable. His practice was from Mattituck to Plumb Island, more than thirty miles. He commenced in 1781, and continued until his death—1823. In the Revolutionary War, he was sometime surgeon's mate on board of one of the American frigates. His first wife was Abigail Worth, a very pious woman. His second wife was Peggy, the eldest daughter of Major Calvin Moore. A large stone marks the Doctor's grave, whose inscription describes the man in a true and honorable likeness. It is well worth a perusal. It can be seen at Southold Cemetery.

Noah Racket, who died in 1849, aged ninety-two years, said that his first ancestor to this town was about 1690, and his name was either Daniel or John. From old writings I have seen, I believe it was John, and his wife, Elizabeth. From an old record, I find there was such a man and his wife in this town, in the year 1698. There is no doubt but this couple were the progenitors of all the families of this name in the State of New York.

This John Racket, who, it appears, settled in what was then called Rocky Point—now East Marion—had a son John, born about 1690. He (the last mentioned John) was conspicuous in the first church in Oysterponds, and the first established Deacon. At the time the first meeting house was built in Oysterponds, Mr. Racket must have been about thirty-two years old, and was ordained a deacon as early as 1735. Daniel Tut-

hill was deacon about the same time, or a few years after, and as he was about the age of Deacon Racket, it is probable they took the office nearly together, and were united in the church, as officers for thirty or forty years. Racket was altogether called Deacon Racket; so, from 1740 to 1762, Tuthill was only known by all his juniors as Deacon Daniel Tuthill.

The said Deacon John Racket had two sons, whose names were John and Jonathan, and a daughter, whose name was Rachel, who became the wife of Gideon Youngs. John, the Deacon's first son, had two children, viz:—Benjamin and Mehitable. Benjamin was the father of Noah Racket. Mehitable married a Mr. Cleve, of Acquebogue.

Jonathan, second son of Deacon John Racket, married Hannah, the daughter of Samuel King and the widow of Nathaniel, who was the eldest son of Deacon Daniel Tuthill.

The children of this marriage were five sons and one daughter, viz:—Jonathan, Daniel, Samuel, John, Absalom, and Hannah. Jonathan married Hannah, the daughter of David and Ruth Wiggins. Daniel married Bethia, daughter of John and Patience Havens. Samuel married Rhoda, the daughter of Reuben Youngs. John married Mehitable, the daughter of John and Martha Terry. Absalom married the daughter of Thomas and Rhoda Youngs; and Hannah married Sylvanus Brown, of Acquebogue.

John Racket, by his wife, had three sons, viz:—John, David and Elisha. The first, John, died at the age of about six years.

David, the second son of John and Mehitable

Racket, married Nancy, daughter of Abraham and Hannah Racket.

Elisha, third son, married Abigail, the daughter of Jeremiah and Elizabeth Sherril, of Easthampton, by whom he had three children, sons, viz:—John Albert, born in 1808; Elisha Sherry, born in 1811; and Sydney Philander, born 1814. These are all valuable members of society, and stand fair as masters of fine vessels.

There were three brothers of the Wiggins' family at Southold, contemporary with our fathers of the date of 1730, or near that period, viz:—James, David and Thomas. This last became a physician of much respectability, and settled down in New Jersey, where he died without issue. He left property, only a part of which he left to his blood relations. His wife died many years before him—she, in 1790—and lies buried in the cemetery, which was a part of the farm of the late Judge Thomas Youngs. His remains repose in the burial place where many of the Presidents of Princeton College lie. He died in or about the year 1810.

David, another brother, was a farmer and miller. The latter he attended a part of the time, as he was owner of a part of a mill which stood on his farm, on the shore of Shelter Island Ferry, opposite Hay Beach. He was a peaceable man; lived to the age of about ninety-one. He died not far from 1810. His children were David, Thomas, William, Mehitable, Ruth and Hannah. His wife was Ruth, the daughter of Thomas Terry, 3rd, and sister to the late Colonel Thomas Terry, of Oysterponds.

James, another brother, was born in 1733, and died in 1802, aged sixty-nine years. His wife was Mehitable, and sister to his brother David's wife. She (Mehitable) died in 1801, aged sixty-two years. From 1770 to 1776, James Wiggins followed the sea, and was known as Captain Wiggins. By his wife, he had two children—a son, James, born 1768; died 1829: Mehitable, born 1765; died 1806.

In the year 1698, there was a Mr. James Wiggins and Annis Wiggins, I suppose his wife. We believe, as this James was not at the time over twenty-six years old, which would have made him more than fifty-six years older than these three brothers, from that, I am satisfied this James was the son to the first of the family that came to Southold, which was probably between the years of 1660 and 1670, or 1680. It would come pretty near the mark to say the first Wiggins who settled in Southold, was born about 1640, or near that date. His son was the James who signed his name to a document we have seen, in 1698, when he must have been about twenty-six years old. If so, he was born about 1672. His son, probably named James, born about 1698, which would bring him of suitable age to be the father of David, born about 1725; Thomas, born about 1730; and James in 1733—the three brothers first noticed.

The father of the three brothers first mentioned, was, as we are informed, named John, who was son or grandson to the first of the family to this New World. From some old papers I have seen, I am led to suppose that said John was a son to the first of the Wiggins family to this country, and his (John's) father was

James. He probably came out not far from 1660, or, at farthest, 1670. If David, the eldest of the three brothers, was born in 1725, his father (John) forty years older, was born in 1685. His (John's) father, thirty-five years older, born in 1650, would make him (James) in 1670, only twenty years of age.

Benjamin King, Jr., who died in Lyme, Connecticut, April 19, 1780, was born September 23, 1750. Was the oldest of two sons, viz:—Benjamin and Henry. Benjamin, their father, was well known through the town of Southold, from 1760 to 1790, as Uncle Ben King. As an old fashioned joiner and carpenter, he was conspicuous for his short, emphatic stories, divertingly told. He was faithful, economical, and yet always in moderate circumstances, although always doing something. Henry, his second son, was his chief support the last few years of his life. He and his wife Betsey both died about the year 1791, aged seventy-one years. They were neither of them members of any church. She was faithful as a wife, and cared well for her household; he was an honest man. Benjamin, the oldest son of Benjamin, was much respected as a liberal minded man; a pleasant companion. Soon after the commencement of the War of the Revolution, he was appointed to the command of a privateer. We well remember him as a fine-looking man about six feet high.

In 1777 he maried Abigail, daughter of Col. Thomas, and Abigail Terry; by this lady he had two sons, Edward Conkling, born, August 2d, 1778. At the age of about twenty-three or four, Edward settled in Newburn, North

Carolina, where he married and had three children—daughters. Was a merchant of consequence and a judge, he was a pleasant scholar, with a taste for poetry. See his elegy on Mrs. Deziah Griffin, in appendix to this volume. He died while on a visit to New York, in September 2d, 1827. To know him, was to be pleased with him.

Benjamin the second son of Captain Benjamin and Abigail King, was born June 13th, 1780, and died 12th April, 1850, aged sixty-nine years, and ten months. With his brother Edward, his opportunities to procure a good common school education, were wisely improved, as their future lives fully testified. When about twenty-five years of age, he married an only daughter of Mr. Payne, of Wading River, near what is called Miller's Place; soon after this, he commenced keeping a store, which he continued to do for some years. When near forty years of age, he was appointed to the office of a justice of the peace; this station he held for a number of years. He was an executor to the estate of the late E. W. King, Esq. His advice, counsel, and straight forward and energetic way of settling the concerns of that estate, which was large, and to cultivate union and peace with the sons and daughters, and satisfy the bereaved widow, were successful.

Died at Utica, New York, on Wednesday, 22d November, 1848, Rev. John C. Rudd, aged 70 years. In the years 1799 and 1800, this gentleman, then a young man of about twenty-one years, was teaching a district

school on Shelter Island, and boarded with General Sylvester Dering, of whose friendship he partook largely. In 1801 he opened a school in New York City. While a teacher of a common school, he was considered a studious young man. By some fortunate circumstance, he gained the good will and friendship of Bishop Moore, who became his teacher of Divinity—he succeeded, and became an approved clergyman of the Episcopal order. He settled at Utica, and it was at his house where Bishop Hobart died. Mr. Rudd edited a paper, some years before he died, called the "Christian Messenger." He was a D. D. before his death. By great diligence he gained the summit of his desires.

Previous to the year 1700, the inhabitants of Orient and East Marion, were under the necessity of going to the village of Southold, to have their grain made into meal. Not far from the above date, they, (some two or three of them,) had a wind-mill built on the South Beach, about half-way between Mr. Jonathan Trueman's house and the Orient Creek. This mill stood (answering a good purpose,) until about 1760, when it was taken down, and a second one was constructed and built by Amon Taber, Sr. Its owner was Noah Tuthill, son of the late Deacon Daniel Tuthill. This second mill stood, doing good service, until 1810, and that year a third one was put up. Its builder was Nathaniel Dominy, Jr., a natural mechanical genius, having not spent any time to learn a trade; his father Nathaniel, Sr., is said to have been a first rate watchmaker, yet never serving any time to learn the art. This third

windmill stands where the second stood, and cost about $2000. The father died at Easthampton not far from 1800.

Who can but admire and wonder at the facts related of the heroism and courage which marked the eventful lives of our Revolutionary mothers and wives, in the dark years of that sanguine war.

What hours of anguish! What floods of tears must they have shed beneath their lonely roofs, during that eight years of desolation, unheard-of cruelty and injustice inflicted on our country by the heartless foe.

In our isolated town of Southold, there were in those days of sorrow, a number of those noble hearted women, whose fortitude, and sterling virtues rendered them worthy of the highest consideration, and their memory held precious to the latest posterity. With hearts as Deborahs', they came up to the help of the Lord against the mighty, who resorted to the most unlawful and cruel actions to thwart the achievement of our honorable Independence.

Richard Brown, the fourth of his family, in succession, known in his day, as Ensign Brown, died at the commencement of the Revolutionary War, aged about seventy-seven years. His wife, who was, when a girl, named Hannah Hawk, was at the time of his demise, about sixty years of age, with an excellent constitution and a strong mind, she entered the meloncholy state of widow-hood. Her family, with those of a number of grandchildren, who were orphans now, made her household large; yet, it appears she proved to the world, and her neighbors that wisdom, prudence and discretion,

marked her every movement in the government of the charge committed. Soon after the death of her husband, she commenced keeping a Tavern, or Inn; over this establishment she presided with circumspection and dignity. At this time, Long Island was in the possession of the British, and Oysterponds was swarming with British, Hessians and Tories. It was in the Autumn of 1777, on a pleasant evening, that a file of armed soldiers, without ceremony, entered the house of Mrs. Brown. The officer ordered Mrs. Brown to open the door of the room containing the liquors instantly, or he would stave it down. At this threat, accompanied with a horrid oath, she rushed between them and the door, against which she placed her back. He appeared a moment astonished at such fortitude, but collecting himself swore her instant destruction; and with great violence thrust the muzzle of his gun against the door on each side of her person, and as near as he could without hitting her. The marks of those thrusts remained visable for more than sixty years after. She stood facing and thus addressed him, "you unfeeling wretch, you hired tool of a tyrant, your conduct is worse than a savage, my sit ation you see here, is lonely, I am without a human protector; but know you, Mr. Officer, surrounded as you are with men and arms, that I despise your threats, and if you pass the threshold of this door, you will first pass over my lifeless body." Such language pronounced with emphasis, and true self possession from a lone woman, at such a time and place, was too much for his cowardly soul to withstand. He quailed, muttered and g umbled a hasty retreat.

Mrs. Hannah Brown, died in the Autumn of 1789,

aged more than eighty years. To the poor she was hospitable—to the sick and distressed, attentive and charitable. She was true to her country's cause, and did all in her power to aid those who were fighting for its independance.

In the Summer of 1781, two whale-boats, manned with twenty men, landed at Southold harbor, and marched up about a mile to Joseph Peck's Inn, made free with his liquors and provisions, abused his family and wounded him seriously with their weapons; they then left for their boats, insulting and robbing the inhabitants by the way. Near their boats was the house of Mr. Constant Lhommedieu, which they entered with words and actions becoming heathens. Mr. Lhommedieu, mildly spoke to their leader, at which he raised his cutlass at Mr. L's. head. Mrs. L. saw it and with true fortitude, rushed between this fiend and her husband, and received the blow on her naked arm. Her arm was broke, but her husband's life was saved. The wretch, at seeing such self-devotion and congugal purity, in haste left, wondering who could think of subduing a nation of such women and wives.

It was the presence of woman that cheered the lonely ocean pilgrims—of those exiles who trusted their fortunes to the frail planks of the Mayflower sloop when landing in the autumn of 1620, at Plymouth.

Who is not familiar with the part so wisely played by the heroic wives, mothers and daughters of the Re-

volutionary War? Shining examples of their self-denial, their patriotism, constancy, and courage, have come down to us; but the hallowed story of their efforts, sufferings, and trials, is yet unportrayed in colors adequate to the touching, affecting story.

Abigail Moore was the daughter of Robert Hempstead, of Southold. She was well-informed, and, at the age of eighteen years, married John Ledyard, who then lived in Groton, Connecticut. He soon after commanded a vessel in the mercantile business to distant ports. By Mrs. Ledyard, he had four children, viz:—John, Thomas, George and Fanny.

John became celebrated as a traveler. He was a man of great powers of mind and decision of character. His eulogy on Woman has given him an imperishable name in the estimation of all the sex throughout the civilized world. He died in Cairo, in Egypt, in 1778, in his thirty-eighth year.

John Ledyard, his father, died while at sea, in the prime of his life. His true and amiable wife, at the time, was young, disconsolate, and left with, as before said, four young children. About the year 1765, having been a widow nine years, she was married to Dr. Micah Moore, of Southold, a respectable physician, and an ornament and pillar to the church.

By Dr. Moore, Mrs. Moore had three daughters, viz:—Abigail, born 1765; Julia, born 1767; and Phœbe, born 1769. Mr. Moore died in 1775, leaving his widow with another young family. This was on the eve of the Revolutionary War. Distress and desolation was

on the borders of our country. She was now about fifty years of age, with seven children. The scenes which she was destined to witness, and lived to pass through, occasioned by an eight years' war, were trying and dreadful, especially in the forlorn state of widowhood. In the immediate neighborhood of Mrs. Moore, were quartered numbers of the English and German soldiers. These last carried terror in their movements. Their language, to us, was a jargon.

Amidst and surrounded by these, she conducted her house with piety and wisdom.

It was on a certain evening, during this struggle, that she was placed in a situation to test her fortitude. An officer, with a drawn sword, entered her house with several soldiers. Her children, frightened, came around her for protection. The officer, in a rough voice, observed, "Madam, I am informed you harbor deserters here. If it is true, by the Eternal God, I will lay your house in ashes before morning!" Mrs. Moore heard this threat and oath with perfect calmness, looked him full in the face, and said, "Sir, I am a widow, but feel myself perfectly secure under the protection of that Providence which has thus far sustained me. My trust is in God; I have no fears from man. Allow me to request who was your informer?" He quickly replied, "That man," pointing to Elnathan Burts,* who stood

* Elnathan Burts was an inhabitant of Southold—a man of not much repute—about thirty years of age, living with his father in a small house one half mile east of Ashmomogue Beach. While the British were quartered at Southold, he was much with them, and, as it appears, it was for no good purpose. In the spring of 1781, his neighbors attempted to arrest him for some mischievous act—John Boiseau, Nat Lhommedieu, Stephen Baily, Thomas Ledyard and Joshua Horton, all young men. Hor-

present. She as readily answered, "He is a liar; and, if you choose, I will prove him that, and more." They left.

Fanny, Mrs. Abigail Moore's only daughter by her first husband, Captain Ledyard, was on a visit to Groton, at her uncle's, Colonel Ledyard's, when he was massacred at Fort Griswold, in September, 1781. She, as an angel of mercy, and alive to every tender feeling of humanity, was the first to enter the Fort to administer to the wounded and dying, who were left in and near the Fort after the enemy had left this scene of their fiendish cruelty and slaughter. With all the divine emotions of pure, affectionate woman, she flew to the wretched, disfigured, distressed group, whose bodies were covered with blood. She washed their wounds, allayed their parching thirst, and did all in her power to alleviate and assuage their pains and acute distress.*

On entering the Fort, the first object that met her eyes was the body of her dead uncle, lying in a pool of blood. Some years after this affecting scene, she married Mr. Richard Peters, a merchant of Southold, with whom she lived a number of years.† After this, it became her melancholy lot to put on the sable garb of widowhood. This robe she wore until her death, which took place in 1815, in her sixty-second year.

ton, who was foremost in pursuit, was shot dead by Burts, who then went and took refuge with the British. Some year or two after this murder, Burts died of the small pox.

* Mr. Jephsa Latham was in the Fort at the time, and survived the awful catastrophe. I knew him well, and have heard him tell the doleful tale.

† She has, at this time, a grandson—Richard Peters—living on the old homestead, at Southold, which was built about 1670.

Captain Ledyard's second son, Thomas, died near 1812, aged about sixty years. His third son, George, died about 1814, near sixty years old.

Julia, the second daughter of Mrs. Abigail Moore, by Dr. Moore, died the widow of the late Matthias Case, on the 2d September, 1855, aged eighty-eight years. She was born August, 1767. Her path through life was marked by conscious rectitude.

The self-denial, patriotism and courage of our Revolutionary women merit a conspicuous page in the volume of American History. Many of them were truly mothers in Israel.

Mrs. Deborah Townsend, the amiable wife of Jothom Townsend, of Queens County, New York, deserves a notice for her fearless stand and strength of mind in the cause of her country.

It was in the summer of the year 1777, when the British had full possession of Long Island, the arduous cares of a family of children and their wants devolved on Mrs. Townsend. He husband had joined the army of Washington; he had been honored with the commission of Captain. His fine farm was situated at what is called "Cedar Swamp," Queens County. It was in the morning, while the lonely Mrs. Townsend was immersed in the attentions incident to a household of children, and when she was preparing for baking, that a small party of British cavalry rode up to the house, dismounted, and abruptly entered the apartment where Mrs. Townsend was busied in her domestic duties. The officer, with warmth, apart from every vestige of civil-

ity, demanded of Mrs. Townsend the keys of the grain-house, as, he observed, his horses must be fed immediately. She, with dignity and self-possession, hesitated a compliance; told them she had not any grain for them. He replied, with a threat, that if she did not instantly deliver them up, he would split the door down. He proceeded, as if to execute his fiendish promise. She, without a second thought, seized a large bread shovel, which she wielded with such consummate courage and skill over his head, that, astonished and confounded, he and his men soon made a hasty retreat, exclaiming, with warmth, "If this woman is a sample of the wives of our opponents, it is useless to think of subduing them."

In October, 1850, John K. Townsend took me out in his carriage to the farm of his late father, Jotham Townsend, at Cedar Swamp, of a little more than two hundred acres. From the handsome sight on which the spacious house and out-buildings stand, you can see every field and orchard on the place. It is now possessed by Mr. John K.'s brother, Micajah Townsend.

It was here, in this secluded retreat, that Mrs. Townsend, their mother, resided when she displayed such an undaunted, fearless and determined resolution. Such decision of character and contempt of fear, lonely and unprotected as she was, truly merits a panegyric. I was also shown the family cemetery. Two marble stones show the resting-place of the bodies of their parents. It is about one hundred rods from the house, on the borders of a beautiful grove.

The son, to whom I feel myself indebted for marked civilities, is now in his seventy-ninth year. Jotham

Townsend died in the year 1815. Mrs. Deborah Townsend died February 27, 1841, in her ninety-fifth year. Her grandson, Dr. Charles W. Townsend, who died in 1850, wrote the following epitaph for her gravestone: "Her path through life was that of rectitude, and Christianity the basis of her faith and hope.

Charity, a colored servant of Jotham Townsend, above noticed, died in May, 1850, near the residence of her late master and mistress, at the advanced age of one hundred and five years. Humility, virtue, industry, and obedience, through a long life, marked her as one of the most faithful of the African family. Her pious mistress, Mrs. Deborah Townsend, was her friend and guide for more than three score and ten years.

Amon Taber, the first of the family of his name, came to Oysterponds about the year 1730, from New London, where his stay had been of short duration. His parents, or grand-parents, first located at New Bedford on their arrival in this country. Soon after his settlement in this vicinity, he attracted the attention of the inhabitants of this parish and Southold, as a joiner and carpenter of no common skill. In stature, he was short and stocky, and of very industrious habits. Mechanical ingenuity and warm resolution soon procured him the deserved consideration of all who knew him. About the year 1732, at the age of twenty-six years, he was employed to finish the inside of the meeting house at Southold, which was thirty-two by fifty-two feet. Said house had been covered, and so far completed as to hold their meeting in, since 1711. Mr. Taber was to

finish off the lower part with pews, generally of about an equal size. The whole finish of the inside was to be done by ceiling. For this purpose, the congregation had chosen a committee to superintend the work and purchase the materials. Of course, a suitable quantity of boards and planks was immediately provided for the occasion. Mr. Taber, whose skill as an artist in house finish they had heard of, was waited on, and offered the job on terms which he accepted. After viewing the premises, he took from his side pocket a rule, and commenced measuring the inside of the church. This was done with precision. He then walked out to the pile of boards and plank, and continued to turn and overturn them for some time, and then left.

The next morning he commenced fulfilling his job, by dividing these boards and plank into pieces of different length and breadth. This he continued to do, with much earnestness and taciturnity, for several days. The heaps of pieces from his saw were growing large. The committee, with a scrutinizing eye, began to doubt this stranger's knowledge in what they had employed him to perform. They knew he had come from the East, and not far from Salem, the region where witches had been hung a few years before.

Their fears were aroused to a distressing point. Instead of employing a man of approved knowledge, said they, we are entrapped in the meshes of a knave or a fool; and they decided, in short order, to wait on and request him to immediately desist proceeding in the way he was going on, and had been for a week. With great gravity, and countenances bespeaking inward unpleasant commotions, they approached this man of rules,

squares, and compasses, who, at the time, was using his saw with great skill and energy, and did not at all suspect their business. "We," said one of the men of trust, "are fearful, Mr. Taber, that your mode of doing our business is leading you and us into an unpleasant difficulty. Many of those for whom we are acting believe it reasonable to doubt that these numerous pieces of lumber will ever find their place without much waste and loss, which may fall upon your employers. Had you not better commence and use what you have already prepared, before you cut up, in these small pieces, any more of this valuable stuff?" Taber heard this short harangue very coolly, yet with some surprise. He laid aside his saw, put his rule in his pocket, adjusted the collar of his shirt, and, with an eye that appeared to look through his inquisitive employers, he observed, —"Gentlemen, I am a stranger in these parts, but I have taken and entered on this contract. I feel bound to repose every confidence in you. I had your word that I should be treated as a man of integrity; I gave you mine. I shall fulfil every promise to you, life and health permitting. I make no pretentions to anything which I am not fully competent to perform. You, gentlemen, I believe, know more of your Bibles than you do of building or finishing this house. You must now leave it to me; I think you will be satisfied when it is done."

This committee was all attention to this firm address of Mr. Taber. Their countenances showed their inward sensations to be far from pleasant. After a short space of profound silence, they stepped aside to devise

means to extricate themselves from the awkward position which jealousy had led them into. In a moment after, they again slowly advanced towards Mr. Taber, who was standing in all the self-possession and dignity of determined resolution, as master of his profession. They each, with some emotion, extended their hands, which, with becoming magnanimity, he received. They observed, with apparent contrition, that they felt confident that a man of his firmness and sense would pardon this ill-timed visit, and also what had been said to him. With other such like expressions of good-will, they wished him to pursue the course suited to his mind.

Mr. Taber, in the time agreed on, finished the inside of the church with neat pews, which were occupied until 1803, a term of over seventy years. Not a piece of board or plank, it is said, in all that motley pile, but what found its place to a precision, and to the satisfaction of the employers.

Some years after this, I believe about sixty, Mr. Taber draughted and constructed a wind-mill on the site where the one now stands in this village.

He had three children, viz:—Patience, born 1742; Amon, born 1745; and Frederick, born 1747. Patience marrried Peter Griffin; Amon married Sibil Terry; and Frederick married Esther Vail, who died in this place in 1842, aged ninety-three years, outliving her husband forty years.

Rev. Mr. Prime, in his History of Long Island, says that the third church edifice in Southold, was built in 1711. It is probable that was the date, although some believe it was raised some years earlier. He (Mr. P.)

likewise observes that a committee was chosen that same year, to have the house finished inside, by seats, &c. Now, this is not correct, as it is a fact that a Mr. Amon Taber was employed by a committee to finish off said house, the lower part with pews, and the upper story with a handsome gallery, about the year 1732.

All the aged men that lived fifty years ago, at that time, seventy-five and eighty years old, often spoke of Mr. Amon Taber's finishing off the meeting house at Southold, and the curious circumstance of his commencement with the boards, &c. He was born in 1706; of course, in 1711, was but five years old, when Mr. Prime says a committee was chosen to see to the finishing of said house. He died in 1785 or '86, aged seventy-eight years. His wife was Mary Brown, daughter of Samuel Brown, who was, we believe, son of Richard Brown, who died in 1686.

Frederick Taber, Jr., son of said Frederick, now living in this village, in his eighty-first year, married Mary, daughter of Joseph Terry, Sr. He has four children now living by this marriage, viz:—Mary, Henry T., Seth B., and Samuel B.

Silas Horton, of Southold, is the son of the late Col. Benjamin Horton, who was the son of Barnabas Horton, who was the son of James Horton, who was the son of Jonathan Horton, who was the son of Barnabas Horton, the first of the name and family to Southold.

Silas Horton has, with much respect, held the office of sheriff of this county, and a member of the

Assembly of this State. His affectionate wife, Mary, is the daughter of the late Captain Elijah Landon, who was the son of Judge Jared Landon, who was the son of Judge Samuel Landon, who was the son of Nathan Landon, who was the son of Nathan Landon, Sr., the first of the name and family to this town.

Colonel Benjamin Horton was esteemed as an officer, and as a valuable member of society, and a pillar of the church, as was his worthy brother, Gilbert, who, with much and deserved respect, held the rank of Major, and was a deacon of the church.

Joseph King, as a faithful, honest mechanic. was, by the community at large, held in esteem. In his own parish, and through the whole town, from the highest to the lowest, from the small boy to the old man, he received the appellation of "Uncle Joe." "Yes," said he one day, very good-naturedly, "the colored folks call me 'Uncle Joe.'" Sterns' pictures of his Uncle Toby, I have often thought, were good likenesses of Mr. King, especially when telling some extraordinary feat of his youthful days. It was "Uncle Joe King," in this community, from 1765 to 1818, at which date, he closed a long and industrious life of eighty-eight years.

He was born in the year 1730. By trade, he was a house carpenter; a steady workman; ingenious, but not neat, as to finish. From his industrious habits, and his readiness to do work requiring a knowledge of different trades, he was not considered a finished workman, yet he could, in short order, draught ingeniously, calculate advantageously, and build ecomically, houses

barns, ploughs, harrows, ovens and chimneys. I, myself, have seen ploughs of his build go from two to eight rods without a person to hold or steady them.

In the memorable winter of 1740 and '41, when a boy of about ten or eleven years of age, he assisted in driving a drove of cattle from Easthampton to Gardiner's Island, on the ice—a thing, we presume, never done before, and it is doubtful whether it will ever be again.

He said give him a quart bowl full of water, a good sail needle, and a bottle cork, and, with these, put him in a good vessel in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, and he could navigate with success, providing the weather was good.

Through a long and laborious pilgrimage, it could not be said that he ever possessed the luxuries of life. In his exterior, he was plain, rough, and far from prepossessing. He stood over six feet, and a little stooping—raw-boned; to strangers, rather forbidding. When spoken to, his answers were quick and emphatic; his education was limited. A strong mind, with good sense, rendered him agreeable—much so to those fond of well-timed anecdotes and a well-told story. His earnest manner in communicating, with a peculiar countenance in reciting his feats of bygone days, charmed and spell-bound his audience. His account of killing five foxes, at one hunt, on Long Beach, and bringing them all home to his domicil on his back at once, was worth hearing, and always delighted his hearers. He married Hannah, the daughter of Zebulon King, about the year 1753, and he reared a large and likely family of sons and daughters, and sustained,

through a long life, the appellation of an honest man. He was brother to Jeremiah King, the father of the late Elisha W. King, Esq.

Mr. Thompson, in his History of Long Island, second edition, gives us Elisha's ancestors thus, viz:—Elisha's father was Jeremiah, who was the son of William, whose father was John, who came from Europe in 1654. Now Joseph, Jeremiah's oldest brother, was born in 1730. His father, William, might, though it is not probable, be forty years older than his son Joseph; and John, William's father, forty years older than William. Now, Joseph, born in 1730, William in 1690, and John in 1650, would make him only four years old when he came to this country. If so, he must have been with his father. Probably his name was John, who was Elisha W. King's great-great-grandfather, the first of his family to this New World. Agreeable to Mr. Thompson's date, it must have been the first John's father who came here in 1654.

Abner King, a bachelor of much and respectful note, in Oysterponds, from 1740 to 1780, was brother to Joseph King's father; notorious for his singularity, shrewd observations, and witty salutations to those whom he met in his daily walks. When over eighty years of age, in 1775, he was proverbial for his wit, interesting anecdotes, short and pithy tales, interspersed with peculiar gravity, and great good-nature, with a wink and shrug of the shoulder. He was, at the time, dependent and poor, almost continually on the road around the parish. In this place, all knew him and respected him, as a peaceable, worthy old gentleman. His death took place about 1780.

Abner King was brother to Elisha W. King's grandfather, William. Elisha, who was a lawyer of eminence in New York, died in 1835, in his fifty-fifth year.

Captain Frederick King was born in 1771, and was the fourth son of Jeremiah and Deborah King, of Orient, New York. At the age of about twenty-four years, he commanded a vessel to the West Indies. After this voyage, he commanded, in the course of the next twenty years, at different times, a number of ships, with varied success.

He was a noble-looking man, and as to his athletic powers, few of his contemporaries could compare with him. From his twenty-fifth to his thirty-fifth year of age, it was often said in the convivial circles of shipmasters in New York, that he was the handsomest sea captain sailing from the city of New York. He died suddenly, June 16, 1824, aged fifty-three years. He was brother to the late Elisha W. King. Mrs. Cynthia King, the Captain's widow, died September 23, 1849, in her seventy-ninth year.

John King was the great-grandson of Ensign John King, particularly noticed before. John, when at school, even at six or seven years of age, was, from his openness of manner, energy, and willingness to perform every task assigned him, a favorite of his teacher, and all who admire promise of merit in children whose ready obedience warrants hope. He grew up, and continued such through all the multiplicity of changes allotted him in his brief point of life. For more than thirty years, he resided in New York, where fortune favored him. In the year 1841, his health, which was

always delicate, began visibly to decline, and a voyage to Europe was advised by his physician.

He, acceding to this advice, took his brother Foster with him. They sailed for London, where after a pleasant, and short voyage, they arrived safe.

After fifteen months travel, in the old world, he returned to the home of his fathers. The hopes of his friends, with those of his dear and devoted mother, a lonely widow, were now buoyant. But how frail is the tenure on which hangs man's strongest expectations —1844 came, and with its fleeting course perceptible and alarming symptoms to our friend. In the summer of this year he stopped here a short time; the place of his youth. However, growing daily more weak, he left soon for New York, where he again sailed and as it proved, the last time, for Europe. His decline was rapid. Among entire strangers, the most feeling attention was accorded him by the American Consul and his compassionate wife—they attended his dying bed, and feelingly fulfilled his last request, respecting his mourning mother, and friends in America. He died and was buried in Rome, where a handsome stone is placed to mark the place where his remains repose. He was the eldest son of the late Rufus, and Sally King. Rufus, was the son of John King Jr., who was the son of John King, Sr., (called Ensign) who was the son of Samuel King, who was the son of John King, 1st., who came to this place, from Plymouth, England.

Bethia Horton, who became the wife of Henry Tuthill Sr., as before noticed, was great-great-grandmother to Mrs. Anna Harrison, the widow of the late President, William Henry Harrison.

Isaac Overton, was distinguished for his great physical strength; he was much known in this county, and through this then colony, from 1725 to 1744 at which last date, his great-grandson, Mr. Jonathan Overton, told me he died, aged near sixty years. As a man, he was mild, well disposed, and respected. Very many amusing stories of his feats of strength are told of him. The following was told me by Jared Griffin, who had it from his father, Samuel Griffin; who was a neighbor to Mr. Overton, and an eye witness to the fact.

The incident took place, at the house of Mr. Robert Griffin, who at the time, 1725, kept an Inn at Southold. At, or near the date noticed, an athletic bully or boxer, as he styled himself, came to Boston, from England. He gave out that he had never met his equal for strength; or one that he could not easily whip. Hearing of Overton's powers, he immediately repaired to Southold, to show Overton a "thing or two," as he said on arriving at Mr. Griffin's. After partaking of refreshments, he requested Mr. G. to send his boy after Mr. Overton; Mr. G. did so, but told the stranger that Overton was of retiring habits and rather bashful; and would not notice nor pay any attention to testing his strength in wrestling, or other sports, which he viewed degrading. Not knowing for what intent he was sent for, Mr. Overton came with the boy. On being introduced to the stranger, and learning his errand, he utterly refused to have anything to do with him. Mr. Overton, the stranger soon learned, was fond of flip, a beverage in those days made of beer, spirits, and sugar. He was liberally supplied with this stimulus, yet not till a blow with the flat of the hand from the stranger

could he be aroused to defend himself. Then, with the quickness of thought, he seized the bully by the seat of his trowsers, and the collar of his coat, with his arms at full length, he held him as high as his chin, then walked around the room, crying at the top of his voice, "Mr. Griffin, what shall I do with him? Mr. Griffin, what shall I do with him?" And amidst the contortions, and writhings of the stranger, who was held as in a vice, and the roars of laughter of those present, let him fall heavily upon the floor. The stranger did not trouble Mr. Overton again. On another occasion, he lifted and put on a wheel of a loaded cart, which wheel had come off by reason of the loss of a linch pin. He also shouldered a cannon in New York, which four men ordinarily could not as easily handle. There is not any doubt, but Isaac Overton, was one of the most powerful men, as to the bodily strength, this country has ever known.

On the afternoon of the 24th December, 1811, the wind was light, from the west; at 11 o'clock P. M. very moderate and cloudy; gentle breeze of wind S. E. I was a passenger on board the sloop Roman, Jonathan Terry Jr., Master. We were bound to Oysterpond, having left New York on the 23d. About 5 P. M., we past Falkin's Island; where we met two sloops on their course for New York. Their captains were Davis Conklin, of Amagansit; and —— Wells, of Cutchogue, Southold. We arrived in Oysterpond harbour about 11 o'clock, P. M. and landed at 12, midnight. At the time nearly calm, with a little sprinkle of rain.

In one hour after, it commenced, almost instantaneously, blowing a gale, with snow and the most intense cold. A more violent and destructive storm has not been known for the last hundred years. And I doubt whether this country ever experienced one so fatal to man and beast. Many young cattle in this place froze to death in the field; one man lost seven. Those two vessels we met, the afternoon before, were cast away. Capt. Wells, with his entire crew, and passengers, and the vessel, were all lost. Capt. Conklin, himself and three passengers, perished. Two of his crew were saved. His vessel was new, and was saved but cast on shore. Messrs. Samuel Davids & Samuel Payne, storekeepers in Cutchogue, were lost. Jonas Wicks, of Southold, an active useful man, who was on board, left a family, as did Davids and Payne. David's body, was the only one ever found.

On the morning of the 26th, the Roman was found wrecked on Long Beach, and my entire freight of goods, which water would destroy, were lost; and the others much injured.

The friendship of some people, (may I not say many,) is like our shadows, plain and close to us when the sun shines clear; but the moment we get into the shade it deserts us. So in the bright sun of Prosperity we are surrounded with friends, and inundated with civilities, but let a cloud of misfortune and adversity overshadow us, and where are they!

On the day, previous to my father's miraculous escape, by jumping from a chamber window, three

counterfeit deserters were despatched from the English encampment, at Oysterpond Point, to the houses of James Griffin, Lester Beebe, and Stephen Vail. The first with much persuasion, moved Mr. Vail to take him in. The second, Capt. Beebe admitted into his barn. The third deceived his wicked superiors, and ranaway in earnest—this one was directed to go to my father's.

At midnight, two files of soldiers, were sent to retake these pretended deserters, and the men, who had harbored them. One file of men went immediately to Vail's, and Beebe's, where they found their two comrades, after which they bound Messrs. Vail and Beebe, by tying their hands behind them. When Mr. Vail, who was a mild, compassionate man, gave them a gentle rebuke, by reason of their unnecessary oaths and blasphemous threats, one of them gave him a severe blow with a broad sword. After thus securing these two inoffensive men, they, in searching the chambers, found an infirm old gentleman in bed—aged and trembling, on the verge of seventy-five years. With heartless threats, they ordered him out. This man, was Stephen Vail, Sr., on a visit to his son, and was detained by the severe storm, then raging, from returning to his home. This old man, with the son, and Capt. Beebe, they drove like cattle, before them to the Point. Next day they were conveyed to Riverhead. A choice was then given them for thirty days imprisoment, and five-hundred lashes, or £70 in money and their liberty. Mr. Stephen Vail and Capt. Lester Beebe were men of middle age, with some property, and young families. They, with some assistance, soon raised the money for their freedom. But the elder Mr. Vail was poor, and

had no means to pay the unjust demand! Subsequently a few of his friends went through the town for aid, and the sum was raised, and the old man was rescued after several weeks imprisonment. Stephen Vail Jr., died in 1806.

This is but one of the many stratagems and hardships which was imposed upon the unoffending inhabitants of Southold. Of British cruelty, meaness, and rascality, a volume might be written. We have no doubt they were often persuaded to this wretched, cruel work, by the hardened, heartless Tories, who Cain-like, were seeking their innocent brother's blood.

About this same time, there was a Mr. Jonathan Howel, a peaceable farmer, residing in the neighborhood of Mattituck. He being a staunch friend to American liberty, had unguardedly spoken a word against the proceedings at Oysterpond. They heard of his just remarks—sent a guard of soldiers, took and bound him to a tree, and with the hearts of Demons, gave him between three and four hundred lashes on his naked back. He hardly survived this awful scourge. His friends offered three hundred dollars to save him from this calamity. Whatever and however may be our bed, that of our father's in 1778 was certainly not one of roses.

Lester Beebe, one of the subjects above noticed, was a man of strict moral deportment. He married Bethia, the youngest daughter of Benjamin Brown, Esq., of Oysterpond.

After the war of the Revolution, Beebe went a number of voyages to foreign ports as Captain, with much credit to himself, and to his owners. When he retired from sea life he became a partner with Mr. Henry Ekford, in ship building. They were conspicuously known as the first in that art. Ekford, it is probable, had not his superior in this or any other country. After they dissolved partnership, Capt. Beebe bought a fine place at Flushing, where he lived some years. After this, he sold and purchased at Sag Harbor, from which place he had removed some twenty years before. By his excellent wife he had several children; all of whom, but one son, died before their parents. Mrs. Beebe died some years before his death, which took place at Sag Harbor.

Jonathan Youngs, Jr., heretofore noticed, was married to Miss Martha Booth in the summer of 1733. She resided at what was then called Sterling, now Greenport. The groom's and bride's parents, being pleased with the match, a large assemblage of both sexes were in attendance. On the following day, the father of the groom gave a sumptuous wedding supper, at which were invited, and attended, the friends of both. Those of the bride's family were twenty couple (some say thirty), mounted on horseback, the fashion of the day —wagons and gigs were then unknown in this region— made an interesting spectacle, as they rode the distance of about five miles to Oysterponds to the house of the groom's father. Each lady was seated on the same horse with her partner on a well-made pillion, proper-

ly secured to the saddle, with one neat wood stirrup, which was necessary for one foot. The horses of that day were taught to pace, as trotting ones were ungenteel, as well as unpleasant to the rider. After the numerous guests had partaken bountifully of the luxuries of the board—and, from accounts, there was enough, and to spare (dishes, in this New World were less costly than now, it is true, but their contents were not less useful, savory, or abundant; the larder of modern days may be more replete with exotics, but never more truly rich than that of the rustic age of which we now write; "a good liver" then would lose nothing in comparison with "a good liver" now.) But to return; as we said, after supper, being in a mood for social enjoyment, the violin (not the piano, nor band), but the violin, sounded for a dance. The largest room in the house of Mr. Youngs could not accommodate them, and it was unanimously voted that the lawn in front of the dwelling, which was richly carpeted by Nature's green, should be the scene of their amusement. Thither they repaired. 'Twas an enchanting season and spot; the winds were hushed to a calm; the moon near its full, with thousands of stars, shone from a cloudless sky upon the happy company, and there, in festive merriment and animated intercourse, they mingled and talked, laughed and made merry, more than forty couples of the women and men of other days. Guilderoy, Money Musk, Nancy Dawson, Hunt the Squirrel, and the Devil's Dream, were strains of impassioned sweetness to them, and these had not then given place to the formal, and perhaps more graceful, ballet and cotillion.

At this time, Gideon Youngs, Jr., had six sons, all

men of noble stature, whose names were Gideon, Walter, Silas, Reuben, Abimel, and Henry. These, at that time, young men, were cousins to the bridegroom, and we suppose they all attended this imposing wedding.

It was about this time, or near it, that four of these brothers left Oysterponds for Goshen, in Orange county, where they located for the remainder of their days. To this county, at that day, it was considered a journey of some length of time. Turnpikes, railroads and steamboats were then unknown and unthought of. These four brothers were Reuben, Silas, Abimel and Henry. The house in which this supper was given is still standing in what is now Orient, near the wharf; likewise that of the bride's father, in Greenport. These are "relics of times past," and admonish us to wisely husband the present, for the future is not ours; and were it, it would come to us laden with inconstancy and change.

Henry Youngs, now a member of one of the Vestry of Trinity Church, New York, is a great-grandson of the Henry above-mentioned. This first Henry, who was one of the four brothers, died in 1767; Abimel, about the close of the Revolutionary War; Silas and Reuben, near 1800.

On the 23d September, 1815, was one of the severest easterly storms of rain and wind that has been known for the last fifty years or more. At about 11 o'clock, A. M., the wind blew so violently that houses were unroofed, barns blown down, and trees torn up by their roots. The tide rose in our (Orient) harbor to an alarming

height. A family from one of the houses near the wharf, stepped into a boat and came up the road, and landed near my house, more than twenty rods beyond where the sea had ever been known to flow before.

It was assuredly a distressed, tremendous, as well as a destructive gale. Several vessels were lost and sunk in the Sound that night, and, in some instances, every soul on board perished!

In the summer of 1716, we had a frost in every one of the summer months; the one in June destroyed about all the corn in Orient.

The following persons were residents of or near Oysterponds, where they or their parents were born and died. Those with a star, thus,* were the descendants of John Tuthill, one of the first settlers of Southold and Orient, New York. They were all ninety or more years of age at the time of their deaths:—

1. *John Tuthill, 3d, died in 1754, in his 97th year.
2. Jonathan Youngs, died in 1777, in his 93d year.
3. Hannah Baxter, died in 1811, in her 98th year.
4. Elizabeth Glover, died in 1803, in her 94th year.
5. Lydia King (daughter of Mrs. Glover), died in 1828, in her 95th year.
6. *Ruth Vail, died in 1836, aged 92 years.
7. Abigail King, died in 1847, in her 92d year.
8. Esther Taber, died in 1843, in her 94th year.
9. *Phœbe King, died in 1848, in her 93d year.
10. Genny Moore (colored), died in 1852, in her 97th year.

11. Mary Taber, died in 1800, in her 92d year.
12. *Rufus Tuthill, died in 1843, aged 97 years.
13. Nathaniel King, died in 1822, in his 92d year.
14. David Weldon, died in 1834, in his 96th year.
15. Noah Racket, died in 1849, aged 92 years.
16. *Elizabeth Howel, died in 1841, aged 90 years.
17. Isaiah Brown, died in 1814, aged 90 years.
18. Joseph Youngs, died in 1816, in his 96th year.
19. *Dorothy Watkins, died in 1851, in her 95th year.
20. *Anna Steward, died in 1853, in her 95th year.
21. *Ruth Coleman, died in March, 1854, aged 90 years. She was the grand-daughter of James Tuthill, who settled in Orange county, New York, in 1748 or '49.
22. *Hannah Howel, died in 1855, in her 93d year.
23. *Phœbe Glover, died in 1855, in her 91st year.
24. *Silas Beebe, died in 1854, in his 93d year.

In and near the village of Southold, of which they were all residents, the following persons died since about the year 1800:

1. Alsop Paine, died in his 98th year.
2. John Drake, about 95 years old.
3. Mrs. Drake (his wife), over 90 years.
4. Lieut. Moses Case, in his 92d year; died in 1814.
5. Gershom Case, over 90 years.
6. Mary Goldsmith Vail, died 1853, 90 years old.
7. Anna Booth, is now in her 91st year.
8. Josiah Woodhull, died over 90 years old.
9. *Deborah Tuthill Goldsmith, died in her 98th year.

10. *Mary Horton, died in her 97th year.

11. Peg Cory (colored), died in about her 97th year.

12. James Hallock, Esq., died in his 93d year.

13. Daniel Hallock, died in his 91st year.

14. John Hallock, a native of Southold, died in Orange county, in his 94th year.

15. John Clark, died in 1855, in his 93d year.

16. Mrs. Case (wife of Gershom Case), over 90 years.

Here we have the names of thirty-seven persons, natives of Southold, who lived to the age of ninety years —many of them over. Of this number, thirteen were of the family of the first John Tuthill.

Henry Tuthill, the third child of John Tuthill Jr., had a son, Henry, and who died in the year 1775, aged about eighty-five years. He was twice married—first, to a daughter of Samuel Beebe, of Plumb Island. By her he had one son, Henry, who settled at Acquebogue, where he died, not far from 1795 or 96. This last Henry was grandfather to Mrs. Anna Harrison, widow of the late William Henry Harrison, who died President of these United States. His second wife was, we believe, a Miss Landon, by whom, as before observed, he had four sons and three daughters, viz: 1st, Azariah, who became a Deacon of the church in Oysterponds, for many years. He died in 1806, over eighty years old; 2d, Barnabas, a Major in the war of the Revolution, who died about 1781; 3d, Nathaniel, who was drowned; 4th, Christopher, died in 1798, seventy-three years old; 5th, Zipporah, who died 1799, sixty-seven years of age; 6th, Phebe, who died the wife of Major Isaac Reeve; 7th, Bethia, who married Micah Horton.

Neither from tradition or otherwise have we been

able to ascertain the particular place in England where John Tuthill Sr., was born, or where he emigrated from, or the branch of the Tuthills from which he descended. In England there are several different branches of the family; one in Devonshire, one in Buchinghamshire, and another in Norfolkshire, and in each the coat-of-arms and crest vary somewhat. The Hon. Judge Wm. H. Tuthill, of Tipton, Cedar county, Iowa, is of the opinion that he was from the last named. The Judge has the pedigree and coat-of-arms of that particular branch from the college of Heralds, in London. Some of the decendants of the Norfolk family, came to that city in the 17th century and altered the spelling of the name to Tothill. One of them, William Tothill, Esq., was a Judge of the Court of King's Bench, and was a man of much repute; and Sir George Tuthill of London, in the early part of the present century, stated to Cornelius Tuthill of New Burgh, that he was a decendant of that family.

William H. Tuthill above mentioned, is the son of James Tuthill, who is the son of Daniel Tuthill, late of Jamaica, Queens county, who was the son of Daniel Tuthill, Sr., of that town, who was the son of Joshua Tuthill, Jr., who was the son of Joshua Tuthill, Sr., who was the second son of the said John Tuthill, Sr.

On Friday, 14th October, 1842, at twenty-five minutes past seven o'clock in the morning, our oldest daughter, Harriet Lucretia, the wife of Abner Wells, departed this life, after a distressing illness of three weeks.

The following lines we found in her diary; written a

few days before her last sickness. They show her mind; although they may not be of her composition.

> Fly swift ye moments, fly, O fly!
> I thirst, I pant, I long to try
> Angelic joys to prove—
> Soon I shall quit this House of clay;
> Spread my glad wings and soar away,
> And shout Redeeming love.

It will ever be found a difficult task to write or speak judiciously of the living. In life, we know, man tarnishes his name and brightens it again. The worshiped of to-day, is the dishonored of to-morrow. There are many ways by which humanity may discover its imperfections and show its utter unworthiness, and perhaps it were always well to cease entirely from the praise of man, "whose breath is in his nostrils." Now whether there be wisdom or folly in these reflections, or whether their truth applies more to the conduct or character of the immortal mind, yet I feel constrained, from a sense of duty, to let not the occasion pass in this manner, as it is the last I shall ever have, without offering my feeble tribute of respect and esteem, to the rare genius and talents of my fellow townsman, John O. Terry. I acknowledge myself of those who admire genius where ever found—tempered with virtue, I believe it is of the Deity, incarnate. Mr. Terry is the seventh generation from Richard Terry, who with his family, made one of the original thirteen families, and is the oldest child of the late Joseph Terry, Esq., who for many years held the offices of Justice of the Peace, and Postmaster, in this village. Joseph, in life was much and justly respected, and in his death

greatly lamented. He died in 1851, in his eighty-sixth year. Mr. John O. Terry is a strong and eloquent writer—no one can read any emanation from his pen, without being reminded of his power and original sentiment. We have seen no production of his, and we know it is saying much, which dying he "might wish to blot." Of his verse, whether song, satire, moral, sentimental, descriptive, characteristic, or miscellaneous, it may be truly said, "it is poetry but no fiction." Had Burns, Dryden, or Byron, have written much that he has written, we should have heard it cited from a thousand tongues; seen it quoted through the length and breadth of the land, and canonized "immortal song." So much, alas! has the accident of birth or position in society to do with the creation of worldly fame. It would be a pleasing work to insert here pages from his pen, but it might be considered out of place, since all who have not, may have the pleasure of reading for themselves from the text—and when they shall have done so, we fear not that they will pronounce these lines overwrought—"The Death of a favorite Mare;" "An elegy on my Dog Toby;" would do honor to any poet. Where is keener satire than we find in the "Hypocrite's selfishness," backbiter, and office seeker? The "cultivated mind and virtuous old age," may be considered an oasis in the cold, desert, down hill of life. And who lives and loves his native language, or muse that fails to recognize the masterly purity of mind, depth of thought, and beauty unadorned portrayed in "My Childhood's Heaven;" "This World is not a wilderness;" "Reply to William;" "And Elegy on the Death of Mr. Rogers;" Born, bred, now living

in healthy single blessedness, and we presume hoping to expire in his dear delightful Orient,—self educated, indebted to no school or university for his accomplished acquirements in knowledge or superior intellectual faculties, we witness in this humble, unknown Philosopher and Poet, a striking and melancholy illustration of the saying that the world knows nothing of its greatest minds. "There are forms of greatness and of excellence, which live and die and make no sign." There are Martyrs that miss the palm but not the stake—"Heroes without the laurel, and conquerors without the triumph."

Ithuel Hill, of Sag Harbor, died at Tarpaulin Cove in 1821. Mr. Hill, being in poor health, had taken passage in a vessel bound to the East. While stopping for a night at the Cove, he was taken more ill, and died suddenly. He was, at all times, and on every occasion, an obliging man. He was a stone-cutter and engraver, and in that art, few went before him. He was architect and builder of the monuments over the remains of Ezra Lhommedieu, Thomas S. Lester, and John Gardiner, of Gardner's Island. Under his superintendence, the bones of Brindly Sylvester, Esq., and his wife; Thomas Dering, Esq., and his wife, all of Shelter Island, were taken up, and removed to the cemetery at the meeting house. The two former of these had lain in their graves more than seventy-five years. They were carefully re-interred, and the tables of stone neatly placed over them as before. Mr. Hill put up the first gravestone in Orient graveyard, near the meeting house, in 1790.

Daniel Griffin, second son of Samuel Griffin, had nine children, whose names were :—

1. Lydia, born August 9, 1759.
2. Sarah, born December 25, 1760.
3. David, born December 23, 1763.
4. Daniel, born February 5, 1766.
5. Martha, born July 8, 1768.
6. Micah, born January 1, 1771.
7. Robert, born August 20, 1773.
8. Parnol, born November 6, 1776.
9. Samuel, born September, 1779.

David, the third child, was a soldier of the Revolution. After peace took place, he commanded several merchant vessels in the foreign trade. Some years after he had quit the seas, in about 1830, he joined the Methodists, and became a respectable member of that church. On November 16, 1844, he died in sound faith of a glorious immortality, aged eighty-one years.

Peter Griffin, fourth son of Samuel Griffin, was born September 2, 1742, and died in 1781 or '82, on board of the British prison ship at Wallabout, Brooklyn. His wife was Patience, the daughter of Amon and Mary Taber, of Oysterponds. Their children were :—

1. Betsy, born 1764; died 1843.
2. Polly, born 1766; died about 1814.
3. *Peter, born 1768; died at sea.
4. Samuel, born 1770; and died 1775.
5. Joshua, born 1772; died 1842.
6. Patience, born 1774.
7. Amon Taber, born 1776; died 1819.

* Was captain of a fine vessel; a man much and justly respected. He died at sea, in 1800.

Patience, the wife of Peter Griffin, survived him some years. In 1789, or near that date, she was married to a Mr. Wells, of Rhode Island, an elderly man, and a Sabbatarian Baptist. She died about 1802.

Betsey, his first child, was married to a Mr. Amos Wells, of Rhode Island, a Baptist clergyman, of good common English education. He died some years before the death of his wife. She died not far from 1844, about eighty or more years of age.

Moses, Samuel Griffin's ninth child, at the age of about twenty-four, married a woman of or near Egg Harbor, New Jersey. His children were:—

1. Experience, born about 1770.
2. Betsey, " 1772.
3. Roxanna, " 1774.
4. Moses, " 1776.
5. Carson, " 1778.
6. Samuel, " 1780.
7. Angelina, " 1781.

This last lady has now a married daughter residing at Jamaica, Long Island.

Moses, fourth child, commanded several fine ships from Philadelphia. As a captain, he was greatly respected. In a voyage to Calcutta, some time before his death, the passengers and company in the ship were so pleased with his attention that they presented him, in the politest feeling, a service of silver. He died somewhere near 1838.

David R. Arnol, M. D., of Orange county, New

York, was born May 18, 1775, and died September 2, 1826.

Our first acquaintance, in 1792, was interesting and pleasant. The impressions of that early interview will only cease in the dampning shades of death. He was then seventeen years of age, a promising youth, and was studying physic with Dr. Jonathan Sweezy, of Goshen.

At the age of about twenty, our friend commenced the practice of his profession at Deer Park, a town ten or twelve miles north of Goshen. His mild and pleasing address, with industrious habits, soon procured him the good-will and consideration of the entire inhabitants of the town. His talents, skill, and judgment, soon procured him a sterling reputation.

Died, in February, 1843, at Riverhead, Suffolk county, Joseph Griffin, aged eighty-eight years. He was the fifth son and eleventh child of John Griffin, Jr. At the age of twenty-four years, he married a Miss Ruth Hart, an amiable woman, with whom he lived fifty years. Near the close of the Revolution, he, with his family—a wife and one child—moved into the village of Southold, where his stay was but for a year or two. In 1784, he removed to Old Guilford, in Connecticut, where he soon took charge of a coasting vessel. He was an active, trustworthy man; unbounded confidence was accorded him by all with whom he was called to have intercourse. At the age of seventy, he quit doing business on the water, and was soon appointed to take charge of the lighthouse on Faulken's Island, situated in the Sound, about five miles from Guilford.

Captain Griffin had the charge of this trust some ten years. In all this time he was much known by numerous persons of both sexes, who, in summer, visited the island as a curiosity, and for a sail, and to enjoy the luxury of fishing, and partaking of the fish when caught. At the age of about eighty-three years, he lost his wife. All his children, except a daughter, were now dead. This daughter was now married, and settled in New Jersey. The generation with which he had been associated had nearly passed away. He resolved on returning to the home of his fathers and his youth. On the 23d of April, 1839, he took his final farewell of Guilford, and, in the evening of that day, arrived at Orient, where he spent the night with the writer. On the 24th, he repaired to Riverhead, from which he had been absent as a resident for more than fifty years. He was a man of graceful manner, of the old school; of agreeable, social habits, and an unshaken faith in Gospel truths. He had been one of the most active, powerful and supplest of men. He stood more than six feet; was well proportioned, and had the strength of two stout men. We have seen him leap over a rope six feet two inches high.

On Saturday, 23d July, 1853, while on a short visit to Acquebogue, I called on Judge John Woodhull, and was received with much kindness and satisfaction. He observed that it was many years since he had been at Oysterponds and at my house, and added, with a melancholy dignity, that, although deep in the vale of life, his appetite was good, and he rested and slept well. 'I was," said he, "born on the 7th day of January, in

the year 1755, and was ninety-eight years old on the 7th of last January" (1853). He had been a Judge of the County Court, and several times Supervisor of the town of Riverhead. Judge Woodhull died March 21, 1855, aged one hundred years two months and fourteen days.

Departed this life, on the morning of the 23d April, 1844, Rufus Tuthill, aged sixty-seven years. A more dutiful, obedient son or child is seldom known. His unwearied attentions to promote the comfort of his aged parents, was almost without a parallel. It merits the fairest page in the records of affectionate, devoted sons.

When his venerable father was over ninety-five years of age, this son's comfort appeared to be to find means and methods to console, solace and mitigate the pains and unpleasant sensations allied to old age.

He held the commission, at one time, of captain of the militia. As a farmer and member of the community, he was "greatly beloved." He was the sixth generation from the first John Tuthill who landed at Southold.

His wife, who survived him about five years, was the sister of this writer. She died as she lived, in the faith of a blessed immortality, on the 7th December, 1849.

In speaking of excellent sons, we are forcibly reminded of that pattern of divine sons in Holy Writ, Joseph, the son of Jacob.

What an interesting spectacle! How sublime in all its bearings, is that of Joseph with his venerable father in the magnificent palace of the King of Egypt. Joseph was Prime Minister and Governor of the Em-

pire—clothed with all the honors of Pharaoh's court; but we see his happiness, his glory, in introducing a care-worn, aged father to his monarch. In imagination, we now see the old father of one hundred and thirty years feebly walking into the King's court, leaning on the arm, and resting on the bosom of an affectionate and dutiful son. The lustre of the golden precious chain which then encircled his manly neck was dim in comparison to that virtuous deed! The gilded chariot of state in which he rode in imperial pomp, was low, compared with the eminence he gained when standing before royal Pharaoh with the good old patriarch, his father, by his side.

What an example to modern sons and daughters. Yet, where are those endearing, Heavenly qualities which marked the worth and truly Divine reverence, love, and disinterested respect of those children of former days, those whose blessings will be to rise up and call their parents blessed. Parental love! Is it not a spark from the celestial fire of Paradise? a taper of light, peace, and joy, which is enshrined here, and will improve and grow brighter through eternity?

In March, 1821, I received the melancholy news of the death of my valued friend, Silas Vail. With this dear man, I had held an interesting correspondence for more than thirty years. A large package of his letters to me are now in the hands of his son, the Rev. Franklin Y. Vail. They are well conceived, and show a mind of moral rectitude, noble endowments, and sound know-

ledge of human nature. In them is pictured the sweets of morality, and warm desires for that holiness of heart which constitutes the faithful believer in the sublime truths of the everlasting Gospel. For the last thirty years, he had been a constant reader of theological works; the Bible was to him the book of books. He often observed that his daily prayer was that its precepts and beauties might be more plain to his understanding. Truth was his anxious pursuit.

For many years previous to his marriage, his business was that of a teacher. The duties of that profession he fulfilled with credit to himself and satisfaction to his employers.

In the War of the Revolution, when about fifteen years of age, he was taken prisoner, and confined some time in the Old Jail, in New York, kept on short allowance, and otherwise hardly dealt with. That calamity, with a severe attack of illness, gave his constitution a shock from which it never fully recovered. About the year 1794, he married Betsey, the fourth daughter of Judge Thomas Youngs, of Southold.* By this lady, he had two children, a daughter and son. Some time after his marriage, he removed his family to Palmer Town, near Saratoga. In this place he opened a store, in connection with Dr. Gamaliel Vail. His spirits were buoyant with hopes now of doing a profitable and pleasant business. But the bubbles soon broke. They were not agreed: a divided house will fall.

From this misfortune, Mr. Vail never recovered. Domestic disquiet came next, which, with a shattered con-

* Rev. Zachariah Green, now living at Hempstead, N. Y., in his ninety-seventh year, was the minister to tie the sacred knot

stitution, rendered his remaining days far from tranquil. Yet, in the midst of all these complicated difficulties, he ever strictly made the subject of undefiled religion his constant and choicest study, and the basis of his support.

He died in February, 1821; born in 1757. Was the second son of Peter Vail, who was the son of Jeremiah Vail, 3d, who, we believe, was the son of Jeremiah Vail, 2d, whose father, Jeremiah Vail, 1st, came to Oysterponds about 1650.

Jeremiah Vail, 3d, sons were, viz:—Stephen, Peter, Jeremiah, Thomas, Abraham, Joshua and David; daughters were—Mehitable and Mary. Mehitable married Joseph Brown, by whom she had nineteen children. Mary married Thomas Moore, of this town, grandfather of Charles B. Moore, Esq., of New York city; a gentleman of deserved respectability, and an able jurist.

From motives of friendship, I here insert a sketch of the family of Frederick Chase, Esq., of Shelter Island. With this gentleman, I have been intimate, and on the most friendly terms, for the last forty years—an unbroken interchange of civilities and good-will since 1811. God grant that it may be like Mrs. Elizabeth Rowe's friendships, which, she said, is began in time, solely for a progress round eternity!

Frederick Chase was born at Westerly, State of Rhode Island, February 5, 1784. His father, Frederick Chase, Sr., was born February 2, 1758, and died on March 7, 1808; and his wife, who was Ruth Fry, died

May 29, 1839. Oliver Chase, grandfather of Frederick Chase, Esq., was born September 21, 1709, and died November 14, 1784; and his wife, Elizabeth, died March 10, 1793, aged eighty-four years.

Benjamin Chase, great-grandfather of our friend, F. Chase, Esq., was born in Bristol county, Massachusetts, July 15, 1682, and died about 1767, aged eighty-five years.

William Chase, great-great-grandfather of Mr. Chase, was born in England, and came to this country in 1629. Settled at Yarmouth just nine years after the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth. Yarmouth is in Massachusetts, in the county of Barnstable.

Frederick Chase married Rebecca C. Cartwright, of Rhode Island, February 5, 1807. He removed to Shelter Island in April, 1811. While a resident of Rhode Island, he filled the ranks, by commission, of ensign, lieutenant and captain. Since an inhabitant of Suffolk county, he has held the offices of Justice of the Peace, Supervisor, Town Clerk, Commissioner of Schools, and Overseer of the Poor—all without a stain.

The following acrostic I received from Mr. Chase. It is accepted as a token of respect:—

As all thy days, I trust, have been
Useful and just, to truth and men—
Go on in the same path, dear friend,
Until thy life shall have an end;
So when thy sands shall all have run,
Thou shalt have every work well done—
Upon that all-important day,
Salvation shall thy work repay.

Great, then, indeed, is the reward
Received by those who serve the Lord ;
It them assures that they shall stand,
From sin set free, at His right hand !
Far from all sorrow, pain, and woe—
In which they lived while here below—
Nor shall a tear be seen that day !
God's own right hand wipes them away !

April, 1856. FREDERICK CHASE.

To the Rev. Francis C. Hill, we are indebted for the melancholy detail of a mortal sickness which prevailed at Orient in the autumn of 1849. Mr. Hill was, at the time, residing in Orient, with his interesting family of a wife and two daughters, of four and six years old. The youngest, Anna Landon, fell a victim to the dire calamity.

This calamity occurred during the latter part of August, all September, and much of October, in the year that the cholera visited these shores the second time, carrying its ravages over the almost entire extent of our country. Such were its influences, especially in all our large cities bordering upon the sea coast, as to deter intercourse between this place and New York and other cities. From early in July until as late as the middle of September, our almost entire fleet of vessels, say from sixteen to twenty, was laid up. It was hoped by all that our healthy village, at such a remote distance from any city, would escape. In this, we were disappointed. However, the disease that visited our village was not the cholera. It was dysentery of a very malignant type, combining many of the alarming symptoms of the former disease. Our physicians call-

ed it the cholera dysentery. For some time previous, an extensive drought had been experienced; for a number of weeks we had no cooling showers, no thunder or lightning. The earth became excessively dry and parched. About the middle of August, a number of cases occurred, but so mild as not to give alarm. It commenced amongst the children, varying in age from six months to thirteen years, and such was its progress (for it was not confined to the young, but seized upon the middle-aged and the aged) that, in the short space of two weeks, perhaps not less than sixty cases were reported in a distance of but little over a half mile. In the street leading from the main road to the wharf, seldom a house escaped, and, in some families, one half were prostrated; in others, four out of five were seized. There was not enough well persons to care for and nurse the sick; while many that did escape were afraid, and kept themselves aloof. Its effects were in what is called the Lane, which, as aforesaid, leads from the main road to the wharf, about twelve rods. Sometimes two of the dead were interred at the same time. Within one hundred rods of our dwelling, there were twelve deaths; and there was scarcely a house in the whole street but one or more of its inmates were removed by death. It seemed as if the once beautiful village of Orient had become a complete Golgotha. A little incident occurred at the time, which may illustrate the aspect here at that time. An excursion party, on board of the steamboat Statesman, from Sag Harbor, touched at the wharf; a large company of men, women and children landed, and commenced to stroll up through the village. Not meeting with scarce an

individual (for it had the stillness of a continual Sabbath), they had proceeded quite a distance from the boat, when meeting some individual who informed them of the state of the mortality existing among us, they seemed panic-struck, and they immediately left the place, with alarm depicted on every face. At that time, many in the street were sick, numbers dying; while, in one house, were two dead bodies. Those that fell victims were from three or four to near eighty years of age. In a district of our village, about one-fourth of a mile square, thirty died in the short space of two months.

We find that a recurrence to these scenes stir up feelings that time has partially obliterated; yet, those days of mourning are deeply engraven on the hearts of the sensitive, bereaved father, mother, and friend.

My friend, the Rev. Mr. Hill, in an acceptable communication to me, of October, 1855, says that his own immediate connection with, and sufferings from the disease that prevailed in that eventual day, makes it, to himself, a sorrowful subject of retrospection; and he cannot look upon it, even at this late day, without sensations of the keenest sorrow.

On the 22d September, 1819, my grandson, Augustus Griffin Wells, died, aged fourteen months. He was a promising child. His disease, the dysentery, mocked the efforts of physicians, medicine, and fond parents.

The following lines were written by his dear, weeping mother, after his death, in her Bible:—

Forbear the unavailing sigh!
My babe is surely bless'd;
Angels have borne him hence away,
In Jesus' arms to rest. H. L. W.

Died, on Saturday, 22d September, 1849, at 4 o'clock, P. M., Harriet Matilda, wife of Walter O. Hubbard, of New York, aged twenty-one years. She was the affectionate and accomplished daughter of the late James and (my daughter) Deziah Preston.

The number of schooners, sloops, and smacks, sailing from Orient, in 1850 and '51, cost, altogether, when first off the stocks, $50,000. Now we have, of different tonnage, sail, whose cost, altogether, must be in the neighborhood of $100,000.

There have been three or four justly respected and meritorious women who devoted many years of their lives in attending the sick of their sex in this town since 1740. Of these, the first was Elizabeth King. As far back as 1770, we knew her; then an old woman. She was mother to Benjamin King's wife. This woman was assuredly valuable to her generation, and successful in her attendance. An encouraging, careful, cheering nurse, and, at all times, ready to administer proper restoratives to the many who knew the value of her counsels and visits. About thirty odd years of strict attention to the duties allotted her by Providence, this venerable mother closed a useful life to the generation who knew how to appreciate her worth. At her death, not far from 1780, she was aged eighty-one years. She attended at the birth of one thousand or more children.

A Mrs. Peck was also known as an excellent midwife from 1760 to 1775. She lived in Southold village. Was mother to Augustus and Joseph Peck, of that place.

Mrs. Lucretia Lester succeeded Mrs. King. She was the daughter of the late Samuel Beebe, of Plumb Island, who was the grandson of Joseph Beebe, the second owner of Plumb Island. Mrs. Lester became the widow of Thomas Lester not far from 1775. At, or before that time, she began to be justly respected as a nurse and doctress to the pains and infirmities incident to her fellow mortals, especially her own sex. She was, for thirty years of her life, conspicuous as such. Her mild and well-timed answers of tenderness, and manner of administering relief, showed she possessed a mind and judgment fitting for the station she occupied.

To the sick and afflicted she was, at all times, in season and out of season, an angel of mercy; a woman whose price was above rubies; a Dorcas of Scripture; and a mother, may we not safely say, in Israel. It is said that she attended, with success, at the birth of about one thousand three hundred children, and of that number, lost but two. Mrs. Lester died on the evening of the 12th of November, 1799, after an illness of about twelve hours.

Susannah Brown, the daughter of the late Richard Youngs, who was the fourth generation from, and a lineal descendant of Rev. John Youngs, the first minister of Southold, from 1800 to 1840, at all times, and in all seasons, attended at call to the necessities and distresses incident to those to whom her assistance and knowledge could benefit. An enlivening cheerfulness, united with mildness, encouragement, and words fitly spoken, gave a zest to the patient and a solace to the household.

She was married in 1787 to Richard Brown, the fourth generation from Richard Brown, the first, who came to Oysterponds in 1665, and died in 1686. Mrs. Brown* attended at the births of about one thousand four hundred children.

Women doctors are coming to be institutions among us. This is perfectly natural; the proprieties dictate the need of their practice among their own sex, and even the "regulars" are beginning to extend them the right hand of fellowship, and to welcome them to the ranks of the profession. They are, in fact, but reviving an old custom, dating as far back as the days of Moses.

It is but nine years since the first female medical student graduated—of course, the fact was then a nine days' wonder—but students and colleges have since been multiplying with inconceivable rapidity. Boston and Philadelphia have Female Medical Colleges, aided by government, and the colleges of Syracuse, Cleveland and Cincinnati have opened their doors to women.

We have a mortal horror of quacks and quackery, and are glad to see that the leaders of this movement have availed themselves of every educational advantage within their reach. If women are to become physicians, it is good policy to give them every facility for becoming capable and skilled ones. Open the hospitals to them—the cliniques will be none the less decently managed for their presence. The need of educated women is keenly felt among their own sex. Men will suffer nothing by the new order of things, except it be

*This excellent woman died on Sabbath eve, January 23, 1853, aged 89 years and 6 days; was born January 17, 1764, and had been a widow 26 years.

the doctors, and *their* miseries the public can bear with fortitude.

George Champlin came to my house in July, 1824, at that date in his twenty-first year. He stopped with us about three years. In all that time he conducted himself with great propriety and civility. His society was to us always pleasant. This excellent man died on the 16th May, 1849, after a very protracted illness.

In April, 1830, Mr. Champlin married Cynthia, the daughter of the late Captain Jeremiah and Mrs. Lydia Youngs, of Orient.

On the 25th August, 1853, a company of men, women and children, from Sag Harbor, were landed at the wharf in Orient, at 8 A. M., and repaired to Taber's Grove, where they partook of a collation, which was got up in good style. The company numbered, I should suppose, not far from three hundred—from those of a year old to near seventy. They came in the steamboat Agawam. It is thought there were altogether in the grove five hundred or more, a part of them our Orient folks. Those from Sag Harbor left us about 6 o'clock, P. M., in good spirits.

John Nicolas Genin was born in the Province of Lorain, in France, in the year 1756. He came to America while we were struggling for independence. Acquebogue was the place of his permanent location. Sometime after his arrival and settlement at that place, he married a daughter of Mr. John Fournier, Sr., who himself was a Frenchman, and from that country some years before. By Miss Fournier, Mr. G. had one child,

a son, who was John Genin, Jr., born in 1787. He lived to see his thirty-fourth year; was sometime a grocery merchant in New York; a man of integrity, and generous to a fault. His death took place in New York, in 1820. By his wife, who was the daughter of Israel Conklin, and grand-daughter of Nathaniel Domini, Sr., he had two sons, viz:—John N., born 1813, and Erastus, born 1815. These two grandsons of the first John N. are now doing a business in the hat line, and have a Bazaar in Broadway, New York, in a style and consequence equal, if not superior, to any estabment in that city.

John Nicolas Genin, Sr., after losing his wife, married a Miss Hedges, by whom he had a son, Thomas Hedges. This son is now a lawyer at the town of St. Clairsville, in the State of Ohio; a man highly talented and greatly respected.

Mr. Genin, the elder, very soon after his settlement at Acquebogue, became known through the town as an industrious and worthy man, possessing and acting with the strictest integrity. For many years he was a vender of indigo through the county. Was a good scholar, but was much more easy in the French than the English language. He died at Acquebogue, in May, 1810, in his fifty-fifth year.

John Calvin Wells, now a merchant in Greenport, is the eldest son of Captain Benjamin Wells, of Southold, who was the son of John C. Wells, who died in 1810, who was the son of Abner Wells, who was the son of Henry Wells, who was the son of Joshua Wells, who was the son of William Wells, who landed at Southold,

making one of the thirteen families which first came to this town. This last named William Wells was a man of education, a counsellor, and a judicious and valuable member of that early society, principally composed of uncivilized natives. Some of the books, papers, and other interesting relics of those early days in our history are now in the keeping of his namesake and descendant of the sixth generation, William H. Wells, a merchant in Southold village.

Woman has, in every age of the world, evinced patriotic zeal in national conflicts for the liberties and happiness of her country and family.

Many and glowing instances are recorded of their fearless and daring intrepidity. At certain times, it would seem their courage bordered on rashness. In our own favored and happy country, when struggling for its independence, the personal bravery and heroism of many of the wives and daughters of our Revolutionary fathers astonished, and often dismayed, their heartless invaders.

From 1776 to 1683, Long Island was solely under British rule. In the year 1778, foreign mercenaries were quartered in and around Southold. Generally, their movements and address were unpleasant and forbidding, especially when entering a house for favors.

It was on a summer's day in the year last mentioned, that a small party of light horse hastily rode up to the house of Major John Corwin, of Mattituck, and the officer, in a rough voice, demanded of Mrs. Corwin, (her husband being absent) some grain for their horses,

and, to enforce this order and show the consequence of his authority, he, with a commanding air, observed :— "Madam, your situation warns you to an immediate attention to my request. To abuse my authority, is to rush to destruction." Mrs. Corwin was unmoved, nowise daunted, and coolly replied that she had no food for him nor his horses. "Well," said he, with a harsh oath, "here is a fine piece of wheat across the road ; it will answer for our horses, and we'll have it." With that, he made for the bars which opened into this field of grain. At this move, she, with a spirit almost superhuman, commanded him instantly to desist, at his peril ; "for," said she, "although I am alone and unprotected, and in your power, I am a stranger to fear, and defy your threats. The first horse that enters that wheat field I will shoot instantly dead." With this daring resolution, and, suiting the action to the word, she seized her husband's old King's arm, which stood loaded behind the door, and took her station to consummate her purpose.

The wheat field was not touched. They left, muttering curses and praises on the women. Mrs. Corwin, previous to her marriage, was a Miss Mapes. She died on Christmas day, in 1850, in her ninety-first year.

Amon Taber Griffin was the fourth son of Peter Griffin, noticed before. He (A. T. G.) married a widow lady in New York, about the year 1806, by whom he had two sons and two daughters. The sons—George and Amon—after living to the state of manhood, died, one of them leaving a wife and only son. The two

daughters are yet living; the oldest, Maria, is now the wife of William Conselyea, Esq., near Williamsburgh. In June, 1850, I visited this amiable and fine cousin, with her noble-hearted husband. Was treated with great kindness. Their children are Joseph, George, Ellen, John Henry, Anna Maria, and William Griffin.

July 10, 1845, in company with a Mr. Parshel, a gentleman from New York, I visited, what is now called, the Old Burying Ground, in this place. It is situated in a deep hollow, within a short distance of the shore of Long Island Sound. The hills are known as Brown's Hills. It is now fifty years since the inhabitants of this place have used it for a burying place. A visit to this solemn spot shows the heartless neglect and inattention of the present generation, respecting even common decency towards the ashes of their honored Christian fathers and mothers.

The gravestones are many of them broken and mutilated by time, or beasts, or man. The mounds covering the dust of the precious wife, husband, brother, sister, or friend, are torn and pawed about, and, in some instances, nearly effaced. Is it possible that a people, professing civilization and Christianity, can calmly sit and see the affecting desecration of the selected resting place of the first proprietors of their now wealthy and peaceful abodes. The means are assuredly abundant, but the heart is wanting. The Father of the Faithful, whom Scripture informs us was called the Friend of God, held the tombs of his deceased as holy ground. A generation or two more walking in the sel-

fish steps of the present one, will render this interesting depository of the dust of those progenitors as difficult to be pointed out to the traveler as is now the sites of Babylon or Ninevah.

While viewing the gravestones in this secluded spot, I copied the following from some of the stones which Time has marked with his destroying hand, and moss has overgrown. Yet, as the pious Dr. Watts observed of the monument of a famous Roman general—

> "Yet, e'er I pass'd, with much ado,
> I guess'd and spelt out Scipio."

"Walter Youngs, son of Gideon Youngs, died in 1714, aged four years." I think this must have been a son of the second Gideon Youngs.

"Rhoda, daughter of Gideon Youngs. She died in 1765, aged fifty-seven."

"Dorothy, daughter of Jonathan and Dorothy Youngs; died 1719, aged twenty-two years."

Jonathan Youngs' wife, Dorothy, died 1753, aged sixty-eight. This Jonathan Youngs was the son of Gideon Youngs, who was grandson of John Youngs, the first preacher at Southold, before noticed.

Christopher Tuthill, the father of Christopher, Jeremiah, David, Matthew, Nathaniel and Abraham—and daughters, viz: Phœbe, Esther, Dorothy, Rhoda, Mehitable and Matsey, died in November, 1798, in his seventy-third year.

Henry Booth died 1710, aged five years; George Booth died 1713, aged seventeen years; Samuel King died 1721, aged eighty-nine years; Thomas Terry, son of Jonathan and Lydia Terry, died 1753, aged fourteen years; Patience, his sister, died 1754, aged three years.

On the stone of Bathsheba, the wife of William King, is the following lines, by her husband:—

"Beneath this little stone, here lies
The wife of William King;
And though she's dead to mortal eyes,
She will revive again!

"Lived four and fifty years a wife—
Died in her seventy-seven—
Has now laid down this mortal life,
In hopes to live in Heaven!"

She died 7th May, 1764.

On the stone of Samuel Beebe's wife, who died June 10, 1716:—

"Here lieth Elizabeth, once Samuel Beebe's wife,
Who once was made a living soul,
But now deprived of life.
Yet firmly did believe that at her Lord's return,
She should be made a living soul,
In his own shape and form!

"Lived four and thirty years a wife—
Died, aged seventy-seven—
Has now laid down this mortal life,
In hopes to live in Heaven!"

Here lieth interred
the body of Colonel
IOHN YOVNGS, Esqvire,
late one of His
Maiesties Covncel of
the Province of
New York, who
Departed this life
the 12 day of April,
Anno Domini 1698,
Aged 75 years.

"Here lies ye body of William Wells, of Southold, gent. Justice of ye peace, and first Sheriffe of New York shire, upon Long Island, Who departed this life Nov. 13, 1671, aged 63.

"yea, Here he lies Who Speaketh yet, thovgh dead—
On wings of faith, his sovl to Heaven is fled;
His Piovs Deeds And charity Was Svch
That of his Praise, no pen can Write too mvch;
As Was his life, So Was his blest death—
Hee died in love, and Swetly dyd in peace."

"Mr. Iohn Yongs, Minister of the Word and first setled of the Chvrch of Christ in Sovth hold, on Long Island, Deceased the 24 of Febrvary, in the Yeare of ovr Lord 1672, and of his age 74.

"Here lies the man whose doctrine life, well knowen,
Did shew he sovght Christ's honovr, not his owen;
In weaknes sown, in power raisd shall be
By Christ, from Death to Life Eternally."

Jonathan Tuthill died in 1741, aged fifty years.
Henry Tuthill died in 1715, aged twenty-four years.

Jeremiah Youngs died April 2, 1821, aged fifty-four years. Jeremiah, when a boy, was the favorite nephew of William and Samuel Youngs, two respectable men of Oysterponds, who were never married. The first died in 1774, leaving his estate to his brother Samuel, who died in 1776. He devised the property entire to this nephew Jeremiah—about one hundred acres of land, with the buildings and appurtenances. At this time, Jeremiah was about nine years of age.

At the age of twenty-three, he married Lydia, the third daughter of Stephen and Ruth Vail, of Rocky Point. By this marriage, he had three daughters and seven sons. At this time, they are all living; the

youngest, Benjamin, is near fifty years of age. Having held a commission as captain of militia, he, for many years was called, and by the present generation is only known as Captain Youngs.

In the summer of 1814, Commodore Decatur, with three ships, lay at anchor in Long Island Sound, opposite Truman's Beach, near Brown's Hills. The ships were United States, Macedonian and Hornet.

Captain Youngs had promised himself, should an opportunity ever offer, to present Decatur with a fat sheep for his valiant and successful capture of the noble frigate Macedonian. In the morning, soon after the ships were discovered, he selected a likely ewe from his flock, manned a boat, and proceeded on board the flag ship of the squadron. He was received by Decatur with great kindness and freedom. Captains Jones and Biddle were present. Was cordially thanked for his grateful expression of respect. Capt. Youngs, in relating the facts of this visit, stated that Decatur seemed sensibly affected, and he felt the most perfect satisfaction that his present was duly appreciated. At parting, he took Capt. Youngs by the hand, and with a warm pressure, observed: "I am sensible of your disinterestedness. This favor impresses me with a desire to meet you another day; I believe you are a true lover of your country." This was the first and last meeting of these individuals; one justly celebrated for his daring and successful achievements in his country's cause, the other a humble citizen in our obscure village, but possessing the untainted heart of a true American.

Anna Brewster was born at Blooming Grove, Orange County, New York, in 1769, and died in 1844, aged seventy-five years. She was noted for her good sense, refined manners, and prepossessing address, though hardly three feet in height. Washington was pleased to seek her acquaintance.

On the 5th of November, 1828, Captain Franklin was married to his second wife, Lady Jane Franklin. She was the second daughter of John Griffin, Esq., of Bedford-place, London. In April, 1829, Mr. Franklin received the honors of knighthood, in consequence of which he is called *Sir* John Franklin.

The portrait of my dear wife was taken when she was forty-one years of age, by Abraham G. D. Tuthill, who was a pupil some time of the celebrated Benjamin West, in Europe. The likeness was pronounced a good one. In form and person, she was of near the middle size, rather slender and delicate, penetrating black eyes, regular features, and an affable, mild deportment, and without guile.

I see thee still!
This was our room—our dear retreat—
This was our favorite fireside seat;
Here, in this chair, you sat each day,
While I sat watching thy decay:
Here, on this bed, thou last did'st lie—
And on this pillow thou did'st die.
Dark hour! once more its woes unfold,
As when I saw thee pale and cold!
I see thee still!

Jonathan Goldsmith Horton, now of Southold, is the

son of the late Captain Jonathan Horton, who was the son of Lazarus Horton, who was the son of Jonathan Horton, who was the son of Jonathan Horton, who was the son of Barnabas Horton, who was one of the memorable thirteen families before mentioned.

Barnabas Horton was forty years of age at the time of his landing, and lived to see his eighty-first year. He died in 1680. His descendants are numerous in this town and county. Indeed, there are many of them to be found in several other counties of the State.

The day succeeding that on which the British burnt New London, in September, 1781, and massacred the garrison at Fort Griswold, at Groton, they passed over the sound to Long Island, and landed, many of them, at Oysterpond point, traveled up the road, about two miles, to this village. Their actions and disorderly conduct carried terror to the inhabitants. Mr. Jeremiah Vail, who had just heard of their merciless cruelties at New London and Groton, with emotions of no common excitement viewed them coming up the road. His wife—called Betsey, but named Elizabeth—displayed great self-possession and fortitude. She saw them approaching the house, without order or discipline, and very furious. Mr. Vail kept a house of entertainment, but at this time had no liquors except two hogsheads of good cider. The thought of this cider flashed across her mind, and the consequences that would follow should they find it. She went forthwith, alone, to the cellar, knocked out the bungs of the hogsheads con-

taining the liquor, and, by an almost superhuman effort, turned them in a position so that their contents were soon all flooding the ground floor. She then ascended the stairs in time to meet the unwelcome countenances and forbidding expressions of this ruthless gang, who entered the house more like demons than civilized beings. Their looks she described as awful—having not slept probably within the last forty-eight hours, and besmeared visibly with the blood of her murdered countrymen at Groton. They flourished their swords, and uttered oaths of vengeance on American rebels; seized and bound Mr. Vail, and confined him in the garret. They searched every room, pantry, and closet, in search of, as they said, "something to drink." Finding nothing, the cellar was next resorted to. They there soon discovered they had been successfully foiled in their wicked purpose. The ground had drank the liquor, and was still sober. Like mad men, they ascended to the room of Mrs. Vail, and demanded her reasons for depriving them of refreshments. She very deliberately replied: "You are the enemies of my country; I have nothing for you; you have no business here; threats nor oaths don't alarm me. If I have done wrong, I am responsible to my husband, not to you. You will not eat or drink in this house, if I can prevent it." She expected violence; but they left the house very soon after, muttering curses for her devotion and fortitude. Mrs. Vail was the daughter of Charles and Elizabeth Glover, of Oysterponds. Mr. Glover, we suppose, was the grandson of Samuel Glover, Sen., who was living with his wife, Sarah, in 1698.

Jeremiah Vail, the husband, was the fourth in suc-

cession of his family. He died January 8th, 1798. Jeremiah Vail, Sen., and Anna, his wife, were living, advanced in life, in 1698. They had sons, one of which, Jeremiah, second, with his wife, Mary, were living at that time. He, the second Jeremiah, must have been grandfather to Mrs. Betsey Vail's husband.

Mrs. Betsey Vail died, the widow Vail, in 1818, or near that time, more than eighty years of age. Her mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Glover, died in 1803, in her ninety-fourth year.

The first of the family of the name of Reeve came to America from Wales, (Europe,) not far from 1660, and settled at Mattituck. Tradition says there were two brothers; their names Thomas and James. We believe James to be the progenitor and ancestor of the family of that name in Mattituck, Acquebogue, and Jamaica, in Queens County, and the connections of these families in New York City and Orange County. The Hon. James Reeve, whose monument in the cemetery at Mattituck says he died in 1739, aged sixty years. He was son, or grandson to the James who was one of the brothers above mentioned. The first son of the Hon. James Reeve was known as Deacon James Reeve. He died April 27th, 1781, aged seventy-two years. Deacon James Reeve had five sons, whose names were—1st, James; 2d, Selah; 3d, Isaac; 4th, Nathaniel; 5th, Ebenezer.

James, the first son of Deacon Reeve, graduated at Yale College and became a preacher, which profession he followed but a few years, when he took possession of his father's farm, and took the office of a Magistrate.

He was a useful man. He died June 8th, 1787, aged fifty-six years. His wife was Anna Wines. She died February 3d, 1800, aged sixty-four.

The Deacon's second son, Selah, who subsequently became a deacon, settled about three miles north of Newburgh, Orange county, where he died February 21st, 1796, in his fifty-fifth year, leaving a widow and a large family of children. Selah, one of these children, died at Newburgh, April 11th, 1837, leaving children—Christopher, Charles F. V., George, Nathan, Selah, Julia Ann, Eliza, Jane, and Harriet M. Charles F. V. graduated at West Point, and resides at Newburgh. She, the widow, died January 21st, 1829, aged eighty-four years.

The third son, Isaac, was a major of militia, and much respected in his day.

His only son, Isaac Tuthill Reeve, Esq., was a sheriff of this county in 1801, and afterwards an assistant judge of the court in Queens County. He died June 15th, 1811, aged forty-nine years. His wife was Joanna, the daughter of Judge Daniel Wells, of Riverhead, L. I.

Major Isaac Reeve died October 5th, 1814, in his seventy-ninth year.

Deacon Reeve's fourth son was Nathaniel, who died in youth.

The Deacon's fifth son, Ebenezer, settled first in Connecticut. After some years residence in that State, he removed to the State of Ohio.

James—the minister, farmer, and magistrate—had six sons and one daughter. The first son, James, became a valuable member in the church at Mattituck; was some years a magistrate, and once or twice a Repre-

sentative in the Assembly of this State. He died March 4th, 1830, aged seventy-three years. His son James, now sixty-nine years of age, is the 5th James, in succession, who have owned and possessed the homestead farm.

Major Isaac Reeve, Deacon James Reeve's third son, was twice married. His first wife was Phebe, the daughter of Henry and Phebe Tuthill. They, Henry and Phebe, had but two children—daughters—Phebe and Anna. Phebe, as noticed, was married to Major Isaac Reeve, and Anna became the wife of Honorable John Cleeves Symes, of the State of Ohio. She, Anna, was the mother of Mrs. President Harrison, as noticed. The Major, by his wife Phebe, had but one child—Isaac Tuthill Reeve, as before noticed. This Isaac Tuthill Reeve had seven children, four only of whom are now living, viz.: Samuel, Laurens, John Flavel, and James Henry. Laurens and James reside in Jamaica, Queens County.

Rev. Daniel Youngs, of Upper Acquebogue, was born at that place about the year 1747, and died October, 1814.

In the year 1775, or 1776, at the age of twenty-eight, he became strongly impressed that it was his duty to preach the Gospel. With some severe struggles as to being competent to such an important trust, with his limited knowledge as to education, he heeded the inward spiritual monitor, and preached his first sermon in the year 1776. In the year 1781, or 1782, he was called to take charge of the church in Upper Acque-

bogue, over which the Rev. Timothy Wells had presided from 1759 to 1780, when he died, aged 80 years.

Mr. Youngs was, for the first twenty years of his preaching, a powerful, pleasing, and convincing speaker —was a noble-looking man—wore a handsome wig—dignified, solemn, yet pleasing in his manners. At the time of his death, it appears he had presided over his charge about thirty-three years, in all of which time there were constant additions to the church. A more deserving and a more beloved pastor never was known in any parts of this region.

At his death he left a widow and several children. His eldest son, Daniel, was a man much and justly respected, as a valuable member of the community—a worthy deacon of the church. I believe he, for one term, was a Representative in the Assembly of our State, and at one time a colonel of the militia.

Col. Daniel Young's eldest daughter married Gen. David Williamson, of Acquebogue.

Asaph Monroe Youngs, born in 1819, is the son of Asaph Youngs, who was born in 1796, who was the son of Rev. Daniel Youngs, who was born in 1748, who was the son of Daniel Youngs, born in 1718, who was the son of Samuel Youngs, born 1680, who was the son of Thomas Youngs, born 1660, who was son to Thomas Youngs, Sen., born 1627, who was son to Rev. John Youngs, who first came to this town, where he died in 1672—making the eighth generation.

Rev. Moses Sweezy succeeded Rev. Daniel Youngs in the pastoral charge of the church at Upper Acquebogue. He proved himself worthy, and fitted for the

sacred office. His energy, piety, and industry in and over his charge was great. His spirits were buoyant; disposition, mild and pleasant; a man of sterling sense; kindness and complaisance were interwoven in his nature, and Truth his motto. He died at his post, on the 28th of January, 1826, aged fifty-five years.

My friend, the Rev. Eurystheus H. Wells, of Upper Acquebogue, informs me that the church in that parish, which was first organized in 1759, has, since that date, produced from its members the following preachers of the Gospel, as strict Congregationalists:

Reverend Joseph Corwin, never located. He died Jan. 29th, 1811.

Richard Benjamin, settled in the western part of the State of New York.

Abraham Luce, preached at Westhampton, Union Parish, and Northville, in this county.

David Benjamin, at Baiting Hollows, N. Y.

Ebenezer Luce, at western part of the State of N. Y.

Nath. Fanning, not located.

Shadrach Terrey, in some part of Pennsylvania.

Moses Benjamin, western part of this county.

Christopher Youngs, at the Baiting Hollow, N. Y.

Parshel Terry, at western part of State of New York.

Eurystheus H. Wells, not located.

Azel Downs, Mount Hope, Orange Co., N. Y.

William Benjamin, preacher at times, at or near Canoe Place, N. Y.

James Youngs, who settled in the State of New Jersey.

Manly Wells, settled or preached occasionally at Baiting Hollows, aforesaid.

Capt. Rufus Tuthill, father of Rufus before noticed, departed this life, in this village, December 11th, 1843, aged ninty-six years, ten months, and twenty-four days, an ornament to the Christian faith, and a Samaritan in mercy.

He was the son of Daniel Tuthill, Jr., who was the son of Daniel Tuthill, Sen., who was the son of John Tuthill Jr., who was the son of John Tuthill, Sen., who first came from Europe.

The first of the family by the name of Beebee to this country, was Joseph Beebee, who came from Plymouth, Massachusetts, not far from the year 1670, about which time he purchased Plum Island of Samuel Willys. He, Samuel Willys, had, in 1667, bought it of the Indians for one barrel of biscuit, one hundred muxes, and a few fish-hooks—altogether, not worth more than ten dollars.

Joseph Beebee was the father of Samuel Beebee, Sen., whose wife was Elizabeth Rogers, to whom he was married 9th February, 1681, and had one son, Samuel, whose wife was Ann Lester, whom he married Jan. 1st, 1717. Their children were—

1st. Elizabeth, born Oct 13, 1719.
2d. Samuel, born Nov. 25th, 1721.
3d. Eliphalet, born Dec. 27th, 1723.
4th. Elnathan, born Oct. 25th, 1725.
5th. Hannah, born August 23d, 1727.
6th. Amon, born Jan. 4th, 1729; died young.
7th. Theophilus, born Jan. 31st, 1731.
8th. Lucretia, born Dec. 29th, 1732.
9th. Silas, born Nov. 11th, 1734.
10th. Amon, born Aug. 29th, 1739.

11th and 12th. Jerusha and Jemima, twins, born about 1736, betwixt Silas and Amon; of course Amon was the 12th.

Silas Beebee's family, in a straight line, who is the second son of Daniel Beebee, who is the son of Silas Beebee, who was the son of Samuel Beebee, Jr., who was the son of Samuel Beebee, Sen., who was the son of Joseph Beebee, who, as before said, came from Plymouth, to which place he, or perhaps his father, had come with the Pilgrims in 1620.

Lodiwick, Daniel Beebee's son, is the sixth generation.

Samuel Beebee, who was born Nov. 25th, 1721, and great-grandson to Joseph Beebee, the second proprietor of Plum Island, had five sons, viz.: Samuel, Lester, Eliphalet, Jason, and Thomas. The four last of these brothers became men of note as ship-masters. Captain Lester and Thomas died some years since, at Sag Harbor; Eliphalet died at Newburgh, and Jason was lost at sea.

The Rev. Peter Hobart came to America about the year 1636, or very near that time, from Hingham, which is about one hundred and eight miles from London. He settled in Hingham, in Massachusetts, where he died Jan. 20th, 1679. He had five sons, viz.: Joshua, Jeremiah, Gershom, Japheth, and Nehemiah.

Joshua was some time the minister at Southold. He was born in England, in 1628; a man of liberal education; settled at Southold about 1674. He died in the year 1717, in his eighty-ninth year. His wife, Mary, died in 1697. He was grandfather to the celebrated Indian missionary, David Brainard. Jeremiah, second son,

was some time a minister at Hempstead, Long Island; he, too, was born in England, in 1630, and came to this country with his father, being at the time but five years old. He died at Haddam, in Connecticut, at the age of eighty-seven years; he, too, was liberally educated. He preached in the forenoon of the day he died. Some say that Jeremiah was grandfather to Mr. Brainard, and that his daughter, Dorothy, was Mr. Brainard's mother. Be that as it may, his mother was a Hobart, and grand-daughter to Rev. Peter Hobart.

Gershom was a minister at Groton, Conn.

Japheth was a physician.

Nehemiah a minister at Newtown, Mass.

John Sloss Hobart, who was a chief judge of this State, was a grandson or great-grandson of the Rev. Peter Hobart, above mentioned. In the summer of the year 1800, I often attended church in Westchester, N. Y. Judge Hobart was strict in his attendance as a hearer. I observed him with much interest, knowing him to have been a conspicuous public man. The generations of the Hobart family are seven, in a direct line from the present John W. Hobart, who is the son of Benjamin K. Hobart, who is the son of Samuel Hobart, who was the son of Joshua Hobart, (third,) who was the son of Joshua Hobart, (second,) who was the son of the Rev. Joshua Hobart, who was the son of Rev. Peter Hobart, aforesaid.

Samuel Hobart, of this village, the sixth generation from said Rev. Peter Hobart, departed this life on the 27th of June, 1837, aged sixty-four years. He had followed the sea, as a business, for more than forty years—twenty of them as an able ship-master.

His faith was unwavering in the belief of the final salvation of every son and daughter of Adam. In his last moments he was rational and calm, saying, "I have not a doubt; glory to God!"

Asa Partridge was born in July, 1764. Not far from 1785 he came to Sag Harbor, and took charge of the district school.

About 1798 he commenced doing business in the mercantile line. Success crowned his efforts. When more than eighty years of age, he met with reverses from which he never recovered. Disheartened and broken down with age, Mr. Partridge left Sag Harbor, in 1851, and repaired to his son-in-law's, Thomas Fessenden, Esq., in New York, with whom he resided until his death in January, 1855, aged ninety-two years. His wife, Betsey, to whom he had been married fifty years, died seven or eight days before him.

Mary Griffin, already noticed as the fourteenth child of Samuel Griffin, was married to Medad Stone, of Guilford, Conn., in the year 1785, by whom she had two children. The first died in infancy; the second, named Sally, born 1787, married a Mr. Bartholomew, of Hartford, about 1816. Their children are—

1st. George Ward; 2d. Fanny Elizabeth; 3d. Frederick Stone.

Wareham Griswold, a merchant in Hartford, Conn., is the fifth generation from the first of the family that came to this country. He informs me that his great-

great-grandfather was one of three brothers that came to America somewhere near 1650—one of which settled at or near Lyme, one at Windsor, and the other at East Granby.

Matthew was son to the first, who was the great-great-grandfather aforesaid; Alexander was son to Matthew; Alexander's wife was Eleanor Bernard; Hezekiah was son to Alexander. Hezekiah was born at East Granby, Feb. 5th, 1780, and died Sept. 30th, 1854, in his seventy-fifth year. Wareham, Hezekiah's son, was born at Hartford, Jan. 22d, 1808. His wife was Delia A. Thompson, born Aug. 1st, 1811 Their children are—

1st. Delia S., born July 11th, 1833.

2d. Helen M. H., born Nov. 14th, 1838.

3d. Emma C., born Feb. 8th, 1845.

4th. Lelia Isabel, born Feb. 19th, 1849.

My grandson, Chatham Augustus Griffin, born March 14th, 1829, married Delia S. Griswold in May, 1852.

In September, 1854, when in my eighty-eighth year, I visited Hartford, Conn., to see my grandson, Chatham A. G. While there, I was introduced to that excellent and talented authoress, Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. Marked civilities were accorded me; and this short visit to this lady of real merit and honor to her sex and country, was a source of much interest and satisfaction.

While on this visit, I was made acquainted with, and received the most affectionate attentions of the late Col. James Ward, aged at the time eighty-seven years. He was a very agreeable gentleman of the old school, and greatly beloved.

From Professor Stewart, the owner of the Charter

Oak, of famous veneration, I received, also, the most respectful consideration.

Mrs. Emma Peterson, who was, before her marriage, Miss Overton, was the daughter of Jonathan B. and Elizabeth Overton, of Riverhead, L. I. She has had, by her two husbands, twenty children. She is now a delicate, fine-looking woman, I should suppose not more than forty-five years of age. Her father died in the year 1852, aged seventy-two years. He was great-grandson to Isaac Overton, mentioned before, as celebrated one hundred years ago for his superior feats of strength.

Samuel Hazard Terry, Esq., who recently died at Jamaica, L. I., aged fifty-six years, some twenty years since entered the United States Navy as purser. In this honorable station he remained, I believe, until his death. He fulfilled the duties assigned him in that situation with due respect to himself and country. He was the only son to the late Samuel Terry, in 1796 a dry goods merchant in New York. After this, Samuel went to St. Domingo, as supercargo; and he was massacred in that awful time when it was death to all white men to be seen on the island. Samuel Terry was the son of the late Col. Thomas Terry, of Oysterponds, L. I. His mother was, when a girl, Mary Hazard. She died the widow of Mr. John Wickham, who was her fourth husband.

Jean Boiseau, as his Christian name was pronounced,

at the time he came to Southold, which was not far from 1690, married Deborah, the daughter of Nathaniel Moore, whose father was Thomas Moore, who died June 25th, 1691. John Terry, Jr., of Oysterponds, married the sister of Mrs. Boiseau. This John Boiseau, at the time of his death, left two sons, viz.: John and Nathaniel; the latter of these died in 1780. John married, we believe, a Miss Vail. We knew her more than seventy-five years ago—an affectionate mother and wife. Their children were John, Nathaniel, Benjamin, and Ezra; daughters, Hannah, Betsey, Mary, and Phebe. John, third in succession, and his brother Ezra, are now the fourth generation.

In the war of 1812, Col. Benjamin Case, of Southold, commanded the military post at Sag Harbor. He then held the commission of major. As an officer commanding the weight of attendant duties attached to its situation, the Major bore, with a decision and moral deportment, honorable to himself and truly satisfactory to his country. Captains Noah Terry and Joshua Fleet were on duty, at the post, at the time—men of noble minds, generous to a fault, and patriots of sterling purity.

Col. Case is the son of the late Gershom Case, of Cutchogue, Southold, who died not far from 1816, over ninety years of age. His wife lived to attain over ninety years.

Edmond Fanning, the first of the family to America, came to Stonington, Connecticut, about 1649. He had two sons, viz.: William and Thomas. Thomas was

grandfather to the late Col. Phineas Fanning, of Acquebogue. The Colonel had two brothers, Thomas and Edmond. Thomas lived, in what is now Greenport, from about 1750 to 1775, and died Nov. 29th, 1782, aged sixty years. Edmond was sometime Governor of Nova Scotia, just after the Revolutionary War. Thomas's son was the late David Fanning, who died in the year 1812, at Sterling, leaving a widow—the late Mrs. Jane Fanning—and five daughters and three sons, viz.: Clarissa, Hannah, Betsey, Polly, and Lydia; Richard, David, and Samuel. Lydia is now the wife of Captain William Y. Brown, of Greenport. Richard was lost at sea, while master of a fine ship.

It was on a pleasant day, in the summer of 1780, that Dr. Joshua Clark, a respectable physician in the parish of Mattituck, mounted his horse, rode east to Southold village, about six miles, and stopped at the dwelling of a Mr. Chase, who was a poor, but respectable man, with a wife and two daughters—Polly and Ann. The Doctor was a widower at the time, of about seventy years of age. His business was urgent, being no less than to obtain the hand of Polly as a wife, with the consent of the parents, and that, too, without further courtship. His proposals were generous and frank, if she would willingly consent. She modestly assented, although only in her seventeenth year. A message was sent to Judge Samuel Landon, who lived within thirty rods. The Judge, who was more than eighty years of age, soon arrived at the room. With a dignity and gravity natural to old age, he, with solemnity on the interesting occasion, performed the ceremony of pronouncing them

man and wife. I was about twelve years of age, and at the place where this novel scene was acted. I do not suppose that the entire time of its occurrence was more than one and a half hours, when the drama closed with the Doctor's exit with his young bride, mounted on the same old roan with him, she seated on a pillion, as was the fashion in those honorable days.

On the 5th of April, 1836, I was introduced, by Jonah Halsey, of Southold, at his house, to a widow Esther Penny, who then was in the one hundred and second year of her age. She had a dignified expression of countenance, was sociable, intelligent and pleasant in relating interesting circumstances which took place, to her knowledge, ninety years before. This excellent woman was known, for many of the last years of her life, as a doctress, and as an angel of mercy to the afflicted. Her advice and prescriptions were of the first importance. Mrs. Penny died in 1838, in her one hundred and third year.

It is said there were three brothers of the Browns—Israel, Samuel, and Richard—who came to Oysterponds about the year 1645 or 1650, and each purchased themselves a piece of land of the natives, to improve and erect dwellings suitable for their families. The locations of these buildings have already been noticed.

Israel's children I know not except Joseph, who married Dorothy, the daughter of John Tuthill, (third,) called Squire John. By her he had Joseph, Benjamin, Hannah, and Polly. Hannah became the wife of Jo-

seph Young, and Polly the wife of Ensign John King. Joseph Brown, Jr., married Mehitable, the daughter of Jeremiah Vail, (third,) by whom he had eighteen children, viz.:

1st. Elizabeth, born July 8th, 1757.
2d. Joseph, born September 3d, 1758.
3d. Jeremiah, born January 4th, 1760.
4th. Benjamin, born March 24th, 1761.
5th. David, born August 9th, 1762.
6th. Nathaniel, born September 28th, 1763.
7th. Daniel, born February 17th, 1765.
8th. Isaac, born March 1st, 1766.
9th. Samuel, born July 19th, 1767.
10th. James, born February 11th, 1769.
11th. Charlotte, born March 6th, 1770.
12th. Mehitable, born March 27th, 1771.
13th. Joshua, born November 2d, 1772.
14th. Youngs, born February 5th, 1774.
15th. John, born March 20th, 1776.
16th. Hannah, born April 12, 1777.
17th. George, born April 6th, 1778.
18th. Dorothy, born March 15th, 1780.

Here we see eighteen children born of the same mother in twenty-three years. Mr. Brown, the father, was born October 30th, 1731; his wife in May 30th, 1738.

Benjamin Brown, Esq., (brother to Joseph Brown, Jr.,) married Mary, the daughter of John Tuthill (fourth,) niece to her husband. Benjamin's children were, viz.: 1st, Gershom; 2d, Israel; 3d, George; 4th, Betsey; 5th, Polly; 6th, Jemima; 7th, Bethia.

Betsey married a Mr. Taylor, of Southold, became a widow at forty-five years of age, and died in her ninetieth year.

Jemima married Jonathan Terry, Jr., and died in 1803.

Bethia married Captain Lester Beebee, of Sag Harbor, the ship-builder before mentioned.

Israel and Polly never married.

Richard Brown, Sen., left three sons. The oldest, who inherited the homestead, was Richard, Jr., the second son was Samuel, and third David. Samuel had a daughter, married to Samuel Beebe, of Plumb Island, named Rebecca. Her daughter married Samuel Brown, Jr., whose daughter, Mary, married Amon Taber. In the year 1740, Richard Brown was commissioned a captain in the militia of Oysterponds, under George the second. He was likewise appointed, with John Tuthill, Esq., to take charge of the heretofore mentioned cannon. If this John Tuthill, third, was he who was called Squire John, he must, at the time, have been eighty-two years of age, as he was born 1658, and died 1754, about ninety-seven years of age. This charge to Richard Brown was fifty-four years after his father's death; of course, if this was Richard Brown, Jr., he too must have been an old man—I should say seventy odd. Richard Brown, third, I should suppose was born about the year 1700. He died about 1776, aged nearly eighty years. His wife was Hannah Hawk, mentioned before. He had sons, viz.: Richard, fourth, Samuel, and Christopher; one daughter, Hannah. Richard, fourth, had a son, Richard Brown, fifth; and Richard, fifth, had a son, who was Richard Brown, sixth, who removed with his family into the northern part of this State. There

are now but two families of the male line in this place, viz.: Deacon Peter Brown, of the sixth generation, and Captain Edwin Brown, of the seventh generation.

Richard Brown, 4th, was, with his brother Samuel, drowned in the month of March, 1770, both leaving families. There were four in the boat at the time, viz: John King, Peter Brown, Richard Brown and Samuel Brown. They were all drowned in Gardiner's Bay, near Easthampton.

Rev. John Youngs, the first minister at Southold, in 1640, had four sons, viz: John, Benjamin, Gideon and Thomas. Thus, Gideon Youngs was the third son, and as he was born in 1638, must have been only two or three years old when the Youngs farm was purchased at Oysterponds. We cannot say, but it appears that Gideon Youngs was owner and possessor of some four hundred acres of land, as before noticed, as early as 1660. It is not probable that he took possession of the farm before he was twenty one years old, and that would be in 1659. He had two sons, viz: Gideon Jr., and Jonathan. The time of Gideon, Jr.'s, death is not known. Jonathan died in 1778, in his ninety-third year. The father, Gideon Youngs, Sr., died in November, 1699, aged sixty-one years.

Gideon, Jr.'s, sons were—1st. Reuben; 2d. Silas; 3d. Abimel; 4th. Gideon; 5th. Henry; 6th. Walter. The three first and the fifth mentioned, about 1732, went and settled in Orange County, N. Y. Henry died in 1767; Abimel died just after the War of the Revolution; Reuben and Silas in about 1800—very

aged men. They were all men of respectability, and their descendants are many in that section of the country. Walter has been previously noticed. Gideon Youngs, 3d, left a son Gideon and two daughters. The son, Gideon, 4th, died childless, leaving his name, on the male side of his family, extinct.

Jonathan Youngs' sons were—1st. Jonathan; 2d. Joseph; 3d. Jeremiah; and 4th. Richard. Jonathan was born in 1710, and died in 1770; Joseph died in 1816, over ninety-five years of age. Jonathan Youngs, Sr., had two daughters, viz: Dorothy and Phœbe. The first married Jeremiah Tuthill, Sr. The second married Christopher Tuthill, Sr. There is, at this time, about nine or ten of the families, descendants of Jonathan Youngs, living in Orient. Yet, altogether, they do not own or possess more than one hundred and twenty acres of the first purchase of four hundred acres.

Thomas Youngs was the son of Joshua Youngs, who was the son of Benjamin Youngs, who was the son of Colonel John Youngs, who was the son of Rev. John Youngs. He was one of the Judges of the County Court, and several times a Representives in the Assembly. He resided near where Greenport is situated, and owned some five hundred acres of land, bounded on the north by the Sound, and the bay, or Shelter Island Ferry, on the south. From east to west, it was near a mile on the main or country road, running through about the centre of said farm. The Judge was a man of liberal education, benevolent, and a wise counsellor, but very tenacious of his large farm. Not a foot of it would he dispose of for any consideration. He died about 1793. His son Thomas then came in possession,

and, as to land, he was in mind much as his father. He died in 1816. He left five sons, who next inherited said farm. It is now divided up into small farms. His children and grand-children, with Dr. Frederic W. Lord and David G. Floyd, now possess and own the most of it.

John Youngs, the 3rd, son of Judge Thomas Youngs, married Matsey, the daughter of Christopher and Phœbe Tuthill, by whom he had two sons—John and William, and daughter, Mehitable. John, Sr., was one of the noblest works of God—an honest man. He came in possession of the farm of the late John Tuthill, 4th, who died about 1746. Was son to the John Tuthill known in his day as Squire John, before mentioned.

Judge Thomas Youngs' wife was Rhoda Budd, whose sisters were Hannah and Mehitable. Hannah married William Moore, whom she survived many years. At her death, she was in her eighty-fourth year. Mehitable married Daniel Tuthill, Jr. He died in 1768, leaving her his widow.

Richard Terry, one of the said thirteen families, was the progenitor of all the families of the name of Terry in Oysterponds, Southold and Cutchogue, up to 1660, at which date, Thomas Terry came to Southold. How near Thomas was related to the family of Richard—or whether he was at all—we know not. Richard Terry settled down with his household near where Counsellor Cady now resides. What number of children he had, we are not informed; but we have seen the signatures of John Terry, Jr., which he signed in 1685 and 1698.

This man must have been the son of John Terry, Sr., who was son to said Richard Terry. This John Terry, Jr., settled at what was then called Oysterponds, as early as 1660, or near that time. His wife was the daughter of Nathaniel Moore. It appears that Nathaniel Moore, son of Thomas Moore, who died June 20, 1691, owned a farm, which is now owned by Orange Petty, John O. Terry, and some small parcels of it by others. John Terry, Sr., was son of Richard Terry, who was grandfather to John Terry, Jr., who was father to John Terry, 3rd, who was father to Joseph Terry, Sr., whose only son was Joseph Terry, Jr., who was born September, 1766, and died in this village in January, 1852, aged eighty-six years.

Joseph Terry, Jr., held the office of Justice of the Peace for thirty years, and that of Post-master for twenty-eight years. He married Huldah, the daughter of Amon and Sibil Taber, by whom he had six children, viz: John Orville, born 1796; Henry Horace, born 1798; Helen, born in 1801; Caroline, born 1804; William and Samuel, twins, born 1811. Mrs. Terry, the mother, died June, 1835.

John Terry, Jr.'s, wife, the daughter of Nathaniel Moore, was named Hannah. By her he had eight children, viz: 1st. John, born 1698, died 1785; 2d. Nathaniel, born in 1700; 3rd. Richard, born 1705; 4th. Samuel, born 1706; 5th. Robert, born 1711. Daughters were three, viz: Sally, born 1703; Hannah, born 1709; Abigail, born 1714.

John Terry, 3rd, married Martha Petty, by whom he had ten children, viz: 1st. John, born 1730; 2d. Joseph, born 1732; 3rd. Nathaniel, born 1736; 4th.

Mary, twin with Nathaniel; 5th. Jeremiah, born 1738; 6th. Martha, born 1724; 7th. Bethia, born 1728; 8th. Elizabeth, born 1741; 9th. Hannah, born 1743; 10th. Mehitable, born 1745.

Joseph, the second son of John Terry, 3rd, and Martha, his wife, married Sibyl King, by whom he had seven children, viz: 1st. Sibyl, born1764; 2d. Joseph, born 1766; 3rd. Prudence, born 1769; 4th. Died young; 5th. do.; 6th. Mary, born 1778; 7th. Elizabeth born 1781.

Thomas Moore, who died near Sterling, in 1803, aged about seventy years, was for some time Supervisor, which office, I believe, he held at the time of his death. John Moore, of Rocky Point, his cotemporary, who reared a large family of sons and daughters, was, we understand, his near of akin. If so, Thomas Moore, who died in 1691, and left his property to his two sons, John and Nathaniel, was progenitor of Thomas, of Sterling, and John, of Rocky Point. This John was the son of John Moore, who was the son of Nathaniel Moore, who was the son of Thomas, who died in 1691.

John Moore, of Rocky Point, married Mehitable, daughter of John and Patience Havens. Patience was the daughter of Deacon Daniel Tuthill. Thomas Moore, of Sterling, married Mary, the daughter of Jeremiah Vail, 3rd. Their children were, sons: 1st. Thomas; 2d. Jonathan; 3rd. Benjamin; 4th. Jeremiah. Daughters: 1st. Jane; 2d. Nancy; 3rd. Polly; 4th. Betsey. Jeremiah, the fourth son, who was a colonel of militia, and a respectable farmer, died 21st January, 1837.

Ezekiel Aldridge, of Upper Acquebogue, aged sixty years, is the son of the late Jason Aldridge, who died in 1829, aged sixty years. Jason was the son of Stephen, who died in 1800, in his eighty-first year; Stephen was the grandson of Jacob or Gershom Aldridge, who were of the first settlers of this town. Ezekiel married Mary, the daughter of the late Jared Griffin, before mentioned.

John King, the first of his family to Oysterponds, came from Plymouth, England, about the year 1650, or near that date. He, with his household, settled on the west part of what is now our village. Here he died, leaving two sons, William and Samuel. He may have had more children, but we are not informed. Samuel, who died in 1721, aged eighty-nine years, must have been his second son.

William left four sons, viz: 1st. John, whose wife was Molly Corey.

2d. Zebulon, whose wife was Anna Hawk. She died about 1774; he in 1776.

3rd. Samuel; married Elizabeth Brown, of Rocky Point, now East Marion.

4th. Ephraim, who married Elizabeth Vail.

Zebulon died in 1776; his wife in 1774. There are none of his descendants of the name of King at this time living in Orient. Ephraim, when over eighty-four years of age, led the field as a reaper in harvesting Major Nathaniel King's wheat. His co-laborors were young, hearty men, but this old gentleman was the first amidst them in the field. There is now only one

family of his descendants residing here, viz: Ephraim King, and he is of the fourth generation.

John Clark, of Greenport, is the son of John Clark, Jr., who died at Mattituck in October, 1855, aged ninety-three years. John Clark, Sr., died, aged about eighty-five years, thirty years since. This John, Sr., was a son or grandson of Thomas Clark, Jr., and Elizabeth, his wife; and Thomas, Jr., was the son of Thomas Clark, Sr., and Mary, his wife, who were with the early settlers of our town.

The families by the name of Clark now living at East Marion, in this town are formerly from Connecticut. About the year 1790, Francis Clark came to that place, then called Rocky Point, with a wife and young family of children. He was a blacksmith by trade, and an industrious man. At his death, which was some twenty odd years ago, he left three sons, viz: Benjamin, Francis and Palmer; and daughter—Susan. Palmer and Susan (a good woman) are gone to their final rest.

Samuel Glover, Sr., who was a middle-aged man in 1698, was himself, or his father, the first of the family and name that came to Southold. His wife's name was Sarah. Their son, whose name was also Samuel, had a wife, Martha. Samuel, Jr., we should say, was father to Charles Glover, of Oysterponds, and whose wife was Elizabeth Paine. She died in 1803, aged ninety-three

years. They had two daughters, viz: Lydia, who lived to the age of about ninety-five years, and Elizabeth, called Betsey, before noticed.

Lydia married Jonathan King, of Orient, and Elizabeth married Jeremiah Vail, fourth, of the same place. She was great-grandmother to my neighbor, the present Gelston Vail. Mrs. Elizabeth Vail's husband was Jeremiah Vail, the fourth, as noticed—reckoning from his progenitor, Jeremiah Vail, the first, who came to Orient about 1650, and settled at or near Oysterpond Point, as it was then called. This first Jeremiah is the ancestor of the Vails at Riverhead, East Marion, and of this village. Many of the same family are scattered in other parts of our wide-spread country. There was a John Vail who came and settled at Southold, in 1700, and supposed to be not near akin to Jeremiah. This John's descendents are many—some at Southold, several families in Orange county, and in other parts of the country. Harvey W. Vail, of the town of Islip, in this county, is a descendent of said John Vail.

Simon Glover, the brother of Charles Glover, died of small-pox about 1760. He left a son, Ezekiel, who married Mary, the daughter of John Terry, third. This Ezekiel Glover, Sen., was father to Ezekiel Glover, Jr., and Jeremiah, Charles, and Mary. Ezekiel, Jr.'s, wife was Phebe, daughter of Richard and Zipporah Brown. Their children were—1st, Erastus; 2d, Jeremiah; 3d, Warren, 4th, James; 5th, David Tuthill; 6th, Eze-

kiel; 7th, Phebe; 8th, Jemima. Mrs. Phebe Glover died August, 1855, in her ninty-first year.

Charles Glover, I have said, had two daughters; he likewise had one son, whose name was Grover. Being an only son, he was delicately reared up, the beloved of his mother. He lived a bachelor. He died in 1803, aged sixty-one years, believing himself the true heir of the Hon. Richard Glover, Member of the British Parliament, who died in 1785, leaving a very large estate, and no heirs of his body in England.

Edward Petty, the first of the family of that name to Oysterponds, was living in 1682.

Joseph Petty, who died in the summer of 1787, aged about seventy, was, we believe, the son of Joseph and Mary Petty, who were middle-aged people in 1698. This Joseph was son to John and Mary Petty, or Edward Petty, of the same family. John and Edward were owners of the farm in this place, now in the possession of their descendents of the fifth generation.

Joseph, first mentioned, who died in 1787, married Miss Bradley, by whom he had eight children, viz.: 1st, Mehitable; 2d, Mary; 3d, Jemima; 4th, Hannah; 5th, Joseph; 6th, Daniel; 7th, Jonathan; 8th, David. These children were born betwixt the years 1750 and 1768. All lived to have families; and in 1830 these eight sons and daughters were all deceased. The property of Edward was assessed, September 16th, 1675, at £95.

The present Thomas Petty is the son of David Petty, Jr., who is the son of the late David Petty, Sen., who

was the son of Joseph Petty, second, who was the son of John Petty, who was the son of John or Edward Petty—making him of the sixth generation.

Jeremiah Vail (or Veale, as it was spelt by the first of that family to this town) came to Oysterponds about the year 1650. Some short time after his arrival here, he purchased the farm adjoining Plumgut, known as the point farm, now in the possession of the heirs of the late Jonathan F. Latham. Of Jeremiah Vail, Jr., and how much of a family he had, we are not able to say. His son, Jeremiah Vail, third, left a large family, whose descendents are scattered in many parts of our land. Jeremiah Vail, third, died in 1749, aged thirty-nine years. He had, by his wife Mary, nine children, whose names were—1st, Peter; 2d, Stephen; 3d, Abraham; 4th, Jeremiah; 5th, Joshua; 6th, David; 7th, Thomas; 8th, Mary; and 9th, Mehitable.

Thomas married Hannah, the only daughter of Richard Brown, third, and Hannah, his wife, who was Hannah Hawk when a girl.

Abraham married Betsey Lee, the daughter of Rev. Mr. Lee who was sometime the preacher and minister of Oysterponds.

Not far from 1772, Captain Thomas Vail, as he was called, and his brother, Abraham Vail, with their families, moved into the State of Vermont. I think it was in or near the town of Pomphret where they first located, and where now a number of their descendents are living.

Stephen Vail married Hannah Petty. Their children

were—1st, Stephen, Jr.; 2d, Thomas; 3d, Joseph; 4th, Daniel.

Stephen Vail, Jr., married Ruth, the daughter of Jonathan and Lydia Terry.

Thomas Vail married Abigail Dudley.

Joseph Vail married Desire Beebe.

Daniel Vail married Jemima Beebe.

Peter Vail, son to Jeremiah Vail, third, was born March 25, 1722, and married Martha, daughter of John Terry, third, who was born in 1724, by whom he had eight children, viz.: 1st son was Peter, born 1754; 2d, Silas; 3d, James; 4th, Nathaniel; daughters, viz.: 1st, Esther; 2d, Mary; 3d, Mehitable; 4th, Sally.

Peter Vail, Jr., married Thankful, the daughter of John Griffin, Jr., of Riverhead, N. Y. She was born in 1752. Their children were nine in number, viz.: Thankful, John, Peter, Silas, Sarah, Jasper, Charles, Patty, and Gamaliel.

Charles, the fifth son, by his wife Betsey, has had twelve children, viz.: William, Peter, Eliza, Sally, Hiram, infant, (died,) Louisa, Nancy, Jane, James, Susan, and Daniel.

He was about eight years old, when himself, with his brothers and sisters, were deprived of their father by death. Their mother, a strong-minded woman, left with the most limited means, supported and reared nine children.

Charles Vail is the son of Peter Vail, Jr., who was the son of Peter Vail, Sen., who was the son of Jeremiah Vail, third, who was the son of Jeremiah Vail, Jr., who was the son of Jeremiah Vail, Sen., the first

of the family and name to the State of Vermont—making him the sixth generation.

Died, on Staten Island, on 3d February, 1853, Daniel Hull Wickham, in the eighty-third year of his age—a native of this town—in which his father, a very respectable member of the community, died near the close of the Revolutionary War, leaving a widow, with three sons and four daughters. Daniel, above noticed, was at the time not more than eight or nine years of age. Mr. Wickham, the father, whose name was Joseph, was one of five brothers, respectable townsmen. The names of these brothers were, viz.: Joseph, Parker, John, Thomas, and Hull. Joseph, Parker, and John were permanent residents of Southold during their lives. Parker, who was known as Major Wickham, died soon after the war of the Revolution. John lived to an advanced life. Daniel was a man of liberal education and of sound piety. He left two sons—one a clergyman, the other a goldsmith.

Thomas settled in Orange County, near Goshen. He became greatly respected as a physician. He died near the year 1794, leaving a widow, two sons, John and Thomas, and a daughter. One of the sons, John, was a lawyer of much promise; but he died ere he attained thirty-five years.

Hull Wickham, the fifth of the brothers, was a bachelor, with the affable address of the old school. He died not far from 1790.

There was a Joseph Wickham, Sen., and Sarah, his wife, who were living at Southampton in 1698. We

believe they were the grand-parents of these five sons, as this must have been forty years before the five brothers were born. Joseph and Sarah had a son at the time, who was Joseph Wickham, Jr. This son must have been their father.

Joseph Wickham, Esq., eldest son of Major Parker Wickham, was bred to the law. After the Revolution, he went to London, and boldly petitioned George III. for redress for his father's suffering in the war. He received attention to his address; was well rewarded for his visit to Europe of a year or two; returned with a sufficiency to make his after days comfortable, as to a competency. Soon after his return he married Phebe, the youngest daughter of Dr. Micah Moore.

Joseph Wickham, Esq., died in 1806.

Capt. Thomas Wickham, brother to Joseph, died at Mattituck in 1846.

John Wickham, Esq., who died in 1836, at Richmond, Va., was the son of John Wickham of Cutchogue. He stood high in his profession, and was greatly respected as a counsellor and an orator. He particularly distinguished himself as one of the counsel for Col. Burr, when tried for treason in that city in 1804.

Captain Henry King was the second son of Benjamin and Betsey King, of Oysterponds. Capt. King was, for a number of years, commander of a ship sailing from Philadelphia, and was held in high estimation by those who knew him. He died in Philadelphia, in 1801, leaving a young widow. At the time of his death he left about nine thousand dollars, the avails of strict industry.

Elisha King was the son of Samuel and Hannah King, of Oysterponds. He too commanded a ship, from the same city, some years. He was a man of handsome acquirements, self-taught. He died near 1828.

John Brown, now in his seventy-eighth year, some thirty years ago commanded the fine ship Douglas, of New York, for several voyages, with much satisfaction to her owner.

Robert Harlow, of Oysterponds, commanded a ship from the city of Philadelphia. He was of prepossessing address, and much esteemed. He died some years since, on Shelter Island.

David Terry, of Oysterponds, and son to the late Col. Thomas Terry, was a valuable ship-master, from Newbern, North Carolina. He was lost at sea, with vessel and cargo.

John Paine was the first of the family of that name to Southold, from Europe, as early as 1660. This man must have been the father of Alsop Paine, who was born in 1700, and died in 1796, aged ninety-seven years. His property was assessed on September 16th, 1675, at £119 10*s*. He had two sons, viz.: Benjamin and John. Benjamin died in 1781, and his wife near that time, leaving a family of two or three children. John died August 15th, 1815.

The late Mr. Phineas Paine, of Southold, was the fifth or sixth son of John. Phineas was a very worthy member of society. He died suddenly, without a moment's sickness, in May, 1849, in his eighty-first year. Charles H. and Hubbard Paine are his sons, of the sixth generation.

Thomas Terry, noticed before, came to Southold not far from 1660. From old writings I have seen, I think he came some five or more years before that date. An assessment of his property was taken September 16th, 1675; amount, £129 10*s*. Jonathan, who was born forty-three years after this assessment, must, with his brothers, have been grandsons to this first Thomas Terry. Thomas Terry, Jr., was father to Thomas Terry, third, Jonathan, and William. The first of these three brothers came in possession of the homestead estate. The third son had three sons, viz.: Thomas, William, and Jonathan. William settled in New Jersey. Two of this William's sons, John and William, came to Long Island; the first to Acquebogue, where he died some years since, in advanced life. Major John Terry, who is at this time more than eighty-four years of age, owns the homestead. William settled near Moriches, where he died some years since. Thomas remained in New Jersey, where he died an aged man, having been married four times. Jonathan has been particularly noticed.

Mathias Corwin, who came to Southold in 1640, was no doubt father to John Corwin, whose assessment of his estate was taken September 16th, 1675, at £228 10*s*.

Deacon Barnabas Corwin, of Franklinville, near Mattituck, is about the sixth generation from Matthias Corwin, the first of the name and family to this country. The deacon is an ornament and a pillar in the church. His good wife was the daughter of Caleb Coleman, of Goshen, Orange County. He has a brother at New Windsor, Orange County. Thomas, known as Uncle

Tom Corwin, now living at Greenpoint, is another brother.

The late Hon. Usher H. Moore, Jr., of Riverhead, L. I., was for several years a representative in the Assembly of this State, and a member of the Convention chosen to frame the Constitution of this State, in 1821.

Usher H. Moore, Sen., was a soldier of the Revolution. My father and Christopher Tuthill, of Oysterponds, were with him at the battle on Long Island, in 1776. I have heard them say that he displayed true bravery and undaunted fortitude on that occasion. Mr. Tuthill also added that Mr. Moore was one of the handsomest men he ever saw.

Chauncey W. and John T. Moore, sons of Usher H. Moore, Jr., are at this time of the most respectable and responsible merchants in the city of New York.

John Booth came to Southold in the year 1656. He was the first of the family of his name. Thomas Booth, we believe, was his son, who, with his wife Mary, were middle-aged people in 1698.

Daniel Booth, who was born in 1700, was uncle or father to Lieut. Constant Booth, who kept an inn in the years 1755, '6, '7, and '8, at what is now Greenport.

The present Henry Booth is the son of the late Henry R. Booth, who was the son of Captain Joseph Booth, who was the son of Lieut. Constant Booth, who was the son of John Booth, who was the son of Thomas Booth, who was the son of the said first John Booth.

John B. Booth, Esq., of Bellevue, Jackson County, Iowa, is a descendent, in a regular line, from John Booth, Sen., who, with his family, was living at this town in 1698. His grand-father was a nephew to Lieut. Constant Booth.

In the year 1757, Gen. Washington, then Colonel, was at Sterling, (Greenport,) in this town. He was on his way to New London and Boston. He stopped for several hours at the inn then kept by Lieut. Constant Booth, which house yet stands, a few rods east of the Presbyterian Church. In the sitting room, in which Colonel Washington passed his time while at this place, were five or six young ladies, two of them daughters of Mr. Booth, viz., Hannah and Mary Booth, and Misses Mary Havens and Mary Youngs; the latter a sister of the late Judge Thomas Youngs. Braddock's disastrous battle and defeat, with the French and Indians, had then lately taken place, and young Washington's consummate judgment and cool heroism displayed on that occasion, were known and appreciated as well by his countrywomen as men. His reputation, as a gentleman and officer, was not second to any American in the colonies. Chance had brought him in the presence of these young women, and they observed and conversed with him with pride and much pleasure.

From Miss Havens I received my information of this interesting interview, and personal appearance at that time of this truly great man, whom Providence, it seems, had then designed should soon be regarded as "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his country-

men." Thirty years after this, he had, without a dissenting voice, become all this. She described him in person as rather tall and slender, but straight, and very dignified; perfectly affable, fair complection, a placid, even cast of countenance, and brilliant eye; mild in his deportment, with a pleasing, graceful manner. This account by Miss Havens is in accordance with the historian Irving's account of him. He made himself quite at home, and passed two or three hours in their immediate company. When his servant announced to him that the boat, which was to take him across the sound, was ready, he soon rose from his chair, and with much grace, in turn took each lady by the hand, saluted her with a kiss, and gravely asked their prayers, and bade them an affectionate adieu.

Miss Havens was a daughter of Constant Havens, of Hogneck, in the town of Southampton. She afterwards became the wife of Mr. Nathaniel Tuthill, of Oysterponds, (now Orient,) by whom she had five daughters, the youngest of whom was Lucretia, the affectionate and excellent wife of the writer of this incident. Mary Booth afterwards married, and one of her grandsons is the present William Austin Overton, of Southold, a son of the late Eleazer Overton, and nephew to the Rev. Isaac Overton, who died in 1799, and Gen. Seth Overton, who died in Portland, Conn., in 1852, aged ninety-three years.

About two years previous to this, (viz. 1755,) Dr. Benjamin Franklin passed through this island, from Brooklyn, to Southold Harbor, and in a carriage of his own construction. It was so contrived, with clock work or machinery of peculiar make, that a bell would be

struck at the termination of every twenty rods. By this means, the Doctor measured the distance accurately—his object, no doubt, being to ascertain the length of the island; and it seems a little strange that he did not proceed to the end. He stopped at the inn of my grandfather, Samuel Griffin, at the Harbor,* and who took him, the following day, across the Sound to New London. The Doctor was on his way to Boston to visit his widowed mother.

The dwelling house now owned and occupied by Jonathan Goldsmith Horton, is probably the oldest in the town. Barnabas Horton, one of the first settlers of the town, built the east part of the said house, about the year 1660, which was twenty years after his first landing at Southold. He was, at the time of his building said house, sixty years of age. His youngest son, Jonathan, built the west part some few years after. The east part of this house, therefore, has stood one hundred and ninety-five years!

It may not be uninteresting to many of my fellow-townsmen to know that in the year 1706, in this house, were married Henry Tuthill to Bethia Horton, and Daniel Tuthill to Mehitable Horton. Henry and Daniel were brothers, and grandsons of the first John Tuthill, and Bethia and Mehitable grand-daughters of the said first Barnabas Horton.

The first house for religious worship in Southold was built in 1642, and was also used to hold law courts in.

* One hundred miles from Brooklyn, as the road was at that day.

The benches on which the judges sat are now to be seen in the possession of Mr. Horton. The native Indians were considered, by some, dangerous enemies of the white man, and gave the then few inhabitants much trouble. It was usual to take the fire-arms even to this place of worship, for defence against sudden surprise. In the inside of this primitive church there were boards with notches in them for the purpose, and used to stand the guns of the worshipers against during divine service.

Mr. Horton has also some of these boards, in a good state of preservation, although prepared more than two hundred years ago. We of this day have a very imperfect conception of the inconveniences, privations, and gloom experienced in those times.

Rev. Timothy Wells, before noticed, was of Cutchogue until he accepted a call to take charge and preside over the church at Upper Acquebogue, about the year 1759. The members of this church had separated from the old Acquebogue church, some three or four years previous to this time. For this act, they were called "Separates;" and by many of those from whom they had withdrawn, called "New-lights." As a body, they were a very devout people. Their meetings, which were often and well attended, were full of brotherly love and Christian harmony. Previous to Mr. Wells taking charge of the Society, they had no stated preaching. A Rev. Mr. Paine, Rev. Mr. Lee, and Rev. Samuel Sweezy occasionally ministered to them. To their small number, there were almost weekly additions of sound and sincere Gospel believers.

Mr. Wells was a man of a strong, sound mind, and his sterling piety and exemplary life was without reproach. He left, at his decease, a widow and four children, viz.: Timothy, Richard, Elijah, and Deborah. This daughter married Samuel Tuthill, of Cutchogue.

Richard and Elijah moved into Orange County, and were respectable farmers.

Timothy, Jr., was for some time a deacon of the church of Cutchogue, over which Rev. Zachariah Green presided, with much satisfaction. Deacon Timothy was a man of sound principles, and a pious pillar in the church. He died near 1800, leaving a widow and three children, viz.: John, Polly, and another daughter.

A great-grandson of the Rev. Timothy Wells is now living at Mattituck, on the farm once the property of Mr. John Gardiner. This great-grandson, John Wells, Jr., now owns a large part of said farm. We believe he is a worthy descendent of his reverend ancestor, who was of the fourth generation from Henry Wells, Esq., the first of the family and name to Southold.

The present Ira Tuthill, of Mattituck, is the son of the late Jesse Tuthill, who was the son of Samuel Tuthill, who was the son of Joshua Tuthill, Jr., who was the son of Joshua Tuthill, Sen., who was the son of James Tuthill, who was the son of John Tuthill, Sen., who first came to Southold, as before stated.

Our friend, this Ira Tuthill, is the seventh generation, counting from the Pilgrim Father, and so is the present Ira B. Tuthill, son of the late Daniel Tuthill, of Cutchogue.

William Solomon, of Southold, was the son, or grandson, of William Solomon, who was, with his family, living in the town in 1698. William's household consisted of a number of sons and daughters, all young and promising, about the years 1760 to 1775, viz: 1st. Jonathan; 2d. Phineas; 3d. Gideon; 4th. William; 5th. John; 6th. Joshua; and daughters—Polly and Hannah.

Gideon kept a respectable tavern at New Windsor, in 1790; Jonathan settled in Blooming Grove, Orange county; John lived at Newburgh; Phineas located somewhere in Pennsylvania.

Hannah married a Zacheus Case, near the village of Goshen; Polly married a Mr. Reeve, at Southold.

William Solomon, the father of this family, died near 1800. John Solomon, who died in 1762, aged sixty-years, gave a house and lands to the parish of Southold. I believe he was never married.

The Southold and Huntington family of Vail's are descendents of John Vail, who came to this town from Wales, in the year 1700. He was born near 1670. He was a pious man, and died about the year 1760. His children were—1st. John; 2d. Benjamin; 3rd. Peter; 4th. Obediah; 5th. Jonathan; 6th. Jeremiah; 7th. Hannah; 8th. Mary; 9th. Martha; 10th. Amitta.

It was John Vail, a soldier, the first son and child of the senior John Vail, that knocked down a British officer—Col. Bradstreet—at the peril of his life. This bold daring was in the French War, previous to the Revolution. Although in humble life, he was proverbial for his bravery and personal courage when honor

and truth were at stake. He made this daring effort to vindicate his honor, although himself but a humble soldier. Col. Bradstreet called Vail "a Yankee liar." This John Vail lived to see his ninety-first year. He had commanded a vessel in his younger days, which, in after life, gave him the appellation of Captain J. Vail. His look was peculiar, being cross-eyed. As a votary of truth, I doubt whether he ever had his superior.

Russel Vail, of Southold, is grandson to Peter Vail, who was the third son of John Vail, the 1st. Joseph H. Goldsmith, Esq., of the same place, is, on the maternal side, great-grandson to John Vail, Jr., the man who, while in a humble station, would not take an insult from a British colonel.

His mother was Mary, the third child of Captain Elisha Vail, who was third child of the second John Vail.

Addison Goldsmith, the brother of Joseph H., was the second son of Zacheus and Mary Goldsmith. He was born in 1803, and died suddenly at Laporte, Indiana, August 5, 1838. He was a young man of profound erudition, amiable, and of great promise. He had but just completed his studies as a physician; his prospects were fair, and a hope of future usefulness gave solid consolation to his humane and Howard-like heart.

James and John Prince were brothers. John settled in Southold, where he died in 1765, aged seventy-eight

years; he was born in 1687. We do not know whether his brother James ever came to America. Joseph Prince, an inhabitant of Southold, was John's son, and was born in 1719; died in 1805, in his eighty-fifth year. His family consisted of four sons, viz: 1st. John; 2d. Joseph; 3rd. Benjamin; and 4th. Thomas.

John Prince, Joseph's first son, had three sons, viz: John, Ezra and Martin. Ezra died in 1824. His wife was Phœbe Horton, by whom he had two sons, viz: Albert and Orin; daughters—Martha, Betsey, Lucretia, Phœbe and Ann. Orin was born November 14, 1816; was married to my grand-daughter, Maria L. Wells, January 17, 1839.

Nathaniel Tuthill, Sr., before noticed as the son of Freegift Tuthill, died September 16, 1803, in his seventy-third year. His wife, Martha, but called Patty, was the daughter of Joseph Wickham, of this town. She was sister to Daniel H. Wickham, Esq., also before noticed. The present Hector Craig Tuthill, now living at Kellogsville, in Cayuga county, is the son of said Nathaniel.

Isaac Hubbard was the first, or the son of the first, of that family to this town. He was born 1694, and died in 1771, aged seventy-seven years. His wife was Bethia Goldsmith, we believe of the family of Zacheus Goldsmith, settled at Southold near 1690. They had sons, viz: 1st. Richard Stears; 2d. William; 3rd. Isaac; 4th. John; 5th. Thomas. Richard S. died in

1796, aged seventy-two years; William, a merchant at Southold village, where he died in 1771, in his forty-fourth year; Isaac, third son, died at Tarpaulian Cove, Massachusetts, where a stone marks his grave; Thomas, fourth son, died at Guilford, Connecticut, aged about twenty years; John, fifth son, kept a tavern at Mattituck, where he died in 1775, in his thirty-sixth year. His eldest son, John Hubbard, Jr., succeeded his father, inheriting the homestead, where he kept an inn from the year 1776 to 1826. Jefferson and Madison were his guests for a day, about the year 1785 or '86.

Richard S. Hubbard, first son of Isaac and Bethia, was a most worthy member of the church. He had three sons, viz: Richard S., Daniel and Benjamin. Richard S. Hubbard, Jr., was a man of sound and marked piety. He was some years a Deacon of Rutgers Church, in New York, which office he held at the time of his death, in 1821, aged seventy years. The second son was Daniel Hubbard, an honest, bold man. When a young man, he was taken while in an American privateer, and confined on board of one of the prison-ships in New York. He survived as by a miracle that horrid confinement. Afterwards, he went as first mate of a ship to the East Indies, from which he returned in less than two years as captain of the same ship. Later in his life he married, and for some years was a respectable inspector of beef and pork. His sun of life set in a cloud—he died suddenly, a disappointed man.

Benjamin, the third son, died not much over twenty-two years of age.

William, second son of Isaac and Bethia, had four

sons, viz: 1st. William; 2d. John; 3rd. Butler; and 4th. Nathaniel. The second, third and fourth followed the sea; the second and fourth were drowned. The first, William, was a very respectable clerk in a counting-house in Philadelphia for many years. Some few years before his death, he was clerk in a large sugar house in New York. He died over seventy years of age, a respectable bachelor.

Nathaniel T. Hubbard, now of the city of New York, is the oldest son of the late Deacon Richard S. Hubbard, of Rutgers Church, of that city. Mr. Hubbard is, and has been for some years past, doing a large business as a provision merchant—more so in that line than any other house in our country; perhaps, in the world. To his parents, he manifested all the graces inherited by Joseph of old. To his brothers and sisters, he, at all times, has shown a heart susceptible of all that is good, kind and affectionate. His family consists of a wife of endearing virtue, three sons, viz: Samuel, William and Cyrus; daughters—Susan, Mary, Louisa and Josephine.

Moses Case, of Cutchogue, died September 25th, 1814, aged ninety-one years. He was known as Lieut. Moses Case, a worthy member of the community. He left three sons, viz.: Gilbert, Luther, and Matthias—all deserving the esteem of those appreciating the value of integrity and humanity. Luther left sons, Ebenezer W. and Joseph Wickham, and several daughters. Ebenezer W. was a man of extensive information—served his town and county as a supervisor, town clerk, repre-

sentative in the Assembly of the State, judge, and surrogate. He died on the first of March, 1844. Joseph Wickham is also a man of good attainments, and has filled several town and county offices. Matthias, the third son of Lieut. Case, died in October, 1831. He left a widow, who was, previous to her marriage, Julia, the second daughter of Dr. Micah Moore, both before noticed, and four children—1st, Hutchinson H.; 2d, Albert G.; 3d, Jerusha; and 4th, Maria.

Lieut. Case was the son of Benjamin Case, who was the son of Theopholis Case, who was son to the first of that family and name to this town, about 1660.

Elisha Mulford settled at Oysterponds, with his family, in April, 1805. He was a descendent of John Mulford, who was one of the first settlers of Easthampton, in this county, in 1648. Mr. Mulford was a valuable member of society, and for many years previous to his death, a deacon in the church in this village. He died August 11th, 1828, in his seventy-ninth year, leaving a wife and six children, viz.: Phebe, Polly, Jerusha, and Fanny; sons, Sylvanus and Elisha.

Sylvanus, the oldest son, about the year 1816 removed to and located himself at Montrose, in Pennsylvania. At that place he has resided forty years, has reared an interesting family, and been successful in life.

Elisha, the second son, owns and occupies the old homestead, and is, of respectable consideration, a worthy man. His wife is the grand-daughter of the late Col. Thomas Terry, who was formerly the owner of the same farm, as before noticed, then about two hundred

and ten acres. His children are—1st, Fanny Lucella; 2d; Betsey Ann; 3d, Benjamin King; 4th, Elisha Hampton.

Lewis A. Edwards, of this village, is the eighth generation from William Edwards, who was one of the first settlers of Easthampton, in the year 1648.

The history of this gentleman is a happy illustration of our government and laws, when aided by talent, integrity, and industry. From indigence, he has arisen to opulence under the benign influence of this fortunate combination of individual worth with civil immunities.

John Conkline, who, with his household, made one of the memorable families heretofore noticed, died April 6th, 1694, aged sixty-three years. Jonathan Conkline, late of the village of Southold, whose sons were Benjamin and Augustus, was the fifth generation from the above said John. The late Dr. David Conkline, of Acquebogue, was also a descendent of the said John.

About the year 1796, Captain Matthew Tuthill, a young man of sterling industry and trust, commenced running a handsome sloop, the Seaflower, weekly, from this place to New York, with freight and passengers. This he continued to do with success and satisfaction for more than twelve years.

Capt. Tuthill was one of twelve children, of Christopher and Phebe Tuthill. Their youngest, a daughter,

died when over thirty years of age. He died in January, 1812, leaving a widow and two children—a son, Howel, and a daughter, Phebe. Howel is now President of a Bank in Elmira, Tioga county, and Phebe is respectably married, and residing in the same town.

Jonathan Terry, known as Captain Jonathan Terry, who died July 22d, 1820, aged fifty years, and his brother, Jesse, who died February 3d, 1831, for many years sailed handsome coasting vessels from this village.

These Messrs. Terry were patterns of industry, prudence, and of business habits; moral rectitude marked all their dealings. They were the sons of Jonathan Terry, Jr., who was the son of Thomas Terry, third, who was the son of Thomas Terry, second, who was the son of Thomas Terry, first.

Daniel Beebe sailed a handsome packet sloop, once a week, to New York, from this place, for fourteen years, viz.: from 1818 to 1832. In 1832 he sold his vessel, and purchased a farm on Southold Hogneck, where he now resides in domestic quiet.

Captain Beebe is the son of the late Nathan Beebe, Jr., who was the son of Nathan Beebe, Sen., who was the son of Samuel Beebe, Jr., who was the son of Samuel Beebe, Sen., who was the son of Joseph Beebe, who came from Plymouth, as before noticed.

About one hundred and fifty rods, in a north-easterly

course, from the stately dwelling of Lewis A. Edwards, on the banks of the Sound, and within fifteen rods of what is called Little Munn Pond, in the year 1819, a vessel was built of about one hundred tons. Her owners were Richard Jerome, Matthew Gardner, and Capt. Caleb Dyer. She was of beautiful draught, schooner-rigged, and called "Enterprise." Although the beach over which she was to glide into her destined element was very rocky, yet she was launched, and no accident happened. This was rather a novel spot to build a vessel, as all will see who visit the site.

About 1755 a Mr. Munn, a taylor by trade, owned and lived in a house which stood within twenty rods of where this vessel was built. It was removed or taken down some years before the war of the Revolution. Hence the name of the large and small pieces of water there.

Capt. Caleb Dyer commanded the above schooner for the first year, sailing to and from Boston. Captain Grant B. Racket took charge of her in 1821. Some years after this he commanded the schooner Lagrange, in which he followed, very successfully, the southern trade. Capt. Racket died suddenly, in Charleston, S. C., in 1832. In the spring of 1833, his body was brought to this place and buried.

Capt. Dyer died in November, 1852, in his seventy-fourth year. He had, for the most part of the last forty-five years of his life, commanded several fine coasting vessels to New York, Boston, Newport, and Nantucket. At one time, which was on the 12th of December, 1839, he took about four tons of pork, besides other articles, to Nantucket, from this village.

In 1798 he came to Oysterponds, in his twentieth year, at the time owing his step-father, Mr. Asa Smith, twenty or more dollars for his *time*. About 1801 he married Mehitable, a daughter of Christopher and Hannah Brown, by whom he had five children, viz.: Laura, Rosetta B., Elizabeth B., Henry, and Hubble. On the 20th of August, 1844, Mrs. Dyer, the mother, departed this life. On the 26th of June, 1845, Capt. Dyer married his second wife Julia, the daughter of Elias Terry. She is now his widow, with two interesting boys.

Capt. Dyer was the son of Caleb Dyer, Esq., of New London, Conn. In 1780 he was sailing-master of the American frigate Shelaila, of thirty-six guns. She sailed that year on a cruise, with a crew of four hundred or more men. After she left port, neither she nor any one of that number were ever heard of after.

In my previous notices of the ship-captains which this small village has raised, I omitted the name of Robert Brown, a native of this village, and who is now commanding a regular fine packet to the South. Captain Brown is a noble, whole-souled gentleman of the old school.

Edmund P. Brown, of this village, is the son of Deacon Peter Brown, who was the son of Christopher Brown, who was the son of Ensign Richard Brown, third, who was the son of Richard Brown, Jr., (who held a commission as militia captain under George II.,) who was son to Richard Brown, first, who died in 1806. He, too, has commanded several noble ships in the

whaling and mercantile line, with profit to himself and owners. In one of his voyages, Captain Brown paid his owners forty per cent. on their capital advanced. Although but about forty years of age, he has circumnavigated the globe four times, and doubled Cape Horn ten times, as master.

The first packet sloop which made weekly trips from Southold to New York, after the war of 1812, was the Juno, commanded by Captain Benjamin Wells. This was in 1816. In 1818, he sailed the sloop Suffolk; in 1822, he took charge of the sloop George; in 1825, the sloop Regulator; in 1828, the sloop Superior; and in 1844, the sloop Swallow, which, with success, he sailed until 1852, when he retired to his farm in the village of Southold. Captain Wells is the sixth generation from William Wells, of 1640.

William Booth, a lineal descendant of John Booth, who came to Southold in 1656, and one of the most accommodating of men, sailed the sloop Prudence some fifteen years to New York, weekly, from Southold.

Lion Gardner, late of Southold, N. Y., was born near 1740; died about 1810. He was born poor—lived and died poor; and, but for the strength of his body, would not have been remembered beyond his generation. In 1773 and '74, he lived at Rocky Point, about thirty rods south-east of what is called the Dam Bridge. He

was a blacksmith by trade; a very honest man. Had a wife and four or five children; stood more than six feet high; athletic, but not fleshy—at all times careful not to show his strength, except when excited by liquor, of which he was fond. On one of these occasions, he consented to have placed on his back ten bushels of good wheat, with which he walked off as easy as Sampson carried off the gates of the Philistines. On another occasion, assisting a neighbor to catch a horse, while attempting to seize the mane, the horse leaped a string-board fence, which, as he cleared, Gardner caught its tail, by which he brought the horse back, fence and all. On another time, a large ox cart, which must have weighed over a ton, with eight men on it, Gardner lifted clear of the ground; another time while at work in his shop, and off his guard, three stout men seized him, two by each leg behind, and the third jumped on his back. In short order, with his two hands, he crushed to the ground the two on his legs, and then pulled the one off his back, placing him on the others.

John Seaman, one of the early settlers of Hempstead, Long Island, came from Essex, England, about 1650. He landed at Boston, at the time being an apprentice, and with his master, a house carpenter. At the age of twenty-one years he left Boston, and came to Hempstead, Long Island, which then contained but a very few white inhabitants. As soon as the inhabitants had increased in numbers sufficient to warrant it necessary, he was chosen a captain of militia, and soon after a jus-

tice of the peace. The Indians were now and then jealous, and showed indications of doing mischief. Those difficulties were always settled by Capt. Seaman, whom the natives appeared to love and venerate.

He, Seaman, married and became the father of eight sons and eight daughters, all of whom lived to be married and have families except one. His posterity, now of about the seventh and eighth generations, are numerous, and among the most respectable of our State, and the counties of Suffolk and Queens.

Captain Seaman and six of his sons were patentees in the town of Hempstead, in the year 1660.

While he held the office of magistrate, the Society of Friends, in his vicinity, were much ill treated. In him they at all times found a confiding friend. Although not of their Society, he was a charitable and just magistrate.

Silas Carl, of Westbury, near Hempstead, a man of great wealth and consideration in the Society of Friends, married Elizabeth Seaman, a descendent of the seventh generation from John Seaman, the pilgrim father.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

A Heartless Friend.

The friendship of some people (may I not say many?) is like our shadows—plain and close to us when the sun shines clear; but the moment we get into the shade, it deserts us. So in the bright sun of prosperity, we are surrounded with friends, and inundated with civilities; but let a cloud of misfortune and adversity overshadow us, and where are they!

Obituary.

Died, on the evening of the 21st inst., at the residence of his son-in-law, in the city of New York, Benjamin F. Thompson, Esq., Counsellor at Law, of an illness of about three-fourths of an hour, supposed to have been a disease of the heart or stomach, aged sixty-four years. The remains were brought to his residence in Hempstead, and on Saturday, at one o'clock, P. M., followed by a numerous and widespread portion of the community to his grave, by the side of that of his deceased son, Henry, in his own

burying-ground, adjoining the Presbyterian Church yard.

Perhaps there never lived in our county an individual whose death cast a more general gloom over the minds of its inhabitants. Not that he was less liable to our common destiny than every other of his race, but that he was so well beloved and so extensively known, and called, too, in apparent usual health, in the very act of professional employment—in the midst of his usefulness—the vigor of his cultivated intellect unimpaired—the vast stores of his knowledge in constant accumulation—the eye yet undimmed, and his natural strength unabated. Society at home and abroad were indeed saddened; and well might we feel humbled, and take upon ourselves the insignia of grief, for no ordinary citizen, companion, or friend has been taken from us. It were no injustice to the living or the dead to assert that his rival for lasting, laudable fame, has not yet been born or bred upon our island. Comparisons we know are invidious; it is not now designed to institute such a judgment, nor does the occasion require it. The worth of such a man to the age and community in which he lived, is best appreciated when we realize the difficulty of filling as faithfully the space now vacant by his removal. Others no doubt there are who have held, or now hold, as ready a pen—and others too who have had, or now have, as great a degree of industry, love of research, and indifference to pecuniary profit; but if these qualities were, or are, eminently possessed severally by different individuals, it can nevertheless in truth be said that they never existed collectively, and in greater perfection, in any one person, than in Benja-

min F. Thompson. We knew him well. In an occular intercourse and intimacy for years, our opinion of his character, his genius, his learning, and his toils, has been formed; no person living had a better opportunity of knowing the *man;* and it is esteemed as a bright period in our life that our lots were so long cast together. As a father and a husband, the best might imitate him; and nothing valuable would be lost to the domestic circle, and much saved that sadly mars its bliss. As a neighbor, peaceable and kind, to benefit his fellows it was only necessary to know that it was in his power to do so. His was not that sentimental benevolence which is satisfied by wishing well, but that practical kind which would do good.

As a man, he sought to the last to improve and ameliorate, by information, the condition of his race. Peculiar in his views upon theology, yet that peculiarity was never allowed to interrupt a full and free intercourse with its professed teachers; and not a few of them, and the best informed too, but will bear us witness that they were ever edified and instructed by such intercourse. To all he was ever ready and happy to impart from his great stock of varied literature; his was never a light "placed under a bushel, but on a candlestick, and it gave light to all in the house." We offer no minute and particular account upon these facts; at this time they require none at our hands. The future biographer will detail them with interest and with pride.

A lover and a master of ancient and modern learning—an admirer of genius and of talent—a devoted disciple within the temple of knowledge—a martyr to

the cause of usefulness to the present and future generations, he has been sacrificed before his time. "His sun," in the emphatic language of Scripture, "has gone down while it was yet day."

The village he aided so much to advance in wealth and notice—the place of his wearied, carking cares and labors—the fair Spring, with her carpet of green and perfume of flowers—the genial Summer, redolent of life—the mellow Autumn, rich in variegated increase—nor the chill Winter, fitting emblem of mortality—shall now know his presence, no more forever. 'Tis a withering thought; and but for the hope within, we should sink beneath its influence. Yet shall he live; not as frail humanity, but as destined from the beginning—immortal. Time and his brother, Death, shall work no farther change; they write no wrinkle upon the placid brow of the eternal spirit. Its smile is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. As the carol of birds, the zephyr's dirge-like music, or ocean's unchanging bass, it is still the same, though we grow old, and exchange insensibly the buoyancy of youth for the depression of age and the tomb. Such a mind should be, and is, perennial as eternity. His own History of his dear native island shall perpetuate and embalm his memory.

We loved Thompson for his amiable qualities, his accomplished erudition, and his natural delight in imparting it to those around him. Faults he certainly had; but they were the faults of a generous nature. To deny him these, were to deny him human. Malice he harbored not. His mind he freely spoke, 'tis true; and as

freely did he extend his hand, in token of a reconciled and honorable feeling.

It is a great thing to die; we know not how it is to others, but we again repeat, it is a great thing to die! Were the living to properly appreciate this truth, not a moment would be lost in the preparation; but they do not. With him, the rubicon of life was suddenly passed; the messenger, Death, came quick; the shaft flew strong; he expired, unconscious of the summons. The laying off of this earthly vesture, the final leaving of this tried existence—endeared by home, family, and friends—for the unseen, untried, and immaterial existence of the supposed future, has never, in all time, been looked upon complacently by the natural man. It was even so with him. "The dim *Unknown*"—"The undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveler returns,—puzzles the will." What noble lights in science and in arts—what bright constellations of worth and virtue—what resplendent luminaries of wisdom and of learning—what glorious youth and seraphic beauty, people that alleged "spirit land;" and what rich voices stud those shadowy realms. Ruth, Deborah, and Mary; Sappho, the mother of the Gracchi, and the Queen of the South; creatures who were once the light, the grace, and beauty of our world are there, with Herodotus and Tacitus, Newton and Locke, Shakspeare and Milton, Gibbon and Bacon.

And now another devoted worshiper at the altar of truth has passed forever hence, and, as we believe, has joined a pure and sacred band, the *literati* and the perfection of ages, whom he loved here so well, and had only gone before, to the Paradise of God. G.

The following is a copy of a letter from my daughter (now deceased), the late Mrs. Harriett L. Wells, wife of Abner Wells, of Southold. It was written to a friend, whom, with poignant sensations, she saw was indulging in a course of dissipation which had brought him on the edge of a precipice, over which the unreclaimed inebriate is assured certain to plunge into destruction :—

Sir : Hoping you will calmly read these few lines, dictated by the purest motives, be the event what it may. An irresistible impulse prompts me to address you a fervent wish to snatch from destruction a person whom I should be pleased to address by the title of brother, if, by one effort of virtue, he should merit that sacred name. O, for a warning voice to touch the heart ; to open your eyes to see the misery and wretchedness which awaits you if you will not listen ! The wife of your bosom, your helpless infant—all, all must be sacrificed : your own happiness ultimately destroyed. Is the pleasure enjoyed in the inebriating draught sufficient to atone for a life of misery ? Ah ! the tears of bitterness shed by a broken-hearted wife. Where is domestic happiness when she sits by her unconscious infant boy, in fear and expectation of its father's return, excited by wine ? What are the caresses of such a husband and father ? Be his good qualities what they may, they are sunk in the beast. Yes, worse ; for the brute is what God made it—but the worshiper of Bacchus destroys himself. He is unfit for the society of a virtuous woman ; his smiles and caresses are more repulsive than the maniac—often times quite as dangerous How common it is for the intoxicated man to commit acts of cruelty, or indiscretion, which he would otherwise revolt at ! And must a tender, confiding wife and family be chained to such misery ?—one who has promised to be a guard and guide through and amidst the trials of life. Is this love for the woman who leaves the home of her youth, for whose sake she is willing to brave every ill but shame ? In this life, we must expect cares, and trials, and those of a female are peculiar A tender husband can only alleviate them Family cares. Husbands and wives are under a sacred obligation to bear each other's burdens. Age creeps on, and home is their all. There, alone, must center their joys and sorrows How does it look to see a wife and mother intemperate ? Wretched, you exclaim. It is but reversing the scene. Are the husband's feelings more delicate ? his heart

more tender? Certainly not. With what emotions he will fly from the scene. On the other hand; see the weeping wife! There she sits, drowned in grief, watching o'er her babes, and hearing their complaints for care;—yes, often for bread! This is no fiction: for when a man is excited by liquor, no sacrifice is too great for him to make to his god.

Pardon me, if I probe the wound; it is but to heal, and while I relate those truths, I know there is yet a remedy in your power to avert the evil, and save yourself from ruin! The future and present happiness of a beloved sister, urges, constrains me to be thus explicit. Wretched girl! if you, dear, deluded man, will not hear. She undone herself when she leapt the fatal precipice! She madly thought your love for her would save yourself from ruin; a year of misery has been her portion. She risked happiness on a fallacious hope. She is now about to leave her home—a home where she never knew real sorrow or want. It is in your power to smooth the path of her life; begin anew. Talents and temperance, with industry, will secure a competency. I assure you, you will find peace in no other path. Had you, one year ago, attended to this suggestion, would you not now have been much happier? The hearts of aged parents have been bleeding to see their daughter's misery. Spare, oh, spare their grey hairs! Touch not—handle not; in your case, this only is safety.

You are now a father. If the prayers of friends, the agony of an affectionate wife, will not be heard, hear the moans of your infant son. When temptations assail you, think, oh! think, soon he will lisp the name of father; soon, his expanded intellect will observe every action of his parent. O, let not his innocent cheek be made to mantle with a blush for a father's weakness!

For his sake, O, my friend, be master of yourself, and gain that greatest of victories by conquering those habits, which, to indulge, is sure ruin.

What shall I say more? Angels will rejoice at such a conquest; and if the spirits of the bless'd are admitted to increased joy for terrestrial beings, the happy spirit of your sainted mother will hover round you, and strike a higher note of praise for the redemption of her son! And, what is more than all, the sweet peace of an approving conscience will be a solace which the world can neither give nor take away; and, surely, it never can be found in the haunts of dissipation. Pray, O, pray to the Almighty for strength, and you will have the prayers of your well-wishers.

April 8, 1838. HARRIET L. WELLS.

Observations.

Poverty will stick to a man, when all mankind forsake him.

If people could realize half their wishes, they would double their present troubles.

In all the affairs of human life, moderation, calmness, and decision of mind is true philosophy. Our energies will give way soon enough without any forced action.

A spirit of restlessness, discontent, and uneasiness, is truly a mark of unreasonable unreconciliation to the methods of a Divine Providence. I plead guilty. If my spirit is willing, my flesh is weak.

I have seen a mother open a letter, just received from an absent son, and peruse it, accompanied with tears, flowing from the joy received of a knowledge it gave of his welfare, good health, and love and care for her. After feasting on its contents, and wiping off the tears of a mother's tenderness, which none but a mother can know, she carefully folded the (to her) precious treasure, and placed it in her bosom, near her heart. What love!

That mother was my late wife, Mrs. Lucretia Griffin. There was a tenderness, a truthfulness, a surpassing moral beauty in that affectionate act, truly inexpressible.

That man—if there can be such a one—who can forget such a mother; who can forget the sorrows and solicitudes which she has endured for him, and the lessons of piety which she instilled into his young mind—such a man has sundered the last tie which binds him to virtue, and reasonable hope of rest or heaven.

"Our fathers—where are they?" and in a very few years, where shall we be? Ah! where are the millions whose voices were heard through the land, bustling, busy in ardent pursuit of the phantoms wealth, honor, fame, and the pleasures of a moment? Alas! where are they? Death has hushed their exulting tunes, and their monuments have crumbled under the footsteps of Time? Yes, and we are passing to the same silent shore.

Care and sorrow will attend the down-hill of life; they will cast their sombre shades upon us, and we must walk in their gloom down to the dreamless sleep of the grave.

My wife—my Lucretia! Alas! she has gone; gone forever! At twelve o'clock, M., on the 18th of May, 1849, the sun of my earthly consolations and expectations set—set forever! Oh, my riven heart! alone—an isolated sojourner of more than four-score years!

You that have experienced such attachment, have possessed such a priceless jewel in all its purest perfections, and have known and felt its irretrievable loss, are sensibly and solemnly acquainted with the poignant sensations of him who has experienced such cutting bereavement. Earth, with all its productions, cannot heal the wound nor fill the void. A sharer in all my joys—a refreshment, soother, and ready partaker of all my cares and sorrows—a willing helper and sovereign balm for the accidents and disappointments which my life is heir to,—my peace and solace were interwoven with

the nicest desires of her heart, for my prosperous chances and successful commerce in the world.

> "And is it thus to live? When such friends part,
> 'Tis the survivor dies. My heart no more."

Died, at Orient, on the 19th ult., Mrs. Lucretia Griffin, consort of Augustus Griffin, Esq., aged eighty years.

When a woman of singular worth departs this life, whose example may be a blessing to society, it becomes the duty of the moralist to portray her virtues, and rescue her name from oblivion.

Mrs. Griffin was one of those few individuals who have left a character which should be held up as a model for those to imitate whose portion and trials may hereafter correspond with her own. The chief objects of her regard were her God and the happiness of the domestic circle. She was never led from the plain path of her duty to her family and her Creator, by the glitter of fashion or the glare of ostentation and pride; and if she had met with reverses—and although she had seen the playmates of her childhood and the companions of her youth lie scattered around her, like leaves torn from the tree of life, and she almost alone remaining—yet she bore all with meekness and resignation.

She had lost children, also, yet she murmured not under the bereavement. The secret of her tranquility of mind was hope—the hope of a blessed immortality after death; this was the lever that buoyed up her soul under the pressure of affliction and sorrow. She always had a word of comfort for the distressed, and it appeared to be her chief happiness to console the unfortunate. She was a Christian, and she always spoke to her auditor of her faith and trust in her Redeemer.

Her husband, the object of her youthful affection, still survives her, and has the inexpressible happiness of knowing no abatement in his attachment to her last hour. He attended her through a long and painful illness, with unfaltering fidelity and untiring assiduity; and he often told the writer of this brief eulogy that he thought it more his duty to be her friend and protector then, than at any former period of his long and happy union with her; indeed his solicitude to gratify her every want, and his pertinacity in assisting her in every wish, was the subject of universal remark and admiration.

Reader, forget not the virtues of the deceased, nor fail to imitate the constancy and devotion of the survivor. JOHN O. TERRY.

Orient, *May* 28*th*, 1849.

ANECDOTE.

Many years ago there was a Baptist minister, strictly close-communion, named Catlin, who was noted as a revivalist, and withal a very interesting preacher. At the time to which we refer, he had been laboring much to the pleasure as well as the profit of the people in the township of Southold, L. I. His fame, as a stirring preacher, soon reached the neighborhood of Upper Acquebogue, and an invitation was sent, from the Congregational Church in that place, to Elder C. to come and preach for them. The invitation was cheerfully accepted, and many attended to the preaching of the Word. Elder C. became specially interested in one person whom he saw in the congregation, and that person was an aged man, trembling under the weight of

near ninety years, venerable in appearance, and highly regarded as a Christian of rare faith and piety. He was known as "Deacon Terry," and for many years was a member and an officer in that church.

Elder C. sought an introduction to this holy man of God, and despite the exclusiveness of "close communion," soon entered into delightful spiritual communings with the aged saint. Finally, he expressed his strong desire to have Deacon Terry visit him at his residence, some two hundred miles distant. The old Deacon, in reply, stated that much as it might gratify him to do so, the project would be almost miraculous for one of his years and palsied condition; "yet," said he, and looking archly at Elder C., "should I come, and get to your place about *supper* time, what then?" Elder C. readily perceived the allusion, and said no more.

A letter wrote by widow Abigail Moore, of Southold. She was the mother of the celebrated John Ledyard. At the time Mrs. Moore wrote this letter, she was near eighty years of age. Rev. Mr. H—— had just preached a sermon, whose text was: "They went out from us, because they were not of us." This discourse, from a Presbyterian, was considered as pointed at the Methodist society in this vicinity. Mrs. Griffin, my wife, who was a member of the church of Upper Acquebogue (Congregational), and cherished much tenderness and good will for the Methodists, as a people of true piety, was present. With a spirit of Christian humilty, she (Mrs. Griffin) addressed a letter to the Rev. Mr. H——. It was written with great simplicity, and Scriptural truth of God's peculiar blessing resting on

those examplary people. Rev. Mr. H—— soon answered it: but not with that spirit of forbearance which bespeaks the exercise of the greatest of graces—charity. However, Mrs. Griffin felt Mr. H—— to be a Christian, though, at the time, rather cold. Mrs. Moore wrote Mrs. Griffin to console and comfort her:—

My Dear Young Sister:—Hearing of a letter you have received from Rev. Mr. H——, let me comfort you under such reproaches, esteeming them greater riches than the treasures of Egypt. I believe you wrote from an honest heart, which will not condemn you in this world, nor that to come. I think the inquiry you made was proper, viz: "Who was, or were, the people you addressed?" The context says—"Even now, there were many anti-Christs—including these that went out from us, because they were not of us." Doubtless, his pointed sermon was at the Methodists. As a fountain cannot send forth sweet water and bitter, our Savior says if they come in their own name, the world will receive them; but if they come in my name, they will not. But blessed are your eyes that see, and your ears that hear the joyful sound of the Gospel, not of the letter. Blessed be the Lord, I have heard able ministers of the New Testament—not of the letter, but of the spirit—by name, Methodist. My sheep know my voice. Haman, or the Spirit of the World, is yet living and complaining of a certain people, dispersed in the kingdom, and their laws diverse from all people; therefore, 'tis not for the King's profit to suffer them to live. Reproach them with the name of anti-Christ, enthusiasts, false zeal, self-willed, high-minded. These reproaches I wear as a garment, with meekness, considering Him who endured the contradiction of sinners against himself, lest we be weary and faint in our minds. I send the salutation of Elizabeth to Mary, to your mother Griffin, yourself, and all that know the joyful sound of the Gospel. Happy art thou, O, Israel. O, people loved of the Lord. The people shall dwell alone, and not be reckoned among the nations. How goodly are thy tents, O, Jacob. I often feel my soul and spirit salute the Methodist churches; far abroad as the valleys are they spread forth—as gardens by the river side—as trees which the Lord hath planted beside the waters.

Adieu, your friend,

1803. Abigail Moore.

The habit of sacrificing the substance of life for its

follies and deceptions, is making rapid and alarming strides in our highly favored country. Thousands are aiming at greatness by unworthy efforts, and thousands are seeking wealth and happiness by dishonorable and unnatural means; they find their mistake often too late. To make existence a source of enjoyment, we must not eat, utter, or do anything that can injure ourselves or hurt our neighbor.

Money making and fashionable amusements are passions which agitate the present and rising generations to a fearful degree. Their consequences must be pernicious to the morals, health, and peace of the community. Benevolent feeling gives place to moderation and propriety; selfishness to excitement. To be called rich, seems the one thing needful. We have no time to think or mourn over the departure of a fellow-being, however worthy in life. The pursuit of gain or pleasure occupies the minds of almost all of our hurrying, hasty, short-lived race.

It is pure and undefiled religion alone that can bind the passions, harmonize the elements of society, and render the obligations of mutual forbearance and love the abiding rules of action.

It was said by a wise man, viz.: "If there is one character more beautiful, more excellent, more noble than any other, it is respect shown to old age."

Age gathers up the sorrows and joys of a long life, and, when whitening for the tomb, is an object of sublimity to the thinking man of sensibility. The passions have ceased; hope of self has ceased; they love the

young; they hope for the young; and oh, how careful should the young be to reward the aged with their fresh, warm hearts, to diminish the chill of ebbing life in the old!

On a beautiful day, in the summer of 1796, while on a ramble of about a mile from my residence, I stopped at the house of Mr. Y., a gentleman of about twenty-six years, recently married to a fine woman, an only daughter of a respectable farmer, who paid the most marked attention to the comforts and improvements of this, his interesting child.

Mr. Y. was what the Yankees call a likely man—handsome in person, features, figure, and address—well informed, mild, pleasing, and prepossessing in his manner, &c.

As observed, I called in; it was about noon, and the table was well furnished for dinner. Mr. and Mrs. Y. urged me to sit by and partake. After a few minutes at the table, with the most expressve silence, except their civilities to me, they simultaneously left the table; she to one corner of the room, looking the true picture of deep, pungent melancholy; he paced the floor, agitated, and looking unutterable things. Soon, with a desponding sigh, she gave vent to the throbbings of her overburdened soul, by asking him "how he could reconcile, with propriety, his conduct, as duty to his family, in staying out so late last night. Such inattention to her peace, in his keeping such late hours, and with amusements and companions strangers to moral rectitude, would assuredly soon destroy her, while his ruin was certain to follow."

He sharply replied, as under the influence of the last night's inebriating draught, "I shall do and act as I please; and you, madam, will show your prudence by a respectable silence at this time." She, with sobs and tears, quickly replied, "that such a command to a wife bespoke the tyrant, heartless in all its bearings." At this he turned short about, to appearance in great wrath, and said, "If you make another, a single observation, I will horsewhip such impudence!"

With a dignity and self-respect becoming a virtuous woman, she instantly replied, "that such language and threats would better become a savage, and were only in keeping with the lowest vestiges of society, and the sooner she was rid of such a disgrace to humanity the better." At this he seized his silver-mounted riding whip, which he applied with much seeming earnestness, striking at the lower part of her garments, where I presume not a stroke injured any part of her body. The astonishing application gave almost a mortal wound to the sensibility of Mrs. Y. Immediately after, he mounted his horse and rode off. She, drowned in tears, and sobbing, turned to me, saying with emphasis, "Mr. Griffin, you have been witness to an act of my husband, which must be seen to be believed. Nothing but the fruits of the wine cup could have brought him to such degradation and brutality. Alas! I must leave him! Yes, leave him forever!" With that, she set about packing up her movables, to be off on the morrow.

But behold the mutability of all sublunary resolves! In the brief space of two short days, while out on a morning walk, I was so happy as to meet and receive the smiling salutations of this same couple, in an early

ride, enjoying the full tide of successful and conjugal love. She was arrayed with much taste, in a new, rich silk dress, with other costly appendages, calculated to make her appear as when he kept rational hours, and discarded the accursed cup.

A few short years after this event, Mr. Y. fell a victim to the assured fate of the inebriate and haunters of the abodes of dissipation. In not more than four years, his handsome property, his flush of health, and mortal existence became extinct.

Mother.

While a man's mother lives, he will have one friend on earth who will not desert him when he is ready to despair.

Her affection flows from a pure fountain, and ceases only at the ocean of eternity.

A correct copy of a letter from my daughter, Harriet Lucretia, written at the age of seven years, while at school at Sterling, to her mother :—

Sterling, 1801.

My Dear Parents :—I think we ought to make use of every moral whereby our minds may be improved, for which purpose, let us make use of Winter.

Winter is the most unpleasant of all the seasons of the year, and may put us in mind of the state of man after death. For, lo! dead silence reigns through the works of Nature. The trees are stripped of their leaves; the grass that was so green, is dead; and no violets, nor delightful flowers, are to be seen. The ground is white with snow, and all around looks cold and dreary.

Accept this, dear Mother, from your dutiful child,

Mrs. Lucretia Griffin. Harriet L. Griffin,

The above is a copy taken from the original.

Alone.

The soft air of Summer breathes in at the open window. It whispers of voices a short time since hushed in death, and speaks of friendships forever broken on earth.

My fondest hopes perished the moment her holy spirit passed away. The relentless hand of Death has plucked the fairest flower from my Garden of Life. In comparison with the loss of the wife of my youth, all other bereavements are trifling. Bitter, bitter is the tear that falls upon her cold clay.

Setting sun, which precedes the shades of evening, remind me that the day of life is past. I have outlived its fleeting pleasures; its struggles; its anxieties. Its many sorrows and weighty cares, one by one, are now going out. I am fast sinking to that dreamless rest from which none awake until the resurrection morn shall open on the renovated millions of millions of generations.

What phantoms I have pursued! I am now a trembling relic of bygone years, on the verge of an unaccountable existence.

Among the many admirable sayings of Cicero, are these memorable words: "Since all sublunary things are frail and fading, what can we do better than to seek out some honest man whom we may love, and by whom we may be beloved? For, taking away this benevolence, this kind and familiar way of living with each other, what would there remain desirable in life?" I think I have once read somewhere that the Egyptians used to represent friendship by the figure of a young

man, bare-headed, in a plain garment, on the edge of which was written, "*mors vita*" (life and death); across the forehead, "*estas et hyems*" (winter and summer.) His fore-finger stood pointing to his heart, which was visible; above which was "*long et prope*" (far and near.)

Why may not the meaning of this hieroglyphical representation be this, viz.: His youth might show that true friendship was ever in its bloom and vigor; his bare head, a readiness to serve; his plain dress, his sincerity; the inscription on the edge of his garment, "life and death," his constancy; the "winter and summer" on his forehead might mean all seasons, whether prosperous or adverse; the openness of his breast, to show his cordial frankness, and the words above his heart, "far and near," might signify his faithful perseverence in all places. Whether this is a true meaning or explanation of the Egyptian representation, I know not. At any rate, it must be admitted that friendship is a virtue which the selfish heart can never appreciate. It is a jewel of inestimable value. *Esto perpetua.*

Marcus Tullius Cicero, the Roman orator, was born in the one hundred and third year before the Christian Era, and was put to death in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

Memory! mysterious memory! What a mirror! Thou showest me, in brilliant colors, every interesting scene of past comforts—joys, sorrows, associations, and interviews—the dim, sepulchral images of dear departed friends, and invaluable connections.

O, memory! Thou openest afresh the fountains of early passions, the thrilling aspirations of after years.

The present now is felt darkness. Yes, unspeakable mental anguish.

I look forward, but no sunbeam of cheering light meets my anxious gaze. Deep in the vale of life, the friends of my youth are all gone!

Three daughters, with three grand-daughters and two grandsons—the most dutiful, interesting, and lovely—all departed, and with them their mothers and grandmother, whose virtues in the several relations of life were never exceeded.

Alas! this last stroke severed the chain that bound me to earth. The few remaining days of my sojourn will and must be intermixed with darkness, tears, and sensations of loneliness inexpressible.

Affection.

The tears of filial sorrow give the brightest lustre, and the most noble specimen of true affection of any that are shed by frail humanity.

Kindness.

Deal gently with those who go astray; draw them back by love and persuasion. A kiss in friendship is worth a thousand kicks. A kind, complacent word is more valuable to the lost, the bereaved, the lonely, the aged sojourner, than gold.

There is a transient delight even in the parting agony of two lovers, worth a thousand tame pleasures of the world—sweetened by that brilliant daughter of the skies, Hope, delicious hope, to meet again.

Sweet Home! What a delightful word! There is no word that I know of conjures up such feelings as that impressing word. Who can speak it without emotions from the heart? It, in glowing colors and affecting recollections, reminds us of a mother's unchanging love, and a father's care; our companions and juvenile friendships; our first recollections, and love for those we hold dear. A mother's love—the strongest on this side of Heaven.

What a dream! A transient dream of unalloyed delight has passed over my soul.

I had a paradise allotted me for a season, in which I shared the love and society of a woman, whose virtues and loveliness was as near perfection as humanity could produce or arrive at.

Why, O, why is this budding season of life, of joy and surpassing tenderness, so transient? Why is this rosy cloud, that shed so lately such a halo over my sensitive, anxious heart, so soon shrouded in seeming impenetrable darkness?

The road of selfishness is too crooked for love; too rugged for honesty; too dark for conscience.

The greatest pleasure of life is love.
The greatest treasure is contentment.
The greatest possession is health.
The greatest ease is sleep.
And the best medicine a true friend.

After I had been married thirty years, my dear wife,

in one of her letters to me when absent, wrote thus:—"You know the world has no charms when you are unhappy; if you are comfortable, I cannot but be so."

Gold is an idol worshiped in all climates, without a temple; and by all classes, without a hypocrite.

A man—a young man, if you please—who allows himself to use one profane or vulgar word, has not only shown a foul spot on his mind, but by the utterance of that word, he extends that spot, and inflames it, till, by indulgence, it will soon pollute and ruin the whole man.

Patience and resignation are sure to meet a rich reward.

Kindnesses—how soon they are forgot by those on whom they are bestowed. Ingratitude blots out what ought to be, with ecstacy, remembered. Vices are remembered with cherished contumely and hate.

O, the soft commerce; O, the tender tie
That's rent assunder, when such are call'd to die:
So much endeared by every filial move,
That grace adorns her as a child of love.
When such a jewel from our earth is riven,
It puts a blank on all things this side Heaven.

And She Wept.

Tears are sometimes a relief, and sometimes a burden. They are assuredly a relief to a woman, because her sympathy approves them; they burden a man, because his pride rebukes them. A woman weeps be

cause she feels; a man because he can't feel. A woman's tears affect a man; but a man's tears disaffect a woman. A woman weeps for others—a man for himself. A woman's tears are common property—a man's are his own. A woman believes them a profitable investment—a man considers them a useless expenditure. A woman's tears are easy and natural—a man's are forced and awkward. Woman's are the warm streams of the summer cloud—man's the cold droppings of the icicle.

A Picture.

A drunkard is the annoyance of modesty; the trouble of civility; the spoil of wealth, and the distraction of reason. He is the brewer's customer; the tavern and ale-houses' benefactor; the beggar's companion; the constable's trouble; his wife's woe; his children's sorrow; his own shame. In fine, he is a tub of filth and swill, and a monster in the shape of man.

A Virtuous Woman.

He who has not experienced the friendship of a woman, whose virtue is unstained, knows not half the charms or unsullied delights of friendship. Woman possesses the art of adorning and beautifying the scenes of life by unalterable sweetness of temper, constant care, and unwearied attentions. Such last best gift of Heaven, is man's consoling companion in prosperity, and assuredly so in the trying hours of adversity. She is, at all times, in all circumstances, in all situations—in sickness, sorrow, and destitution—an unshaken, im-

movable, uncontaminated, sentimental friend—an angel of mercy.

Amidst the bustle, cares, anxieties, and commotions incident to the man of business, he is wise who, thus immersed in the complicated scenes of life, looks forward and prepares himself for the time when care and trial shall throw their deepening shadows over the laughing face; when sorrow shall come; when summer friends shall fall off like leaves in autumn, before the rough blast of winter and misfortune overtake. Ah! how swift the moment approaches when the daughter of hope, and the pride of her parents, will seek to find repose upon, perhaps, a faithless breast, no longer warm with life and love.

A father may be kind, affectionate, and considerate; many are such; yet how many are there whose affections form but a small part of their existence!

O, the depth and strength of a mother's love! It reaches high as Heaven, deep as the foundations of earth, and is strong and lasting as the pillars of eternity. It will follow its object—its child, its husband, its son—over hill and seas.

Solitude.

Solitude, in many situations and certain circumstances of life, is certainly necessary to work a good effect in giving us a view of the world, and the most important subjects connected with its productions.

To the wise, truly good, and sadly bereaved, it would

not be readily exchanged for the comfortless, heartless intercourse of a busy, bustling, selfish, cold, unthinking world.

We know man is naturally a sociable being, born for society; yet but few would wish to become Robinson Crusoe, in seclusion from the world; although, like him, all would wish to be sole governor of their own domain.

One of the grand secrets of life is to learn to accommodate ourselves to circumstances, and the situation Providence has seen fit to place us in. Bless God that it is as well with us as it is. For wise and eternal purposes, our lot is cast as it is. The journey, whether over a rugged or smooth way, will soon be over. If prosperous at its end, God will have all the glory. Amen!

There is nothing safer than honesty; nothing sweeter than charity; nothing warmer than love; nothing purer than virtue; and nothing more steadfast than faith. These, united in one mind, form the purest, the sweetest, the richest, the brightest, the holiest, and most permanent happiness.

How painful, how poignant the remorse in reflecting on having even given a pang to the warm heart of the dearest of friends who now lie cold in death! The adder's poisonous sting, and the viper's fatal bite, are not more pungent or more wretched. Remorse awakes the nerve where agonies are born.

The first dramatic entertainment ever given in New

York city took place on the 17th September, 1753. Alas! where now are the gay actors? yes, and the pleased and brilliant audience, and the sparkling and fascinating belles? Ah! where? "Dust to dust, the mourner cries."

Whatever be the motives for insults, it is always best to overlook them; for folly scarcely can deserve resentment, and malice is punished by neglect. Yet the celebrated Junius says injuries may be atoned for and forgiven, but insults never. May not some insults amount to no higher ill-usage than severe injuries? If so, forgive them.

True loveliness and beauty in a young lady is not to be found in tinsel ornaments of the body, but in the reflection of the rectitude and serenity of a well-spent life, that soars above the transient vanities of this world.

Reflecting on my Bereavements—1849.

She was my guardian angel on earth, and will, I trust, continue one in Heaven.

The ways of God are dark and intricate, but they are doubtless just.

Promises made in time of affliction, require a better memory than people generally possess.

It is useless for me to attempt to seek for quiet or comfort in the solemn haunts of nature, since my loved one is no longer here to fill and sanctify my mourning soul.

There are assuredly more cloudy days in a year than fair ones; so it is in our brief years of life. No matter if cares and toils do meet us at almost every step; let us seek a cheerful acquiescence to the methods of a wise and just Providence. Be just; be cheerful. Composure and resignation betoken a heart in the right place.

As Col. Aaron Burr was leaving the boat, when arrested on a supposed expedition detrimental to his country, after an eloquent address to the young men in his suit, he observed with emphasis, "*Heu quantum est in rebus, in ane.*"

Died, at East Marion, Southold, on Sunday morning, the 21st ult., James Griffin, aged eighty-seven years.

The deceased was born, bred, and passed his long life in this, his native town. For many years he was a teacher in our common schools; and numerous are those now living, mothers and fathers, that will bear grateful witness to the excellent precepts and examples by him inculcated and imparted to their youthful minds.

Perhaps there never was a man more respected and esteemed by all who knew him. It were not saying too much, we believe, to declare he had no enemy. His every act was as if the Omnipotent Eye was directly upon him.

Unobtrusive, yet ever self-possessed and dignified in his manners—intelligent, benevolent, and charitable—he lived to witness the reward of his goodness. Possessed of a spirit worthy of the best Roman, he repined at no adverse fortune, and could say and feel, in the hour of his greatest Providential affliction, "Thou doest all things well!"

Few indeed are the parents that have been called to bear up beneath the weight of mental anguish that has fallen to his lot. Seven sons blessed his marriage bed, and all arrived at that period in life when it is becoming to share in its active pursuits. The early care and solicitude of a true mother and father were fully developed. The children had become men, and by their conduct, doing honor to themselves, their family, and their community. A fairer prospect of earthly usefulness and happiness is rarely presented. Home was the seat of contentment and peace; health, virtue, industry, and ability were all there; a willing hand and heart too. Nor was the thought awakened that a change, an awful change, was imminent.

It was in this full, bright day of human prosperity, when himself and aged partner were reasonably happy in the possession of such an offspring, when no admonitory voice had whispered preparation, and when no summer cloud had yet, even for a moment, obscured the clear sunlight of their enjoyment, that the bereavement came, and not then to the eye but to the ear; thus adding all the horrors of the creations of the imagination to the dreadful reality. Four of these sons, in vigorous manhood, in one instant were whelmed beneath the Atlantic's waves—no companion left to bear the last farewell, or recount the terrible tragedy.

We remember well the sadness and woe that depicted the countenances of this entire community when the sad news arrived. Not only the immediate relations of the deceased, but a wide spread circle of friends and acquaintances participated in the gloom. And well too do we remember the greatness of mind and pious

resignation manifested by this father when informed of his great bereavement. He was standing by his front picket fence, as a neighbor came up, and, as tenderly as possible, broke to him the sad intelligence. No murmur, or sigh, or groan, or tear followed. His noble spirit bowed in submission, but the humanity was weak. In his bosom there was "a grief which passeth show." He leaned on the railing, and it was immediately discovered that he was insensible.

A few years since the excellent partner of his youth, full of years and goodness, was also called to leave him, and again he bowed with Christian grace to the blow.

The curtain of mortality has now dropt forever on the earthly scene of this aged pilgrim and sojourner. In spirit he has gone to join the happy spirits of faithfully mourned sons and wife, and sainted mother and father.

How fitful the decease of such a man with the close of the dying year! The natural harvest has been abundant, and is secured. Nature, as if to repose, has laid off her beautiful verdure of comely and rich colors, and wound herself for a season in a robe of white, and apparent death; but the work of life has been done, and well done. His harvest, fully ripe, has been gathered, and without loss. That which was mortal has been wrapt in the cold habiliments of the grave, and the immortal, unincumbered with earth, has passed, replumed, in perennial youth, and remains forever "fast by the throne of God." G.

Decemcer, 1851.

Died, on Thursday, Sept. 29th, 1852, at the residence of his brother, Dr. John Augustus Preston,* in Hartland, James Hervey Preston, aged twenty-two years. He was the affectionate and justly beloved son of the late James H. and Deziah Preston, of Orient.

His path through his brief mortal sojourn was that of rectitude, and Christianity the basis of his faith and hope.

Died, in Williamsburgh, October 5th, 1852, Harriet McNeil, daughter of James McNeil, formerly of Orient, aged eighteen years.

> "Sweet Harmonist! and beautiful as sweet!
> And young as beautiful! and virtuous as young!
> And these were all thy own."

Contemplation of distress softens the mind of man, and helps to make the heart better. It extinguishes the seeds of envy and ill will toward his brother man. The envious heart is too black and wretched for human language to paint.

When these eyes shall cease to weep, and have sunk to their dreamless rest, earth will still be as fair, and the silver moon will ride on as triumphantly. "All, all on earth is shadow!"

Is this true—there is no good man's heart but has a little of the woman's in it?

Suspicion is not less an enemy to virtue than it is to

* Dr. John Augustus Preston died April 19, 1853.

happiness. He that is already corrupt is certainly naturally suspicious; and he that is suspicious will quickly be corrupt.

The road of life, although chequered with many rough places, has some pleasant amusements; but, after all, we are anxious for rest.

On visiting the old school-house, after an absence from it of more than fifty years:

Long years have passed since here I took my stand
As village teacher. This is the house—the land—
The same old place! Here pretty girls and boys
Were taught the way that leads to solid joys:
An interesting group—all full of glee—
Some in their Abs; some in their A B C—
A lovely brood! Their lively aims and ends
Appeared united all to be my friends.
Their mothers, fathers, guardians, all were kind;
A better district seldom can we find.
Here lived a score of aunts, full of good will,
And gave herb teas whenever I was ill;
A cold, a cough, the least complaint or muss,
They'd haste to soak my feet, careful to nurse.
The honors which to woman Ledyard gave,
Show them to be "the bravest of the brave"—
Kindness, with sympathy, their every move,
Show them the subjects of maternal love.
Young, and a stranger to them, I had come—
They all exclaimed, "Young friend, make this thy home!"
Now, what a change! That generation's gone!
One solitary remnant, only one,*
She lives, a relic of the days of yore;
Eventful is her life of eighty years and more;
Good health she yet enjoys, as ever kind

* Widow Ruth Coleman, in her ninetieth year.

A mother still, with all a mother's mind—
Just as I found her when I took my board
With the dear man, her noble, generous lord;*
The best of husbands, at all times or place,
Surely an honor to our motley race;
Accommodating, social, pleasant, free,
Kind to the poor, fatherless, and *me!*

That lively, interesting set—my scholars then—
Have been old women; and some, too, old men.
They all have passed away—forever gone,
To join those millions in the worlds unknown;
She who remains, with scrutinizing view,
Exclaims, with wonder, "Master, is this you,
Who, with a whip not used, a good ferule,
Full sixty years ago taught me at school?
My age, dear sir, at that time was but ten:
I'm eighty now! what must your age be, then?"

Alas! this scene is interspers'd with gloom—
Methinks I tread the suburbs of the tomb;
Dark, drear reflections do my breast inspire,
To see at once so many friends expire!

Out of this district, about three miles, not four,
Two dame widows,† of ninety years or more!
Their minds yet bright—lovers of Gospel truth—
From early life associates of aunt Ruth;
These three descended from John Tuthill, who
Came to Southold two hundred years ago.
Well, these good women's ages now, you see,
If added, make two hundred, seventy!
Now, if divided right, we find it then
Will give each lady's age full nine times ten!
Their world has gone; mine, too, is passing soon!
Mates of my youth, and social friends, ah, gone!
O, what a dream is life! What is its show?
What is it now? what eighty years ago?

* The late Abner Coleman—a man that was a man.

† Dorothy Watkins and her sister, Anna Steward; the first ninety-three years, the second ninety-one. Mrs. Watkins died in 1851; Mrs. Steward in 1853; Mrs. Ruth Coleman in 1853, aged ninety years.

Time, time has swept those objects dear away,
And the old school-house shows a fast decay—
Wrapt deep in pensive gloom, with sadness turn,
And leave entire a district in its urn.
How baseless are earth's goods! Her brightest gleams
Are staffs of reed—are visionary dreams!
Content and rest, they just before us lie—
We grasp to seize them, and the phantoms fly.
Man's brightest days are full of anxious fears,
And every joy has its attendant tears:
Oh, let us then those virtues well secure,
Which seal our passport to a world that's pure!

In the cemetery at Orient, which is on the south side of the main road, a few rods east of the Congregational Church, stand two handsome marble stones, on one of which is inscribed the following:

Beneath is reposited
the Body of
James H. Preston,
who departed this life on Friday,
the 12th day of April, 1833,
Aged 33 years.

"In the character of the deceased were united many of those excellent and amiable qualities which render man not only a means of happiness, but a blessing to his fellows. Truly benevolent, without ostentation; honest, without pretension; efficient and worthy, without ambition; a Christian, without hypocrisy; a dutiful son, kind brother, prudent father, and a most tender husband; sensible that it is but a poor evidence of remembrance, and that within her heart there exists, to his memory, a monument perennial as eternity, a bereaved and sorrow-stricken consort, a partner of early youth, has caused this memorial to be raised to his honor, with the hope that, when viewed by her orphan children, it will instruct them of the virtues of an invaluable father, and often remind them to emulate his beautiful example."

Inscription on the grave-stone which marks the place

where rest the mortal remains of Mrs. Deziah G. Preston, wife of the former:

The Grave
of the mortal remains of our
Mother,
Deziah G. Preston, who died
January 20th, 1839, Æ 41 years.

Although at this place, by reason of the imperfect condition of our natural affection, we let fall the unavailing tear, and mourn the departure of our dear and beloved friend; yet we can say, as said the angels at the sepulchre of our Lord, "She is not here, but has risen!" And that even now the pure intelligences of Heaven welcome her as a new and kindred inhabitant, and rejoice that another happy spirit has arrived to participate in their bliss—

"How solid all where change shall be no more."

Died, at Newburgh, N. Y., on the 24th September, 1854, my youngest brother, Samuel Caddle Griffin, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. He was a native of Rocky Point, (now East Marion,) near Greenport. He was a teacher for many years in Annapolis, Md., from whence he removed to Orange county, in this State, where he ended his useful life. It is difficult for language of eulogy to do justice to the character of a man whose life presents no prominent features of observation, who pursues the even tenor of his way in a vocation so humble as that of the school teacher. He may possess a thousand virtues; but, like the gems of the ocean, their rays are hidden from view, or like the flowers of the wilderness, they are doomed to bloom in solitude. But to the small circle of his friends, Mr. Griffin presented a character which they will cherish in their memories, and imprint in their hearts with the liveliest emotions of affection and gratitude. He was

mild in his disposition, patient in his business, learned and intelligent; punctilious in his dress, genteel in his appearance, polite in his manners; he was a philanthropist and a Christian; he was virtuous and pious, and had a firm hope of a blessed immortality beyond the grave; he was amiable, and an honest man, always true to conviction, and firm in the expression of his opinions; a great lover of freedom, and devoted to the progress of amelioration and happiness of his race. He was a most agreeable companion in the social and domestic circle; and the writer of this article, who had long intimately known him, deeply sympathizes with his friends and relatives in his loss.

Died, on the 11th June, 1842, Mrs. Experience Cochrane, in the seventy-seventh year of her age. She was the daughter of the late Major Nathaniel King, who died in this village in 1822, in the ninety-second year of his age, before noticed. In the year 1786, this excellent woman was married to John Cochrane, of Saybrook, Conn. The ceremony of uniting this couple was performed by the Rev. Zachariah Green. This gentleman is now residing at Hempstead, Queens county, aged ninety-seven years, and is more fully noticed on another page of this journal. At the time of this wedding, Mr. Green was in his twenty-seventh year. Mrs. Cochrane leaves three children—two daughters, Experience and Sally, and one son, William.

The following obituary notice of the death of my

dear daughter, Harriet L., was published shortly after her decease:

Died, at Southold, on the morning of the 14th Oct., 1842, Mrs. Harriet Lucretia Wells, wife of Captain Abner Wells.

Mrs. Wells possessed an excellent mind, which was improved by early and much reading. But few of her sex more justly appreciated genius, or more warmly admired the intellectual, true, and the beautiful in letters; herself a scholar, she valued learning, and was at home with its lovers. Of the virtues of this rare woman, it may be said, without misgiving, her entire brief life was an example to her sex of all that is pure, and lovely, and of good report. As a daughter, it might be said of her, "many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all;" and as a wife and mother, "she opened her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue was the law of kindness." She looked well to the ways of her household, and eat not the bread of idleness. "Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her." But she has gone now; the grave has opened to receive her mortality, and closed forever upon it; and her spirit has ascended to Heaven, and now rests in peace in the bosom of her Father and her God. To part with one so accomplished in mind, so amiable and so good, caused many a bitter pang; and the tear of regret and sorrow fell plenteously and fast from a community of troubled friends, in the performance of the humbling and sad office of sepulture. Even now we cannot say farewell, for we feel that she yet lives with us, that her voice is still heard, and her example still before us. 'Twas hard to die.

And if a husband's and daughter's solicitude, a mother's and father's prayers and tears could have saved, Death's shafts would have fallen harmless; humanity would have spared the blow, and she would not have died. As if an angel spoke, "Don't forget me!" is remembered; and yet green, and young, and fresh, and vigorous, O, Harriet! shall be that wish, while life and memory last.

Died, at Southold, on Friday morning, 4th November, 1842, my grand-daughter, Miss Deziah Lavinia Wells, in her twentieth year. Thus, in three weeks from the decease of the mother, has the daughter been called to follow; and fulfilling, with the certainty of inspiration, the truth of the remarks of that mother, when each lay upon their beds of death beneath the same roof, and the daughter requested to be taken into the room to see, for the last time on earth, her dying parent; that mother, who contracted her disease by her intense anxiety over the sick bed of that daughter, even in the last agonies of the dissolution of her expiring nature, still felt for the welfare of the child. She declined a compliance with the request, and replied, "It had better not be done; it can do no good; our separation will be but short!" and soon after expired.

From such a scene, human nature might learn a more instructive lesson than from all the luxuries, and ease, and wealth, and splendor of our world. A lasting benefit could be derived by the former, while all experience teaches the latter to be as fleeting and evanescent as the dew.

To my dear wife, in her last sickness:

Come now, my love, lean on my breast,
My true and virtuous wife;
O, come, and let us now forget
Each shaded point of life.

Oh, I will kiss those tears away,
In retrospection, see
Those bygone days when hope's bright rays
Made you a world to me.

Sweet seasons of our early love,
Sincerity our mark;
All was delight—our hearts were right—
With scarce one spot of dark.

The sea of life is sometimes rough;
Yet while with you I sail,
Waves can't o'erwhelm while at the helm
Love guides us through the gale.

I love to part those fading curls,
Gaze on thy pleasant brow;
It is a joy without alloy—
'Tis mine, dear wife, just now.

Earth's joys we know are few and brief,
But Hope the spirit cheers—
Lends us relief from wasting grief,
And mitigates our fears.

Dear, fainting wife! let me sustain
Thy cheerless, painful lot;
Thou art Divine—amidst decline,
I see Love's fadeless spot.

How sweet to recollect the place
Where first our hearts did join;
Naught can efface the time and place
Where thou didst say, "I'm thine!"

Come, rest thy head upon my breast,
My drooping, faithful dove:
Don't weep, my dear—come, O, come here,
A refuge for thy love.

We know our noon of life is past,
And night draws nigh, we see;
Yet while 'tis day, with joy I say,
I have a world in thee!

Died, in New York, December, 1851, aged sixty-seven years, Roger Williams, a native of Norway, in the kingdom of Denmark. Mr. Williams came to this country (America) about the year 1801, at the age of sixteen. After some time, he returned to the land of his birth, where, after a short tarry, he returned to this country again, spent some time, about 1807 or '8, at Stonington, Conn., and followed the sea a year or so. In 1809, or near that date, he married Mrs. Maria Crum, a widow lady of the city of New York, a kind and peaceful companion through life. He was for many years, and at his decease, one of the elders of St. James Lutheran Church in that city, and one of the most industrious, frugal, and laborious of men. He left a widow and children—Margaret, Matilda, Christopher C., Anna M., Louisa T., Eliza J., Charles F., George S., and Caroline F. He was successful in life, and accumulated a large fortune.

My son, Sidney L., on the 1st Jan., 1828, married Margaret, a daughter above named. Mr. Williams' remains rest in Greenwood Cemetery, where a monument, reared by his amiable widow, marks the spot.

The following obituary on the decease of my granddaughter, Deziah Preston Griffin, appeared in one of our public papers. She died Feb. 5th, 1847:

How true is the declaration of an inspired writer, "that as for man his days are as grass; as a flower of

the field, so he flourishes; for the wind passeth over it, and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more forever." Thus it is with all human kind. We are brought into existence to spend a few short years, and even in the morning of life we may seek the solemn silence of the grave, and our infant form mingle back to dust from whence it came. If we should survive to reach manhood's riper years, in an hour we know not we may slumber in death; and if existence be still prolonged the winter of life is approaching, when time will surely prostrate our bodies into the mouldering urn. Experience teaches us that death is continually busy in our world; and his ravages extend from shore to shore, and "from the rivers to the end of the earth." The banner of the warrior is furled, his shield and buckler are laid aside, and his sword is resting in its scabbard. The student, whose time and energies was devoted to the pursuit of knowledge, has ceased to pore over the classic page; the volume of science is closed, and he, too, is sleeping his "dreamless sleep." The sailor boy slumbers in ocean's caves; "he has made the coral rock his sepulchre, and the towering wave his monument." The lawyer refunds the *fee* of life, and stoops to pay obsequious court to the despotic tomb. The arrows of death, in every country and in every clime, are flying thick and fast; and the young and the beautiful, the mature and the aged, are falling around us on every side. Death, as in this instance, enters the family circle, where all was peace, comfort, and happiness, and intelligence had shed the brightness of her presence. His shaft is leveled, and the loved one falls. And then how many bosoms are made to heave with anguish; how many

sighs to be breathed forth, and how many bitter tears to fall! An aching void is felt within; a sickness comes over the fond heart, and we sit us down and weep that a world so fair and beautiful should yet be a world of vanity and pain; that loved ones should die, and the heart's dearest treasures perish forever from our sight.

Such were my reflections on being awakened at midnight by a messenger sent to inform me of the decease of my dear friend Deziah, the young and interesting wife of Capt. Samuel Griffin, of Suffolk Court House. Her departure, though reasonably looked for by and bye, came upon me *then* suddenly and fearfully. Sleep forsook me, and I remained gloomy and thoughtful until the light of the morning soothed, in a degree, the disturbed repose of the unwelcome call. So young, so happy, so good, so fit to live, and yet so early dead! And what an intellect has passed with her! As a meteor, the brightness gleamed before me was quenched, and left no sign.

How much is lost to the living in such a fall! Pale Consumption, to thy wasting embrace Deziah's poor mortality yielded; but the immortal spirit, the pure intelligence, remained to the last unsubdued, unconquered —and not thine, O, Death! but hers was the conquest and the victory; for, although the frail texture of nature was given up, and mortality's debt was paid, she yet lives, and she shall live forever. So much virtue, and beauty, and mind can never die; and when suns, and moons, and stars shall be hurled from their spheres, and become the sport and prey of time, and all nature shall sink in years, thy pure and spotless spirit, Deziah,

shall replume itself in perennial youth, "fast by the throne of God." And this is life! Another bright effulgence of intellect has passed from us, and joined that luminous band which have gone before. G.

February 13, 1847.

The following was written on the anniversary of my eightieth year:

My four score years, with all their fears.
Have passed, just like a dream;
My walk grows slow, my spirits low,
And all now cheerless seem.
Where are my mates of early bloom—
My friends of manhood's age?
All, almost all, have quit this stage,
And sunk into the tomb.

Well, here I am, yet on the sea
Which they so late sail'd o'er;
But soon my boat will cease to float
Where earthly waters roar.

Blessed is the man whose virtues scan
The coast where's all that cheers—
There all is rife with endless life,
Nor death, nor pain, nor tears.

Nine times ten revolving years,
With all their weighty cares and fears,
I speedily have passed.
How like a visionary dream
Do all these revolutions seem!
How short, from first to last!

Ibo et est ridibo. A. GRIFFIN.

Hempstead, Aug. 6th, 1856.

The following is an obituary on the decease of my daughter, Narcissa L. Raymond, who died March, 1847:

The demise of this amiable woman deserves some-

thing more from the pen of affection than the simple announcement of her early mortality. The writer of this brief eulogy may do injustice to his subject, but his apology is the many excellences of her character. In all the moralities and charities of life, she was a model for imitation; but the most prominent feature which distinguished her from her cotemporaries, was her unbounded cheerfulness of disposition, which gave delight to all who were so fortunate as to come within the happy sphere of its influence.

"Life, with her, appeared to be a fairy pilgrimage through a garden of flowers; and if a thorn appeared in her path, it was immediately concealed from view by the sweetness of her temper, and the blandness and courtesy of her manners. She was an affectionate wife, a kind sister, and her aged parents, trembling on the verge of life, will remember, with a grateful feeling of resignation that will tranquilize their sorrows, her unfaltering performance of duty to them, and her enduring affection for them; and her many friends and neighbors will long recall, with a mournful pleasure, the memory of one who enlivened their social circle by the fascination of her conversation, and honored their community by the example of her unobtrusive virtues.

"When the bright spring shall cover the place of her repose with his flowers, which she so much resembled —when the happy birds shall warble a hymn to the morning over her unbroken slumbers—how many there will be who will deeply regret that she, who was once one of their number, is forever separated in this world from friends to whom she was so greatly endeared, and

scenes on which she bestowed so much admiration.

"Orient, March 20, 1847. I. O. T."

The following elegy was written on the death of my mother Deziah Griffin, who died November, 1814. The author was Edward C. King, Esq., noticed in these pages.

And hast thou, pure and spotless spirit, flown
To realms of joy and everlasting rest,
Where never more an anxious sigh or groan,
Shall interrupt the raptures of thy breast?

O, yes; to a frail tenement of clay,
Too long enchained, and now at last, set free,
Joyous and light thou tread'st the starry way,
To seek thy destined home—Eternity.

Could the cold breast of him* who frames this lay,
Feel but a spark of that celestial fire
Which warmed thee here, not till the latest day
Of time should thy loved memory expire.

For, fixed as are the shining orbs on high,
And told in strains as Angels' songs divine,
Striking and full, upon a vain world's eye,
Thy bright examples should forever shine.

And those whose sins, enchanting pathway tread,
Or life's more gay and giddy courses run,
Should pause, and deeply ponder, as they read,
And feel, and say, how great—if good—is man.

The Christian virtues that in thee combined,
Shown through thy elevated walk below,
The peace that ever filled thy clou lless mind,
The joys that faith, and hope, and love bestow.

The patience, while excrutiating pain†
For years did wear away thy frame and breath,

*Edward C. King, Esq., died, while on a visit to New York, in 1830, a subject of that religion which Mrs. Griffin had so often urged him to procure.

† Her sufferings, by sickness and great debility for many years, were affectingly severe, but borne with a resignation and composure truly divine. A more pious, exemplary and devoted Christian, perhaps, this town has never known. There is not perhaps a professor, over fifty years of age, but what has heard her addresses in public.

That bade thee never, e'en in thought, complain,
Or, for a moment, wish relief in death.

These should this dirge in everlasting song,
Faithful to truth and worth departed, tell;
But such a theme, the bard can only wrong,
When vain each effort, as he ought to feel.

Sally, the eldest daughter of Nicoll Haven, Esq., of Shelter Island, married General Sylvester Dering, a man of real philanthropy to the poor and distressed in and around his district. His attentions to all such were assuredly much, and were truly appreciated. His eldest son is Charles T. Dering, Esq., of Sag Harbor whose life, manner, and doings among his fellow men, show him to possess a heart humane, tender, and in the right place.

Mr. Genin, the subject of the following obituary, was a grandson of John Nicolas Genin, noticed previously: and son of Thomas H. Genin, Esq., now of St. Clairsville, Ohio.

"When a young man passes the threshold of life, and enters upon the busy and active scenes of the world, the public, as well as his immediate friends, take a deep interest in his future fortunes. Mr. Genin, whose recent death in a foreign land is deeply felt and mourned by all his acquaintances, commenced his career with brilliant prospects before him, and the strong hopes of a long and useful life. He possessed talents of a superior order, which were cultivated and improved by a liberal education and extensive reading. He early qualified himself for the profession of the law, and was soon admitted to the bar, and commenced a successful practice. In conversation, Mr. Genin was remarkably

gifted, and could always draw upon his varied fund of information for proper material to entertain, instruct, and enliven his friends or the social circle. His manners were those of a well-bred gentleman—dignified, but not ostentatious; easy and courteous; free in his communications, and obliging and respectful to all. In his associations he was not confined to the company of youth alone, but sought society with age and experience, in which he enjoyed much pleasure and satisfaction. His systematic manner of doing business, excellent moral character, and uprightness of conduct, in all the transactions of life, are models worthy of imitation.

"Mr. Genin possessed a natural taste and talent for the fine arts. In early youth—unaided, and without instruction—he indulged his pencil in drawing portraits, landscapes, and historical scenes, which he continued at intervals to the close of his life. His productions have been pronounced by competent judges as finished specimens of painting, and do great credit to the art as well as the youthful artist—among which, the writer of this has observed the battle of Granicus; the landing of Cæsar in Britain; the battle of Arbela; the death of Cæsar; the passage of the Red Sea by the Israelites; the rescue of the American prisoners by Jasper and Newton; the Woman of Monterey, and others, containing from six or ten to seventy or eighty figures, in varied and expressive attitudes, harmonizing with the leading idea of the design.

"The combined oratorical and martial air of Cæsar directing the descent on Britain; the intense action of Bucephalus and his rider rushing over the Persians; the mingled sorrow and dignity with which Cæsar

views the steel of Brutus; the meek but dignified assurance with which Moses looks to Heaven while extending his wand over the sea; the calm intrepidity of the Mexican woman, and the gratified expression of the wounded soldiers receiving water at her hands, evince great strength of conception and power of execution in the artist.

"I have been told that he aimed at anatomical accuracy, and would draw first the skeleton, and then gradually clothe it with arteries, veins, muscles and skin, to impress on his mind an exact idea of the human form.

"For some years before his death, Mr. Genin's health began to decline; and, although every thing was done that paternal affection and tenderness could do, no change for the better could be produced. He determined to take a journey to the South, if possible, to regain his health, believing that the sunny skies of the tropics, and balmy air of the sea, would arrest the disease. But it was all in vain. The greatest destroyer had marked him for his own. He spent the winter at Kingston, in the island of Jamaica, gradually sinking away, until the 4th of April, when, at the age of twenty-eight, death closed his earthly existence. He was thus cut down in the morning of life, and the ardent hopes of his friends, and the presages of future eminence and distinction were blasted forever. Although he died among strangers, in a strange land, yet he was not without friends. His goodness of heart and urbanity of manner created for him the warmest attachments. His dying bed was surrounded by anxious and sympathizing

hearts, until the last pulsation of life announced the fact that death had done his work, and that his spirit had fled from earth to Heaven. He was buried in the most honorable manner. The Consul of the United States, the reverend clergy, all the Americans in the city, and a large concourse of strangers, followed his remains to the grave, and deposited them in their last resting place upon earth.

"Who can invade the sanctity of family sorrow to assuage its bitterness? Paternal and fraternal love can never die; the agony of severed ties will be felt; grief must have its outpourings, and nothing but time, submission, true philosophy, and the fortitude of the Christian and his hopes, can give consolation. An afflicted community sympathize with the bereaved family for their irreparable loss."

"Be kind to your father," were the last words of my dear wife to her children. Mrs. Eunice Case Terry, the excellent wife of Daniel Tuthill Terry, of Southold, has written the following lines in consequence, and we cheerfully give them a place in our pages, as worthy of their talented authoress:—

Be kind unto thy father, now
That age is stamp'd upon his brow;
When youthful pleasures all are past,
And early friends are fading fast—
Be kind unto thy father.

For he has been to me, and thee,
All that the nearest friend could be;
Faithful did he his duties fill,
And shielded us from every ill—
Be kind unto thy father.

Along life's way, through all the years
From youth to age, 'mid smiles or tears,
Through many trials, bravely borne,
My richest jewel proudly roam — [illegible]
My children, was thy father.

And now, when on my failing eyes
Death's heavy shadow darkly lies,
The greatest grief that waits for me,
My children, is parting from thee,
And parting from thy father.

The earth is good, God made it so;
O'er all his works his love doth glow;
His mercies on my pathway shine,
O, I am His, and He is mine—
My God, my Heavenly Father,

My children, let thy walk be just,
And in the Lord put thou thy trust;
That when thy toils on earth are done,
A Heavenly rest thou shalt have won,
Through God, thy gracious Father.

And while upon the earth you stay,
Strive to solace the lonely way—
And strive to make the pathway bright,
And render every burden light,
Of him—thine earthly father.

Should ill invade his lonely room,
Or sorrow cloud his mind with gloom,—
Should sickness on his form be press'd,
Or biting cares assail his breast—
Be kind unto thy father.

"My son," should honor on thy footsteps wait—
Prosperity be thine estate—
Should wealth and power be thine to hold,
And gates of pleasure wide unfold—
Remember, still, thy father.

For he is old, and fading fast;
E'en now, along his way are cast

Dim shadows, gathering from the tomb ;
Within thy heart, O, give him room,
And honor thou thy father.

Such were the words of one who, more
Than fourscore years, life's changes bore :
Her heart, true to its early choice,
Invoked with its latest voice—
"Be kind unto thy father!"

E. C. T.

Died, at Hempstead, Queens county, Dec. 18, 1856, Anna Eliza, wife of my grandson, Augustus R. Griffin, Esq., and daughter of Stephen Hewlett, aged twenty-three years.

——"Sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, she drew the drapery
Of her couch about her, and lay down
To pleasant dreams."

The following acrostic is the production of Mr. Wm. A. Overton, mentioned in the foregoing pages:—

Amidst the scenes of life, we plainly see
Unerring wisdom in the deity ;
Great is the work, still greater is the cause,
Uniting nature by a code of laws—
So formed are they, that all who do offend,
Take the whole evil which those laws intend ;
Unwelcome as the case to us may be,
Still, each offence receives its penalty.

Grave as the subject, yet those facts appear,
Resolved by nature, which mankind must bear—
Is this the case? is this to be the lot
For us to live, to die, and be forgot?
Far brighter scenes we humbly hope to have,
In realms of bliss that lie beyond the grave.
Now, aged friend, let each those talents given,
Gain all they can in the sure path to Heaven.

Extract of a letter from my grandson, John Augustus Preston, now deceased :—

"March 29, 1847.

"Dearly Beloved Grandparents :—You are again called upon to suffer, as well as to rejoice. The lesson of human instability, though so frequently and so painfully learned, you have again, with bitter experience, reviewed. It is thus, when death, with silent tread, enters the circle of our own kindred, that we feel, too surely, that we too must pass through the dreaded ordeal. But Heaven 'afflicts not willingly.' God is merciful, and as 'His ways are past finding out,' why should we arraign our puny arm against his judgments? His afflictions are mercies in a mourning garb. Heaven rarely leaves us to mourn, without affording some consolation—some cheering light to shine upon our darkness, and chase away our gloom. Narcissa has joined the happy throng of angels—her sisters—in glory, the first, perhaps, to welcome her to the ever-growing delights of their blissful abode. She has left a world of sin and sorrow, and a life attended with disease and pain. Here, then, is your richest consolation. Yet, the ties of affection have been rudely severed, and nature mourns over the decree of unrelenting fate. We seem to forget that death is but a 'soft transition' from the vale of woe to supernal joys—that the darkness of the tomb is but the shadow which hides from our view the glories of Heaven.

> "Our dying friends come o'er us like a cloud,
> To damp our brainless ardors, and abate
> That glare of light which often blinds the wise."

"How strangely insensible to the true end of exist-

ence is man. He lays his plans as though eternity were the compass of his years. 'He heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them.' I like that excellent maxim of an ancient sage, which says:—'We should live as though every day of our life were to be the last.' In concluding these reflections, suggested by the death of one whom we all loved with tender affection, let me indulge the hope that we may all meet her in that blessed world where God, himself, shall wipe away all tears from our eyes—where a closer tie than consanguinity shall unite our hearts, even, praise to our God, throughout the ceaseless cycles of Eternity.

* * * * * * * * *

'When shall I wake and find me there?'

"I must say a word concerning my prospects, and hastily close. My practice, for the last month, has been sufficient to keep me busy. God has blessed the means which I have used, and my patients have all done well. The people seem much attached to me, and I am gaining their confidence in a good degree. I hope to justify their good opinion by constant endeavors to merit it—by faithfully doing my duty. Pray for me, my dear grand-parents, that I may copy the virtues of my father, and that my last end may be like his. With love to all, and a renewed assurance of my devoted affection, I remain, &c."

Extract from Another Letter from the Same.

"At present, not knowing the number of strands in the thread of my life, and even guessing being out of the question, I calmly await developments. The fates

never get far out of our way, and the scissors of Atropos are ever ready for active duty. One of the sisters, you will recollect, spins out the thread of life. In my case, I am disposed to think she has stopped her spinning operations, and it is my care to reel off the same without too much precipitancy. Just now it comes from the spindle a good round thread; to-morrow, a strand may part, and force me to confess that 'union is strength;' but while the gossamer tissue lasts, how many interests cluster around it; while one filmy, atomy band remains, it sustains the fearful weight of the hopes, the affections, and the joys of home. Of what use is this poor, decayed, helpless body; one breath only removed from the work which chemistry does for all mortal. When unconcerned, we say—'Let it go; what matter a few days? Corruption and oblivion will make it all the same!' Ah! your life is many volumed; who would lose a tome? Your family tree has its well-poised and fitting number of branches. Who would see that tree despoiled of its beauties? Who would rob the sick oyster of its pearl, or scatter the golden bonds of affection, by ruthlessly breaking the woolen string which holds them together? But I am taking up too much space. If it avails to show my appreciation of your tender remembrance, I shall not regret the pleasant hour thus employed."

Zachariah Greene, now of Hempstead, was born Jan. 11, 1760, in the town of Stafford, Hartford (now Tolland) county, Conn. His mother was the daughter of Robert and Jane White, first settlers of Stafford, and nearly

allied to the celebrated Hugh White, after whom Whitestown, N. Y., was named.

Parson Greene is the familiar name by which our hero is known and distinguished from all other men throughout the length and breadth of Long Island. He is the only parson in Hempstead, at least; all the other parsons are only ministers. In many respects, Goldsmith's description of the "Vicar of Wakefield" portrays the person and accomplishments of Parson Greene. Perhaps the Vicar's habits of contentment never reached the same happy summit as is realized in "our own" Parson. The Parson is the more interesting, as he is a living book—all fact and no fiction: he can be read in conversation. He speaks of sermons in the pulpit and battles in the Revolutionary struggle with like affability and ease. He is not easily alarmed, and laughs heartily at the story of Brooks running away with the national archives, and dissolving the Union. He listens with his left ear, but looks penetratingly with both eyes, while he speaks fluently, with the affectionate authority of a father, and commends everything he says to the sons, and particularly to the daughters of his hearers. He looks hale, plump, and hearty, and always says he is well. He detests grumbling, and is easily satisfied. He is the happiest man on Long Island. He entertains the prospect of death with the same pleasure as the reception of a friend. In his own words, "whether living or dead, he is the Lord's." In short, he is the gentleman, the scholar, the patriot, and the Christian.

At the age of sixteen years, just at the time of his leaving school, the cause of his country called him from private life, and with a beloved brother he entered the

army under Capt. Amos Walbridge, in Col. Reed's regiment, Brigadier Glover's brigade, and joined it at Roxbury. George Washington was Commander-in-Chief, and headed an army of men who were soldiers from patriotic motives—men determined to have a place in national representation, as well as national taxation—men whose souls had been tried by the tyranny of kings and the petty despotism of kings' courtiers. It was under these circumstances that Zachariah Greene entered the ranks of the Revolutionary army under Washington, and for these reasons that he fought in its battles.

He aided in the erection of the fort at Dorchester, which was commenced one evening at sundown, and at sunrise next morning his party had cannon playing upon Boston, and succeeded in driving the British out of Boston, from whence they sailed down the bay to Castle William; here they run ashore and burned all the buildings in Dorchester Neck. They cannonaded the Neck the whole night with grape-shot and chain-shot, firing over the American troops, ultimately succeeding in destroying a poor man's orchard. He moved with the army under Washington from Roxbury to New York, and landed there in April, where he aided in the erection of the fort on Brooklyn Heights. He left New York with the army when it evacuated, and went above Kingsbridge. When the British arrived at Throggs Point the battle commenced, and lasted till the armies were separated by the messenger of the great Arbiter, darkness. Soon after this he was in the battle of White Plains, in 1776. In 1777 the same company was joined to Capt. Webb's company in Connecticut.

He was with the party which was sent to take the fort at Brookhaven, which was built round the Presbyterian Church, of which, twenty-one years after, he was installed pastor. He was in the body of men who marched into the region of Philadelphia, and was at the battle of White Marsh. During the engagement he received a wound in the left shoulder, on the 7th day of September, 1777, his shoulder-blade being shattered. He was three days drenched in blood before having any attention paid to his wound, at the end of which time he applied to Dr. Robinson, a gentleman who had been taken prisoner, to attend to his wants. He told Dr. R. that he would compensate him. Dr. R. asked him if he was not afraid to trust an enemy. He replied, "I can trust a gentleman." Dr. R. attended to his case, and succeeded in healing up the wound. Mr. Greene put his right hand, containing the compensation, behind his back, and told the doctor to shake hands with him in that attitude. The doctor thanked him, and expressed a great desire to have his wife and children on this side of the Atlantic, saying that if they were here he should stay altogether.

The above is the result of Mr. Greene's experience, as stated by himself. Being of little more service in the army, as he was no longer able to bear arms, at the request of his father, and by order of Gen. Washington, he was discharged from the army, having, with a good, patriotic heart and manly soul, aided the cause of his country in several of its hardest battles. When Americans look upon such a man, they truly

> "Behold that eye which shot immortal hate,
> Crushing the despot's proudest bearing."

During the winter of 1780, in the month of January,

he walked sixteen miles, on a pair of snow-shoes, for the purpose of procuring a small Latin book which he required to aid him in his preparation for college. He had now entered, according to his own words, "an army in which he was determined to fight for a better Declaration of Independence than the last." He resolved to be a soldier of Christ. He had fought under Gen. Washington; he was now going to "fight under and for King Jesus."

In the year 1782 he entered Dartmouth College, but had been engaged in study but a short time, when, owing to bad health, he was compelled for a season to withdraw. After a considerable recess, he assumed the cares of a student once more. He studied one quarter under Dr. Huntington, of Coventry, Conn. He afterwards went to New Jersey, and studied with Dr. Greene. He subsequently studied theology with Amzi Lewis, of Orange county, N. Y.

Having passed through all the preliminary and initiatory steps necessary to prepare him for the Gospel ministry, he was duly licensed to preach on the 1st day of February, 1785. On the 28th of June, 1786, he was ordained pastor of a Presbyterian Church at Cutchogue, L. I., and is now the senior pastor of the First Presbyterian Church at Brookhaven, or Setanket, where he was settled on the 27th of September, 1797.

In the year 1800, he visited the scene of his first collegiate experience, at Dartmouth, N. H., and upon his return the Faculty of that institution honored him with a diploma. which he has prized very highly through life.

From the time of his ordination, till within the last few years, he has labored, "in season and out of sea-

son," in the ministry, pursuing an even course, and doing much good to his fellow-men in all the realities of life. During this period of service, he endeavored, by special effort, to increase the happiness of two thousand individuals, by uniting them (one thousand couples) in the holy bands of matrimony.

"Whither shall I go from Thy spirit, or whither shall I flee from Thy presence?

"The ubiquity of God—how baffling to any finite comprehension! to think that above us, and around us, and within us, there is nothing but Deity—the invisible footprints of an omniscient, omnipresent One! 'His eyes are on every place;' on rolling planets and tiny atoms; on the bright seraph and the lowly worm; roaming in searching scrutiny through the tract of immensity, and reading the occult and hidden page of the heart! 'All things are naked and opened to the eyes of Him with whom we have to do. O, God! shall this, Thy omnipresence, appal me? Nay, in my seasons of sadness, sorrow, and loneliness, when other comforts and comforters have failed; when, it may be, in the darkness and silence of some midnight hour, in vain I have sought repose: how sweet to think 'my God is here!' I am *not* alone; the omniscient One, to whom the darkness and the light are both alike, is hovering over my sleepless pillow. 'He that keepeth Israel, neither slumbers nor sleeps!'

"O, thou eternal Sun! it cannot be darkness, or loneliness, or sadness where thou art. There can be no night to the soul which has been cheered with Thy glorious radiance!

"'Lo! I am with you alway!' is Thy legacy of part-

ing love. In the midst of Thy church, till the end of time, ever present—omnipresent! The true 'pillar of cloud' by day, and fire by night, presiding and encamping by us, in every step of our wilderness journey. My soul, think of Him at this moment—in the mysteriousness of His Godhead nature, and yet with all the exquisitely tender sympathies of a glorified humanity, as ever present with every member of the family. He has redeemed with his blood; aye, and as much present with every individual soul as if he had none other to care for, but as if that one engrossed all His affection and love! The great Builder, surveying every stone and pillar of His spiritual temple—the great Shepherd, with his eye on every sheep of His fold—the great High Priest and Elder Brother, marking every tear drop, noting every sorrow, listening to every prayer, knowing the peculiarities of every case; no number perplexing Him; no variety bewildering Him; able to attend to all; myriad wants drawing hourly on His treasury, and yet no diminution—that treasury ever emptying, and yet ever filling and always full!

"Lord, thy perpetual and all-pervading presence turns darkness into day. I am not left unbefriended to weather the storms of life if Thy hand be, from hour to hour, piloting my frail bark. Gracious antidote to every earthly sorrow, 'I have set the Lord always before me!' Even now, as night is drawing its curtains around me, be this my closing prayer:

"'Blessed Saviour! abide with me, for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent!' Under the overshadowing wings of Thy presence and love, 'I will lay me down in peace, and sleep!'"

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Wm H. Tuthill,	1		

Hempstead & Jamaica.

Augustus R. Griffin, 1
Geo. S. Williams, Hempstead, 10
John K. Townsend, do., 25
A. W. Jerome, do., 1
Stephen Johnson, do., 1
Samuel H. Denton, do,, 1
John W. Hallock, do, 1
Mrs Hewlet Smith, Jamaica, 1
Mrs. Henry Johnson, do., 1
John H. Sutphen, do., 1
Sidney J. Youngs, do., 3
Henry Onderdonk, jr., do., 1
Lew. W. Angevine, Hempstead, 1
John Spader, Jamaica, 1
S. L. Spader, do., 1
Silas Carl, Hempstead, 1
Hon. Henry Loop, do., 1
Alex. Townsend, Cedar Swamp, Hempstead, 1
Clara Townsend, do., 1
Harriet Townsend, do., 1
Jane E. O., niece to John K. Townsend, Hempstead, 1
A. Cortelyou, do., 2
S. Cortelyou, do, 1
Laurens Reeve, Jamaica, 2
James H Reeve, do., 1
Isaac T Reeve, do., 1
George Skidmore, do., 1
Latham M Jagger, do., 1
Chas. Welling, do., 1
Jeremiah Keeler, do., 1
Edwin J. Crane, do., 1
Miss Phebe Reeve, do., 1
James P. Brown, do., 1
George M. Paff, Hempstead, 1
Madison Griffin, Hicksville, 1
— Titus, Hempstead, 1
— Titus, Farmingdale, 1
James C. Townsend, Hempst'd, 3
Richard Brower, do., 1

Elmira, N. Y.

Green M. Tuthill, 2
Samuel Jones, 1
Myron Raplee, 1
S. S. Raplee, 1
Jefferson Raplee, 1
Nehemiah Raplee, 1
Hiram Tuthill, 2
Lydia T. Reynolds, 1
Mrs. Jessie Foster, 1
A. H. Fink, 1
Mrs. W. H. Thorne, 1
Mrs. W. M. Gibson, 1
Mrs. W. W. Bennet, 1
Elizabeth Smith, 1
S. Benjamin, 4
John K. Terry, 1
O. P. Terry, 1
D. H. Tuthill, 4
S. Leverich, 1
Gabriel Sayre, 1
Charles G. Tuthill, 5
An order to Henry H. Terry, of Orient, for others, 10

Greenport, L. I.

Jonathan Preston, 1
Oliver Penny, 1
James F. Webb, 1
Philetas Havens, 1
Albert P. Corwin, 1
John Orin Terry, 1
Adison Brown, 1
Jeremiah J. Havens, 1
Wm. A. Booth, 1
Levi Preston, 1
John Youngs, 1

Jesse C. King,	1
George W. Harris,	1
Ebenezer Clark,	1
Parker W. Paine,	1
John F. Booth,	1
Luther Moore,	1
S. B. Tuthill,	1
James C. Corwin,	1
Oliver K. Buckley,	1
John T. K. Youngs,	1
Joshua T. Youngs,	1
Jonathan A. Youngs,	1
Henry T. King,	1
Henry Fordam,	1
Samuel H. Townsend,	1
John H. Conklin,	1
George T. Monroe,	1
John O. Ireland,	1
G. H. Corwin,	1
W. G. Youngs,	1
Orring H. Cleves,	1
Samuel Fithian,	1
George W Young,	1
William Fithian,	1
Charles Wiggins,	1
George W. Lyons,	1
Hon. Frederick W. Lord,	1
Orin F. Brown,	1
John Adams,	1
Thomas Wiggins,	1
Fred. Chase, Shelter's Island,	1
Dr. T. L. Ireland,	1
Sidney P. Racket,	5
Mrs. John Clark,	1

East Marion, L. I.

Charles Sherrill,	1
John P. Clark,	1
John Jerome,	1
Samuel K. Racket,	1
William Roberts,	1
B. C. Tuthill,	1
John M. Griffin,	1
Richard M. Brooks,	1
Capt. George Tuthill,	4
Jeremiah Racket,	1
Peter W. Griffin,	1
Capt. James Tuthill,	1
William Hollis Griffin,	1

Sag Harbor, L. I.

Thomas H. Vail,	1
Austin Havens,	1
Samuel W. Hill,	1
Edward B. Hill,	1
John Sherry,	1
William W. Stewart,	1
William R. Slate,	1
William R. Williamson,	1
William W. Thompson,	1
Thomas P. Ripley,	1
Lewis Thompson,	1
Jonathan Havens and sons,	1
Chas. T. Dearing,	1
Major John Hobart,	1
Mrs. — Starr,	1
Miss Ellen Griffin,	1
Theodore P. Havens,	2
James Winters,	1
Henry J. Redfield,	1
William V. Schellinger,	1
John H. Hunt,	1
Gilbert H. Cooper,	1
Geo. W. Dickerson,	1
C. A. Gardner,	1
S. H. Edwards,	1
H. L. Topping,	1
William H. Cooper,	1
John M. Stewart,	1
Henry Stewart,	1

Miss Caroline Raymond,	1
John Fordam,	1
Mrs. Julia A. Proud,	2

Cutchogue, Mattituck, Jamesport and Acquebogue.

Joseph Wells, Franklinville,		1
Deacon Ira Tuthill, Mattituck,		1
Ira B. Tuthill,	do.,	1
Peter Fanning.	do.,	1
Barnabas Osborn,	do.,	1
Barnabas Corwin,	do.,	1
James W. Reeve,	do.,	1
Barnabas Wines,	do.,	1
D V. Horton, Cutchogue,		1
John Horton, Jamesport,		1
Albert Youngs,	do.,	1
E. H. Aldrich,	do.,	1
James Aldrich,	do.,	1
N. W. Hammond,	do.,	1
C. W. Fanning, Cutchogue,		1
Samuel Fanning, Jamesport,		1
T. Reeve,	do.,	1
Benjamin Conklin	do.,	1
Gen. D. Williamson,	Ja'sport,	1
Joshua Cleves,	do.,	1
John Hubbard,	do.,	1
Lester T. King,	do.,	1

Hamptonburgh, Orange County, N. Y.

John P. Mowbray	1
Lydia E. Palmer,	1
L. A. Andrews,	1
Mrs. Hannah L. Brown,	1
M. T. Hallock,	1
Cromline Brown,	1
Dr. Daniel T. Brown,	1
Charles Reeve,	1
Hannah M. Brown,	1

Promiscuous.

Abraham Legget, North P't, L.I.,	1
T. V. Tuthill, Rochester, N.Y.,	1
Gilbert Pratt, Albany, N. Y.,	1
Philip C. Hay, Orange, N. J.,	1
Henry W. Vail, Islip, L. I.,	1
Chas. A. Griffin, Hart'd, Conn.,	10

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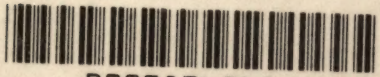

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